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EDITED BY DOUGLAS JERROLD

VOL. III.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.
No 2 CRANE COURT.

THE

ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

VOL. III.

MAY TO OCTOBER.

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☞ *The whole of the Engravings under the superintendence of* E. Landells.

To Correspondents.

Will our esteemed correspondent, "J. S.," favour us with his address ?—that he forwarded has been mislaid.

To "X." we regret to say—No.

"K. L. M." It is impossible that we can charge ourselves with the return of short pieces of verse: the writers may be assured that they will be destroyed if not inserted.

Thanks to a "Looker-on." We observe the fraud. The same party will not offend a second time.

Communications are left at the Office—for "Geoffry Hulwood," "George R....y, Esq.," "Felix," "Inquisitor," "R. E. W.," "G. L.," "A. W. Y." "A Templar," "A. M. Y.," "Philo Soph," "John H . . e, Esq.," "A. G. E.," "A Life Guardsman," "J. H.," "Quis," "E. F . . . . . ce, Esq.," "A. W . . . . r, Esq.," "Miss H . . . ee," "Mr. William P . . . e," "Philip Henry H . . ch," "R. H . . . y," "Lewes," "Kate W . . . . . y," and "A. Longfellow." Also for the writers of "A Passage in the Life of an Old Bachelor," "The Prophecy," "A Degree Dinner," &c., "The Spectre Omnibus."

The Illustrated Magazine

THE CHRONICLES OF CLOVERNOOK.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THE HERMIT OF BELLYFULLE CONTINUES HIS WALK UP VELVET PATH.

We answered not, but for some minutes followed the Hermit in silence, as he stept along Velvet Path; and the beauty of the place seemed to us to increase at every foot-fall. "What picturesque trees!" we suddenly cried, making a dead halt before two withered yews.

"Said I not," asked the Hermit, with a smile, "that Clovernook had its ruins?"

"There is a noble desolation in their dead trunks—their bare pronged branches. In their sapless nakedness, with flower, and leaf, and blade springing around them; they stand solemn mementos of the end of all things."

"True," answered the Hermit; "eloquently doth a dead tree preach to the heart of man—touching its appeal from the myriad forms of life bursting about it! Yes, the dead oak of a wood, for a time, gives wholesome check to the heart, expanding and dancing with the vitality around. In its calm aspect, its motionless look, it works the soul to solemn thought, lifting it upwards from the earth."

"There is a desolate grandeur in these old yews," we cried.

"Poor things," said the smiling Sage, "they were cruelly killed,—though, doubtless, murdered with the best intentions. Look at them, sir, in their majestic ruins; contemplate their magnificent nakedness; and then, sir, drop at least one tear for their untimely fate,—poor withered victims of the fantasy of woman!"

"Of woman!" we exclaimed. "How, sir, of woman?"

"How many springs might they have flourished!" cried the Hermit, with a restrained humour curling his lip, and twinkling in his eye; "how many autumns might they have borne their pinky berries!—how many pairs of little birds might have wedded and built in their boughs, and brought up rejoicing families!—but that woman, sir, fantastic, tyrannous woman, killed them in their prime—slew them in their green

* Continued from page 270. Vol. II.

strength—made dead timber of their expanding greatness. Thus, sir," cried the Sage of Bellyfulle, "doth the female creature sometimes blight the budding hopes of man, and change the flourishing hero into a dead log. Poor ignorant souls! when they do worst murder, they call it love. They take a tough yew-tree in hand, and working their charms upon it, turn it into very touchwood. They seize the hardest heart of stubborn man; and like a lump of dough, they toss it and thump it, and roll it out, and lump it together again; and now make fancy pie-crust of it—and now a homely dumpling. Oh, sir! whenever I feel my just anger at the ways of woman subsiding into unmanly softness, I come and look at these yews, and am stirred up again. The elephant, it is said, whets his tusks upon the gnarled trunks of trees. Upon these yews do I from time to time sharpen up my blunted indignation."

"Ha! as we thought. Then these yews bear a legend?"

"Yea," said the Hermit, with mock affliction; "most fruitful is their barrenness — most abounding in matter for contemplation are their nude and ghastly branches. Think you, sir, you have the heart to listen to the story?"

"At least, we'll try," was our answer; and the Hermit, affecting to wipe a tear from his eyes with the back of his broad hand, and then heaving a profound preparatory sigh, began the tale.

THE LEGEND OF NOSES; OR, THE OLD MAIDS' GREEN HUSBANDS.

"The precise date of this history," said the Hermit, "is lost in one of the corner cupboards of time; but once it was, believe me, fresh as Eve's cheek—and still the unwrinkled spirit of truth dwells in it, making it as a tale of yesterday. Beautiful truth! never young and never old; but keeping, through all chance and all time, its bloom and grace of Paradise, even to the Judgment.

"Well, sir, it is somewhere written in our Chronicles of Clovernook, that once upon a time two gentle maidens, by name Bridget and Veronica, came from the outside world, and entering the Valley of Naps, and taking their due rest at the Warming Pan, and leaving what was dim and worn in their looks at the Shrine of the Looking-Glass, they were at length, according to custom, admitted among the happy villagers. They never told their story; but it was plain they had jilted some poor innocent men out of their hearts, they were so wont to giggle and laugh, and—not to speak it irreverently before the blooming faces of the whole sex—would rejoice like two successful pickers of pockets, or other flourishing malefactors. With all this, it was plain that they were sometimes not at their ease. It was marked of them that they would frequently wander to the very top of Gossip Hill, and there, unmindful of the dewy grass, would drop themselves despairingly down, and sit watching and watching, with their faces towards the Valley of Naps, as though they expected some old acquaintance to arrive thereby. The simple-hearted chronicler who has set this down—what an innocent, milk-white goose must have bred his pen!—confesses that he knows not whom Bridget and Veronica could expect. Perhaps, says he, it may have been their brothers; perhaps their uncles. Of course, sir, it was the weak, foolish young men whom they had barbarously stript of their affections, and left to perish on the world's highway; these it was for whom Bridget and Veronica risked sciatica and rheumatic pains, nailed as it would seem, hour after hour, upon the greensward, looking for lost love.

"Ha, sir, here is a lesson, if the obstinacy of woman would only let her con it. Consider, sir; call to mind the barbarous impertinence of those two young women—when with murderous and triumphant eyes they walked the world—relentlessly dragging forlorn young men by their heartstrings through briar and brake; over flints, through gutters, and up dreary, winding lanes; still dragging them onward, onward, and now and then turning round, and with settled malice smiling, and showing their red, pulpy lips, and cruellest white teeth. Consider these homicidal maidens in their flaunting hours of conquest, stepping with mincing steps upon men's hearts, and deeming in their arrogance that they conferred much honour with the points of their toes. Ha, sir! such pictures make a bold man shudder at the tyranny of woman! In his virtuous indignation at such violent wrong, he feels that no punishment can revenge him upon the sex! And then, alas! sir, when he sees the poor forlorn things sorry for what they have done—when, victims to their own dreadful ignorance, like a babe that hath unwittingly let off a blunderbuss, they are laid prostrate, fairly knocked down by their own act, why, sir—philosopher and flinty-bosomed fellow as I am—I feel myself ashamed when I pity them."

"Yet, after all, it is a magnanimous softness," said we, falling in with the humour of the sage.

"And thus, sir, I have felt two tears, big as ordinary marbles, roll adown my cheeks, when I have read the simple text of the simple chronicler, who relates that, night after night, Bridget and Veronica, still seated on the cold and colder

grass, looked down into the Valley of Naps. Poor things! Every night their fancy believed that their lovers—the scolded, kicked, spurned dogs of other days—were with hopeful faces struggling towards the Warming Pan, and would, with the morrow's sun, enter Clovernook! Alas, and alas! can we doubt that the young men had wedded themselves to kinder, more compassionate mates, and that oft, when their late mistresses were watching for them—watching and shivering in the night wind—they, snug fellows, were in their first sleep, close by their happy wives? Yet still would Bridget and Veronica, seated on the damp grass, feel that every night their hopes grew colder and colder; and then would they look up at the stars, and then would Venus seem to wink reproachfully down upon them, saying in that wink,—'Oh, Bridget and Veronica, what fools you were!'

"Time passed on—winter came—and Bridget and Veronica, warned by the sudden bite of rheumatic pains, watched no more on Gossip Hill. It was plain, they thought, that their lovers were dead, otherwise they must have followed them. Why, sir, the men lived to be happy great grandfathers, and died somewhere about fourscore and five. Bridget and Veronica suffered themselves to sink gracefully down upon their sorrow as though it were a cushion; came here to Velvet Path, built a sort of comfortable nunnery, and were—if history is to be trusted in anything—the inventresses of muffins."

"It is well," said we, "when the afflictions of the heart can be so profitably diverted."

"Thus, sir," replied the Hermit, "private sorrows often become public luxuries. I never cut my wintry muffin—never see the butter shining like bright amber upon it—that I do not feel a gentle swelling of the heart towards Bridget and Veronica. Though, to be sure, it is especially the bounden duty of women to bend all their little energies to the one task of lightening and adorning masculine human life. Sir," said the Hermit with a grave look, "when we think what women have brought upon us poor men, they owe us all sorts of muffins."

"What they have brought upon us!" we cried. "How, sir? What do you mean?"

"All the pain, the trouble, and the weariness of sinful life. Now, sir," said the Hermit, "muffins and other such innocent delights go a great way to break the Fall."

"They built a nunnery, you say? Why, there is no stone, no brick of it," cried we.

"No; a great evidence," replied the Hermit, "of the antiquity of the legend. The less we find to prove the truth of a story, the greater should be our faith in it: such, sir, is the true antiquarian creed, and for myself, I am a devout believer. It is very true, the nunnery is gone; the oven to which mankind owes its first muffins is a thing of shadows; the said mankind with greasy chin, cheek-deep in muffins, may in its besetting ingratitude deny the very existence of Bridget and Veronica. What care I for that?—here, sir, in these old yews, their mournful, blighted husbands"——

"Husbands!" we cried.

"Husbands," repeated the Hermit; "I see and acknowledge them; even as in the sorrowful furbelow of a widow, I am made to acknowledge her departed spouse."

"Pray, sir, explain. What riddle is this? How came these dead, leafless trunks, to be called the husbands of the maidens Bridget and Veronica? Their husbands forsooth!"

"Aye, sir," cried the Hermit; "and what was worse, their murdered mates; they stand, in their present desolation, gaunt witnesses of the volatility, the wilfulness of the sex. Yes, sir; they were stripped to the condition you see them in, and left upon the world. I will tell you—as, indeed, I have gathered it from the chronicler—how it was. For some years, Bridget and Veronica smiled graciously upon the villagers of Clovernook. Nevertheless, there was no man among them bold enough to return the courtesy. Yes, the women flung down their smiles, but no man with proper chivalry took them up. Well, sir, this could not go on. Bridget and Veronica felt, with increasing years, increasing philosophy; and precisely at the time that all men had resolved never to make them wives, they—stubborn souls!—determined not to wed the best, the noblest creature alive. The human heart has, of course, its pouting fits; it determines to live alone; to flee into desart places; to have no employment, that is, to love nothing; but to keep on sullenly beating, beating, beating, until death lays his little finger on the sulky thing, and all is still. This, the human heart, in some wayward fit proposes to itself, and thinks itself strong as adamant in its determination. Well, it goes away from the world, and straightway—shut from human company—it falls in love with a plant, a stone—yea, it dandles cat or dog, and calls the creature darling."

"True, sir; it is the beautiful necessity of our nature to love something."

"And so Bridget and Veronica—sympathizing spinsters!—fell in love with these yew trees, and their love proved tragical to them; for the yews withered, died under the affection. Patience, sir, and you shall know the whole history. When the sisters came here—so runs the legend — these yews were brave, wide-spreading trees; freely flourishing, with Nature only tending them: broad, robust fellows were they, when Bridget and Veronica cast their hearts upon them. And then the women, in the very fantasy of their passion, resolved to cut and trim the yews—to lop and trim them—

into what they called shape. Doubtless, sir, you have seen in the outside world mummeries of the sort; have seen trees taken out of Heaven's hand, and cut and trimmed into peacocks, pyramids, and nameless monsters? Now Bridget and Veronica—at least let us award them such praise—eschewed all other shapes, save the form of man; hence, had they the yew trees cunningly fashioned into two brave knights, with shield on arm and sword in hand. Thus did the maidens delicately show their yearning sympathies towards the sex—thus did they make manifest to all Clovernook the tenderness of their unrequited hearts. Poor souls! it would have been the worst surliness of man to grudge them such poor comfort; it was not for men who, in their own persons, had refused to become the living, fleshly protectors of Bridget and Veronica, to sneer at and condemn the vegetable substitutes, which, in the very meekness of misfortune, the poor women had elected for their helpmates. If man will not become spouse to woman, is it just in him—is it even decent—to upbraid and make sorry mirth of the dear creature, if she wed herself to a yew, a cedar, a holly-bush? When, sir, I have beheld the virgin innocence of three-score fondling and feeding with tit-bits some wheezing, apoplectic Dutch pug, I have felt compassion, aye, heightened somewhat into admiration, for the poor soul, who, making the best of hard fortune —who, turning the slights of the world to the best account—has cheerfully, magnanimously, sunk the husband in the dog. When I have seen waning beauty begin to feed cockatoos and parrots, giving them sugar from her own mouth, I have felt for the hard condition of the feeder—have been moved to deepest pity for her strait. And thus, had I lived in the days of Bridget and Veronica, I could have cheerfully touched my bonnet to their yew-tree husbands, standing here in all weathers, knowing that it was not the fault of the poor maidens themselves—their first caprice excepted—that their spouses grew outside the house, when assuredly the dear women would have rather had them cosey at the fireside.

"Poor hearts! The chronicler tells us that both Bridget and Veronica would, in the spring time, watch their shooting mates; would with softened hearts behold their tips of tender green, and strive to feel, with all the love of loving wives, renewed affection for their vegetable lords. In summer they would sit under the protecting shadow of their husbands, working needlework of such surpassing delicacy and brightness, that the degenerate women of our day never, even in day-dreams, see the like. Autumn, too, would find Bridget and Veronica constantly hovering near the knights; and in winter time, with the earth iron-bound, and icicles hanging from the eaves, sweet was it to the spirit of either wife to hear the robin redbreast, perched now upon the pummel of the knight's sword—now upon his casque—and now upon his shoulder—singing a song of hope to desolation!"

"And yet, sir," we observed, "with all this tenderness, you say the women killed their growing husbands?"

"So says the chronicler," answered the Hermit, "and the evil happened after this manner. One winter the cold was terrible. Long was it before the breath of spring called forth the buds; and then, with all other things sprouting and shooting, the yew-tree knights showed not the green leaf. With a sweet superstition, Bridget and Veronica gave themselves up for lost; they believed that their lives depended upon the vitality of the yews: let the knights cease to bud, and they—their widows—must cease to breathe. They were even as the Hamadryads, and only held existence during the leafing of their lords. Long and sharp was the suspense. Day after day, the folks of Clovernook would call to know the best or worst. The husbands of Bridget and Veronica were especial favourites: middle-aged folks from their childhood remembered them; they had stood so boldly, valorously, through the storms of years; and then it had been so pleasant to watch the spring green steal upon the edge of their swords, to see it freshen up their shields, and break in their helmets. It was, too, an anxious time with the children of Clovernook to see the knights trimmed every autumn; to watch the cunning progress of the shears, as, in the artistic hands of the gardener, they worked in and out, above and below, reforming the wanderings of vegetation, and clipping vagrant and slovenly twigs into the proper trimness of knighthood. And at these clippings Bridget and Veronica were always present, directing with earnest and affectionate eye the operations of the steel; and, strange to say, every new autumn feeling a deeper love, a closer tie towards their pruned helpmates.

"At length the knights took new heart, and began to shoot. What a load was lifted off the hearts of Bridget and Veronica! Their husbands—for by such fond names were the trees known to all Clovernook—were not dead; the pride and glory of the place still flourished. Again would the women sit and embroider beneath their shadows—again would they rejoice in the strength of their spouses. Fond human hopes—vain aspirations! It is true that the knights were alive and lusty; but frost—a mortal frost—had pinched both their noses; the prominent grace and beauty of the knightly countenance was gone; whatever else might shoot, the nose would never grow again!

"Now, sir, you or I might think a noseless knight far better than a knight defunct. Not so Bridget and Veronica: in the noble recklessness of their sex, they declared they would

rather that their yew-tree husbands should have died outright, than stand through all weathers disgraced and noseless: there would have been dignity in complete death; but to be maimed, disfigured, made ridiculous by calamity, it was insupportable. Misery they could endure, but not mockery.

"Well, sir, in this time of tribulation, the gardener hazarded a hope. If the head of each knight were cut closer in, a new nose might be brought out; but then to show a diminished head upon the old broad shoulders would look disproportionate—ungainly. If a nose must be had, it could only be produced by lessening the knight from head to heel; by reducing the whole figure; indeed, by bringing down what was grand and gigantic into the proportions of very common life. Thus a nose might be obtained; but was it not to purchase a nose at, in sooth, a most preposterous price?

"The gardener had said enough. He had given it as his opinion that the noses might be restored, and it mattered not to Bridget and Veronica—poor headstrong women!—how it was brought about. A nose they would have, come what might: the gardener was ordered to produce the noses, and to leave the rest to fate. The day was fixed; all Clovernook attended the solemnity, and day after day, with breathless attention, hung upon the movements of the gardener, who, on the third day, had so successfully dwarfed one of the knights, that he looked no bigger than page to his unclipped companion. But then the little fellow had a beautiful nose; and in the very completeness of his countenance brought out the degradation of his noseless co-mate. A dwarf with a nose was by far more preferable than a giant without; and the next day the gardener was set to work to finish his labours. A few days, and the husbands of Bridget and Veronica again displayed their full grown noses to the sun. To be sure, they had lost immensely both in height and bulk; but each had gained a nose.

"And Bridget and Veronica were contented, happy women; they looked at their husbands, and felt grateful for their noses. Alas, and alas! they knew not, dear souls, that they had bought noses with lives. But so it was; the poor fellows had been cut so close to the quick, had been so shorn, that they could not survive the treatment of the shears. In a word, sir, the yew-trees died; the husbands of Bridget and Veronica gave up leafing, and in a short time became the bare, unprofitable things you see them."

"And the women, sir," said we—"the maiden widows of the yew-tree lords?"

"They saw no second spring. Their husbands had ceased to shoot, and they dropt with the fall of their leaf. It is strange that the dead, sapless trunks should have stood so long; but," said the Hermit, "I take it, they are kindly preserved by fate as lasting records of woman's wilfulness. To me, sir, these dry logs are touching orators. Indeed, are they not preachers of great counsel to what we jocosely call the gentle sex?"

"Counsel! what counsel?"

"This," answered He of Bellyfulle,—"that come what may, a woman should never risk the loss of a husband for the sake of his nose."

We will not venture to declare that the Hermit was too exhausted by the delivery of this truth to continue his talk; we think not. Nevertheless, we think that the story struck upon some chord in his heart, and made him for a time taciturn. Indeed, in the matter of noses, the Hermit could hardly escape suspicion; there was much equivocation in the centre of his face; was it a nose, or was it not? Had he been a sufferer from the caprice of the sex? We are afraid so.

With slow and silent steps we trod Velvet Path, following the silent Hermit. At length he paused before a barn. "There," said he, "there is another of our Clovernook ruins."

"A ruin!" we cried. "Indeed, it seems a goodly barn, in excellent, most perfect condition."

"True, sir, it seems so; and yet is it a ruin: what think you it once was? You cannot guess? Mint, hospital, or prison? Sir, it was a palace; a kingly abiding-place. Monarchs were crowned where now the folks of Clovernook thrash beans and wheat."

"Indeed!" we cried, and without a second thought were passing on, when the Hermit paused, and laid his hand upon our shoulder.

"Is not such a ruin," he asked, "of all antiquities most potent in its call to the heart and the imagination? To me it seems to hint the history of human kind. A palace and a barn! How far were men from the palace when they first laboured the earth! What changes of thought—what growth of energy—what subtlety—what calculation—what playing of man against man—motive against motive,—ere the king arose from among his fellows, and clay was deified by clay! What a leap from Adam's spade to Solomon's sceptre! Lingering here, dreaming on this spot, it seems to me that I can almost see the growth of the world; can almost behold the advance and struggle of the race, from the hour that all men tilled the earth and tended flocks, to the first crowning of a king—a shepherd king. A palace and a barn!

"Now is it an abiding-place for men who, ages elapsed, are the things of ceremony; who, the pastoral day long gone, live a life of artificial wants, of artificial homage; whose best enjoyment is self-sacrifice to pomp; and now, time has run on, and the flail is heard where royal trumpets sounded. The sons of Adam

quit fields and flocks to build a palace; the king is anointed; state keeps its court; death shoots his silent arrows; ages pass, the husbandman takes possession of the kingly place, and winnows grain where monarchs held their sway. The palace turned to the barn seems to make goodly reparation. Adam gets his own again."

At length we reached the end of Velvet Path, which gently winding brought us to the door of the Gratis, the one hostelry of Clovernook. A few of the villagers were at the door, and greeted the Hermit with happy salutations; for, as they declared, he had been some time a stranger to them. "I should have come to the Cell to-morrow," said an old man, whose turbaned head and expressive face made us curious to learn his history. "Who is he?" we asked of the Hermit, as he turned into the Gratis.

"We call him Mahomet," answered the Sage. "In the outside world he was a street-dealer in rhubarb."

"Mahomet! Surely not a Turk?" we cried.

"Why not?" asked the Hermit. "We leave the battles of creeds to the noisy, impudent world you come from. Here, in Clovernook, no man seeks to thrust himself between his fellow and heaven."

"And have you a mosque in Clovernook? if not, where does your Turk worship?"

"Did I not, from Gossip Hill, point out the place? We have no other. There, all men, in their turn, communicate with the other world. There all, in their turn, give place to one another; humility teaches them tolerance. No man here makes to himself a trading property in human souls; no man asserts for himself exclusive freehold in heaven. You are yet young amongst us, sir, and I see marvel at my words; you will find them true—true to the letter. Enough for the present; come, I'll show you to the parlour." We followed the Hermit, and in a few moments found ourselves in a large apartment, in which were about twenty persons seated in easy arm-chairs around a table. "My friend," said the Hermit, introducing us. All the company rose, and bowing towards us, cried "Welcome." They then took their seats, and instantly we felt as we were at home. As the villagers will, in due time, introduce themselves, we shall not now dwell upon their various characters. One man alone we will speak of. He looked so old, and yet so purified from the stains and marks of years, he seemed something more than mortal. His face was smooth and thin; pale, too, as moonlight; his eyes were of a clear, deep, piercing grey, and his snow-white hair, parted at the forehead, hung massively down his shoulders. His smile was sweet and guileless as the smile of a babe. A wreath of amaranth encircled his head. "Who is he?" we asked of the Hermit; and the Sage answered, "He is the Oldest Inhabitant."

At length, then, thought we, he is found; at length we see in the body that strange, mysterious person, whose experience at times amazes a young and thoughtless generation. The Oldest Inhabitant! How often do we hear his voice, like the voice of the cuckoo, coming to us from an unseen anatomy! What garnered knowledge must be his! What hard frosts has he chronicled! What times of scarcity—what days of fatness! Now doth he pass judgment upon gooseberries, declaring them to be the largest within his memory; now doth he the like service to hail-stones! And now precisely doth he measure the height of floods, and now weigh the weight of spent thunder! There is something solemn, too, in the Oldest Inhabitant. He is the link between the dead and the living: in the course of nature, the next to be called from among us; his place immediately supplied by a second brother. Generations have gone, passed into the far world, and left him here their solitary spokesman—the one witness of the wonders that had birth among them. He remains here to check the vanity of the present, by his testimony to the past. Where would be all human experience without the Oldest Inhabitant? Yet, surely, we thought—in no way discouraged in our belief by the placid, gentle looks of the venerable man at the table—surely, the Oldest Inhabitant loves now and then to pass off a joke upon his ignorant juniors. Yes; antiquity likes a hoax, and often, by its officer, the Oldest Inhabitant, puts off a flam upon the unconscious and too confiding present. Such was our thought; and, in truth, it was, after, well justified by the practice of the white-haired sage at the board. No little boy ever loved apples better than the Oldest Inhabitant loved a joke. In his time, he had written much for the newspapers.

"You were talking, Master Cuttlefish," said the Hermit, addressing a villager of about fifty years old—a man with a remarkably blithe look, and ready manner. "Let us interrupt no tale," cried He of Bellyfulle.

"I was about to tell a little pen-and-ink experience; an incident that happened to me in my days of goosequill," said Cuttlefish; from which I guessed that the speaker had driven the dangerous trade of author.

"There is little in the story; only, indeed, this much, that it taught me to have some tolerance even for those of the very worst report."

"Call you that little?" cried the Hermit,—"why, 'tis one of the prime lessons of benignant man. Let us have the story. But say, is it not a little chilly to-night? Could we not bear some heat, eh?" Whereupon, all called for a fire. The Oldest Inhabitant rang a silver bell that stood upon the table; when, instantly, a face that—in short, one of those faces that

coming suddenly upon startled man, fairly make him gasp at their alarming beauty—looked in at the door. "Sweetlips," said the Hermit, "a fire." The girl nodded and again closed the door; but ere we could recover ourselves she again entered the room, carrying a small faggot of cinnamon, which she laid upon the hearth, and stooped to arrange some logs for kindling. Think her thus occupied, whilst with dull, pale ink, we vainly try to draw her beauty. Sweetlips—for such in Clovernook was her name—had in her time been Maid of Honour at the English court: she was still unmarried, and it was said, had renounced the outside world, and become maid at the Gratis, for the pure love of independence. Now, then, for her face. (The pen shakes in our hand, as though conscious of the hopeless task wherein we would employ it.) Her face was beautifully fair—perfectly regular. It was the dream of a rapt sculptor, incarnate and living. Talk of music, the face seemed to breathe nothing but harmonious sprightly thoughts. Her pretty forehead was a tablet that seemed consecrated from the mark of age; no, time, with his sacrilegious pen, should never mark one black line there. It was living ivory, defying wrinkles. Her lips! we almost faint, putting down the monosyllable—her lips, scarlet as blood, seemed pouting with unconscious wealth. Her eyes were of dark, heart-devouring hazel; with now a little love in them glancing timidly about, and now a merry little devil. Her hair—if it was hair—came bright and smoothly as light about her temples, and hung in lustrous curls at her neck. Then her form! What swelling ripeness! Her waist—we could see it; even the arm of the Oldest Inhabitant appeared for a moment as it would move towards it; her step seemed to strike music from the ground,—and then her foot!—what man, with the heart of man, would not have made that heart its cushion? Her voice, too! She spoke but three words, and for the next half hour we were listening to some delicious music. Her dress was of the prettiest, quaintest fashion. She wore a white lawn boddice, laced with silken lace before; her gown was of dove-colour; and her snow-white apron was curiously worked with fruits and flowers around the border; needle never wrought such delicate similitudes.

"Sweetlips," said the Hermit, "to-night I'll take my tankard." Whereupon the girl brought a large silver vessel, of wonderful workmanship, and with an eloquent smile placed it before the Sage of Bellyfulle. He, with an affection almost fatherly, patted her on her cheek, and in his cordial voice wished that, die when she would, it might be with a wedding-ring upon her finger. "And now," said the Hermit, turning to Cuttlefish, "tell your story."

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE ACCOUNT OF A MEETING FOR THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

BY CAROLINE WHITE.

Oh! ye whose gifted lips, like his of old,
Are touched with honey dews of eloquence,
Let it not seem philanthropy is cold
In our own home, and liberty's defence,
Ere others claim your care, drive a worse slavery hence.

Or is the sense of this luxurious day
Too delicate to bear the sight of want,
Dimming the glory of its proud display
With a gigantic shadow pale and gaunt,
That mocks the hollow pomp in which we seem to flaunt—

That we have thrust it from us, visiting
Misfortune with the penalties of crime;
Making sad poverty a penal thing,
And in a Christian, charitable clime,
Breaking, with hands profane, the ties of use and time?

How long shall tyranny usurp the right
To sever bonds that God himself hath made;
Making the mother childless, through the night
Of her lone anguish, and her babes afraid,
Torn from her clinging arms, and by strange bosoms laid?

And man, at whose creation it was said,
"It is not meet for him to be alone,"
Childless, and widow'd, eats his stinted bread
In bitterness of heart that hath no tone,
Tho' wrongs so pent have burst, ere now, with strength to shake a throne.

Think of his labour forced, his prison garb,
His daily dole of insufficient food,
The sense of wrong, that, like an arrow's barb,
Rankles within his heart, however rude,
And hydra-like, tho' crushed, is never all subdued!—

And raise your voices in that poor man's cause;
Take from us a reproach that stains our land;
Free those poor captives who have broke no laws,
Victims beneath affliction's heavy hand—
Nor stain want's pallid brow with infamy's dark brand!

A RAMBLE IN THE COUNTRY.

Lottering for a few brief moments in the little village of ——, whose clean and rustic hostelry has tempted you to imbibe a refreshing draught ere you proceed further on your inspiring journey—observe the charming stillness which pervades the scene, and the glowing, healthful faces of the contented folks who dwell there, happy in the innocent delights which Nature has spread around them!

Cast one passing glance on the good old lady knitting at the cottage door, whilst her favourite granddaughter is reading a lesson in a little book, which she has been taught to prize more than silver or gold. See yonder group of boys whose pastime it is to test the seaworthiness of a curious-looking boat, which the blacksmith's son has modelled with his own penknife, out of a piece of deal, found in his own playground—then turn with a gladdened eye to the little urchin, struggling with impotent menace beneath his elder sister's strong, coercive hand, and refusing to submit his supple limbs to the enthralment of their daily gear. Glancing within, you note the ruddy blaze of a newly kindled fire, the busy housewife setting forth the morning meal, and cherub-cheeked children sunning themselves upon the threshold, and lavishing caresses on the shaggy dog which lies supine upon the step, or starting up in chase of vagrant butterflies temptingly flitting before their kindling eyes.

Wandering from the village into lanes made lovely by an overarching roof of greenery, and past farmhouses bulwarked round about by swelling stacks, thatched barns, sheds, stables, pens and piggeries, you gain the upland meadows that are all alive with men and horses, ploughs, harrows, drills and rollers in the active operations of a tardy seed-time. Occasionally a covey of plump partridges rise whirring in the air; occasionally a timid hare springs up and dashes to the nearest covert with all the speed that trembling fear can urge; and now a green and gentle slope conducts you to a slight and sparkling runnel, spanned by a rustic bridge, mossy, and seamed, and creaking to the tread. You cannot pass it by without a momentary pause, there is such witchery in its melodious flow, and the eye lingers so long and lovingly upon its cool transparent waters; and thus, halting awhile upon the narrow bridge, you call to mind many a well remembered passage in the writings of your most treasured authors; and probably there will recur to memory, among the rest, a passage in its kind so exquisite that we are confident of pardon for its repetition here:—

> "*Like the still,*
> *Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse,*
> The reeds bend down the stream: the willow leaves,
> *With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,*
> Forget the lifting winds; and the long stems,
> Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
> Bears on its bosom, quietly give way,
> And lean in graceful attitudes to rest."

Threading a plashy path, skirted by stunted willows and venerable pollard-trees, you reach a bosky dingle,

in whose wandering paths the cottage children joy to congregate; and where the wild-flowers pave the moist elastic sward with Nature's rich mosaic, there loiter they, and bear from thence a fragrant spoil of purple violets, and pale anemones, pencilled geraniums, and soft-eyed primroses. And if intruding foot-falls startle the childish spoilers at their sport, it would rejoice a painter's heart to see them clustering in groups so picturesque, shading their glistening eyes with round and ruddy arms, and putting on a look as full of mingled archness as bewilderment. Above you floats a very atmosphere of song, and through the green and matted roof, the light looks in, but rarely, and then with broken, tempered rays. The ground beneath is tapestried with flowers, and with the tendrils of a multitude of parasites, wandering from tree to tree and weaving a fairy net-work round the knotted trunks and sinuous branches. But ere we quit this branchy fastness, and ere the full tide of song dies gradually away upon the ear, rest for a moment on the twisted root of yonder stalwart tree, and hear what sweet music a living poetess hath discoursed anent these winged choristers :—

"How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace-hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon,—
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds, as they wander by!

"They have left their nests in the forest bough,
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about;
And, hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How, one to the other, they lovingly call:—
'Come up, come up!' they seem to say,
'Where the topmost twigs in the breezes play!

'Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!'
And the birds below give back the cry,
'We come, we come, to the branches high!'
How pleasant the life of the birds must be,
Living in love on a leafy tree;
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below!

"What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees,—
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy region old!
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!"

Emerging into open sunshine, a patch of common-land receives you, overspread with golden gorse, and covered with grazing oxen, ragged donkeys, more ragged ponies, and a swarm of gabbling geese. Traversing its arid expanse, you gain the farthest edge, whence, in a rapid and continuous descent, the ground slopes southerly. Will not this style, with the contiguous tree casting a dense and grateful shade upon its bars, detain you for a while until the eye has feasted to satiety upon the fair broad prospect which lies outspread beneath? How wooingly the welcome wind dallies with the glowing cheek that freshens and rejoices in its soft embrace!—and as it swells and quickens in its play, you catch the chime of distant bells, rising and falling with the uncertain ebb and flow of the wavering breeze, upon whose fickle wings the subdued and mellow sound is borne. Far down, within the valley's warmest hollow, bosomed in neighbouring trees, a grey church tower lifts up its reverend front, part buried in the deepest shadow, part luminous with the sunshine's glorious sheen. Here, a farm, and there a nest of cottages, a knoll of trees, an humble wayside inn, with its conspicuous sign swinging aloft, a silver gleaming pool, orchards and gardens, showy with trees just blossoming, a water-mill bridging a shimmering stream, a villa environed by firs and evergreens, a village-green bestudded with a busy company of cricketers,—lie scattered round; and there, rooted by the banks of a refulgent stream, roofless and open to the eddying winds of heaven, the noble gable and tottering walls of an old monastic ruin loom out magnificently against a back-ground of the brightest green. One fair oriel, with its mullions, transoms, and tracery yet entire, attests the ruin's ancient majesty, while a small campanile, niched and besprent with corbels droll and grim, is all that spoilers and the storm have spared of five goodly towers and campaniles that once rose proudly up to heaven. Ever and anon, islands of dusk cloud-shadow float languidly athwart the valley's green expanse, and the truant eye, following their noiseless flight, flits as they flit, from field to wood, from swelling eminence to sunken lane, from meandering stream to placid pool, from tower to tower, from roof to roof, until the shadow dwindles in the distance to a mere undistinguishable speck.

Pending the hot and heavy hours of noon, you resort for rest and for refreshment to the nearest hostelry; but go not unaccompanied by some choice pocket-volume, lest weariness intrude unwelcomely upon you. Then, having dined, fling up the sash, and there shall steal upon the sense, the faint but grateful odour of the velvet-lipped and honeyed flowers that star the trim-kept pleasure-ground without. At such a time, let not old Herrick and his dainty quaint conceits be overlooked, for he shall recreate your ear with verses "musical as Apollo's lyre." In such wise, rambling on from poet to poet, and bringing from the mind's rich game-house the accumulations of a thrifty memory, gem after gem flashes to light, and one burst of poetry, among the rest, so apposite to this sweet season, that it were a treason to the time to pass it by neglectfully :—

"The spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours—
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods;
And nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods.
Yet even there a restless thought will steal,
To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel*.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet—
Strange—that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,
The spirit walking in their midst alone.

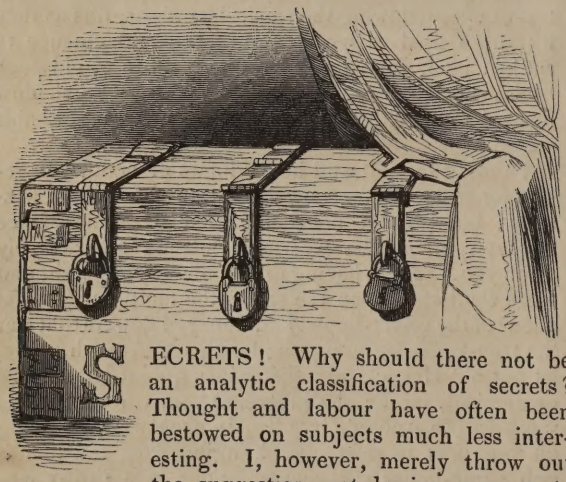
There's no contentment in a world like this,
Save in forgetting the immortal dream ;
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream ;
Bird like, the prisoned soul *will* lift its eye,
And sing—till it is hooded from the sky."

So, wearing out the afternoon, you wait the coming on of eventide. At length, the westering sun, beginning to decline, gives note of its approach, and gathering round him a dazzling host of rainbow-coloured clouds, sinks in a blaze of glory to repose. Twilight steals on, hushing and curtaining the sun-deserted earth ; but from every brake still issues forth a flow of song diminishing in volume as the winged choristers one by one nestle within their tiny homes, and drooping, yield to slumber. Anon, it dwindles to a solitary twitter, ceasing at times, then languidly renewed—then wavering—then almost inaudible, and presently heard no more. Woods with their unmoving branches and unfathomable gloom—winding waters glancing luridly in the sunset's lingering glow—church towers, frowning and massier in the waning light—hills, purple and indistinct in the faint far distance, hamlets, with here and there a red light shining through the casements of the scattered cottages,—all put on a novel aspect,—an aspect solemn, weird and unfamiliar. You no more hear the whoop and halloo of the children at their evening sport, nor catch the slow and weary footfalls of the horses heavily pacing homewards from the darkening fields. A perfect Sabbath calm is slowly settling down. Twilight itself begins to wane and—

" Night, sable goddess ! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world."

J. S.

THOUGHTS ABOUT SECRETS.



SECRETS ! Why should there not be an analytic classification of secrets? Thought and labour have often been bestowed on subjects much less interesting. I, however, merely throw out the suggestion, not having courage to attempt the task, for the shades of difference seem infinite, like the hues of the rainbow melting into one another. But every one can recognize the broad outlines, or prismatic colours ; and of these we may say a few words.

There is an adage somewhere to the effect that, in every house, is "a dark, corner cupboard ;" and though it is to be hoped it is seldom so terrible as the blue chamber, for a peep into which one Mistress Fatima paid so dearly, most persons accustomed to self-examination, if honest enough to speak the truth, will own that the heart does contain a private receptacle for memories—be they of thought or action—hopes, feelings,—in short, *secrets*, few or many, which they are unwilling to draw forth, and expose to the public gaze. If each individual had only his or her own secrets to guard, we hope few would be so unfortunate as to require more space for the purpose than one narrow shelf, instead of the whole cupboard ; but the accumulation of *other persons'* secrets, that on examination one finds packed away, is really quite astonishing. To be sure, some of these are of so light and volatile a nature that they evaporate, and are clean forgotten : yet that which seems trivial to us, may wear a serious aspect to the party more nearly concerned ; and to *trust* to the forgetfulness of another, is a poor dependence. They who make the thoughtless boast, that all the " gossip " they are told goes in at one ear and out at the other, are not the persons in whom to repose confidence ; for in this sort of sieve-like head the wrong half sometimes slips through ; namely, it is the secret which is retained, the promise of secresy which escapes.

There is another sort, which, to our mental vision, changes its aspect, shrivels, withers up, till it occupies little space or attention. Yet the secret is still the same, and should be as sacred as when confided to our care in all its bulk and importance, though people and things have changed their relations, rendering that harmless which was once full of venom. But there are secrets in which time and " circumstance, the unspiritual god," work a change of the opposite character, swelling some trifling knowledge into a troublesome and dangerous tenant, till we feel much as a sentient packet of gunpowder might be supposed to do, placed near a Christmas fire. " Oh ! but there must be error, if not guilt," methinks I hear some one, whose words precede reflection, say, " there must be error, if not guilt, where a secret is so dangerous !" Granted. But are we to keep no faith with the erring ? It may not be in our power to withhold our pity ; and surely, there would be little merit in withdrawing the only voice that is near to counsel or warn. Errors of a deep dye seldom find utterance ; perhaps, if there were for them such a safety valve, the catastrophes which make the tragedies of real life would be often averted. But people pay very dearly for their *follies*, and the disclosure of such is often enough to arouse a domestic hurricane ; it is when they are drawn into a threatening vortex of this kind, that they come

to their friends to ask the best way—to get out of it; and certainly, those admirable persons "who never did a foolish thing" themselves, have every right to refuse their sympathy. As for the latter class, we well remember hearing a gentleman, a man of middle age, and vast attainments, too, say seriously, that he had "never regretted an action of his life, whether trifling or important." We looked down, but no, the polished boot was too small and well-shapen to contain a cloven foot; we looked up, the *chapeau bras* bore no Mephistopheles feather; yet in the cold, bright eye, and imperturbable features, we read a something which linked him for ever in our imagination to the student's awful follower. Certainly, one who says—

> "Were he ordained to run
> His long career of life again,
> He would do all that he had done,"

is not the person to choose for a confidant, in any trouble or tribulation brought on by our own folly.

"But why choose a confidant at all,—if you cannot keep your own secrets, it is unreasonable to expect another person will hold them sacred?" say those —the units to the hundreds—whose calm and uncommunicative natures allowing them to pack away their secrets in the corner cupboard, turn the key, and think no more about them, little understand how in different characters they ferment and swell, till the corner cupboard is too small to hold them. Neither can I think it true, that the secrets of others confided to our care are so likely to escape as our own. In the first place, the simple fact of being communicated by another, and so *shared*, prevents that same process of fermentation, which in the opposite case renders a safety valve so necessary. Besides, for the guarding our own secrets, we have but that careless keeper, prudence, who, at the best of times, watches with one eye shut; whereas, instead of this sleepy sentinel (or besides) to ensure the safe keeping of secrets confided to our care, we are provided with trustworthy conscientiousness, a janitor armed to the teeth, bristling from head to foot with weapons offensive and defensive, and ready to thrust back the prisoner to his den, should he make an attempt to escape. Conscientiousness, too, makes prudence in this case open the other eye, rousing this fellow watcher, and keeping it awake, by the assurance that the secret escaped would change to a mocking fiend, and haunt us ever after in the shape of remorse.

Metaphor, however, and jesting apart, there are many positions in life, in which, without error, without even folly, the mind from over-feeding on itself becomes fevered, and the judgment loses its balance; when a sensitive nature shrinks from a promiscuous confiding, or when, in this "worldly world," necessary caution forbids it. It is at a time like this we feel the full value of a confidant who has a heart to feel, and a head to think for us; and, above all, one on whose faith we can fearlessly rely. Such a communication does indeed "cleanse the stuff'd bosom of the perilous stuff that weighed upon the heart," lightening ourselves in a greater degree than we burthen our friends; for in the mere talking of our troubles, some portion of them evaporates. Not unfrequently, too, we find, that that same solitary heart-eating has diseased our mental vision, giving it a sort of microscopic power, so that we magnified some contemptible mole-hill till it seemed a mountain. How delightful to see it mirrored in its just proportions, in our friend's unprejudiced, unruffled mind—to discover that something we believed ourselves singular in suffering, thinking, or feeling, had been suffered, thought, or felt, a thousand times before! Who, when he feels the giant thus melting away to a pigmy's shadow, would say, "How can I expect another to keep my secret, if I have not the wit to retain it myself?" Still it must be owned there requires much discretion in choosing a confidant; for not only may betrayal cause deep heart-misery, but it is useless to confide, save in those who are able to advise.

If there are many sorts of secrets, there are also many sorts of betrayal, from the downright want of faith of a direct avowal to that which may be gathered by inference; and yet the last may be as truly mischievous as any. I do believe that many a one has betrayed a secret from mere vanity at having been intrusted with it, forgetful that they proved at the same moment their own unworthiness of the charge! Not that it is always altogether easy to guard your friend's secret religiously and entirely, without acting or speaking what Carlyle calls an "unveracity" to preserve it; and this, if there were no other reason, should make us tenacious of opening "the corner cupboard" too readily for the reception of other persons' goods and chattels, which may sometimes be likened to contraband articles. In other words, take charge of as few secrets as possible, for fear they should prove of the gunpowder class,—or, if perfectly harmless, for fear you should not be the only confidant, in which case you may perhaps suffer for the bad faith of others. In short, for a hundred other "for fears," the fewer secrets one has the better; and, as a general rule, it is unwise to trust those who seem over-anxious for your confidence.

Happy they who possess some near and dear friend of high principles and superior endowments, towards whom they may look up and enjoy the power and privilege of veneration. A sort of instinct points to such an one as the fittest confidant. But the world is overgrown with mediocrity, (and let us be thankful the growth is not worse,) and if you are not blessed with such a friend and counsellor, and *must* have the safety valve of a confidant, choose, if possible, among those who are *near* and dear to you who have the same community of interests. If there be folly or error to conceal—and somehow or other there generally *is* something of this sort in a secret—they will hide it for their own sakes as well as for yours. Ah! how many hearts have been wrung—how many a family made wretched by some unwise confidence—out of it?

There is a secret, however, of a very different sort from those which folly or error weaves. If we may so call it, a joy-secret, an agreeable surprise—a wished-for present—which is soon to be blazoned forth in the full light of day, but which is meanwhile the hardest secret in the world—to keep. One may try to seem grave, yet the eyes *will* droop to conceal their gaiety; the lips may propound nothing but "wise saws," and the most far-off-the-subject discourse, and yet visibly

quiver from the effects of the chained-up laugh. Yet is there not a sort of malice in deferring such "agreeable surprises?" Why put off till to-morrow a happiness which might be tasted to-day? Or if this cannot exactly be, why deprive one you love of the gratification of anticipating a delight? More especially do many persons act in this manner towards children; and either they know little of human nature, or behave with downright cruelty. To the young, when every proposed novelty exercises their reason, wonder, and imagination, the anticipation of a pleasure is not uncommonly a full half of the gratification. It teaches them a wholesome lesson, too, for they learn to contrast the real with the ideal, a mind-expanding exercise, when done even on a small scale. All this, however, is matter of opinion, and, perhaps, the joy-secret may be a kindness in disguise.

But enough of secrets, great or small, *confided* to our care, with prudence and honour both for jailers. How often is confidence *implied!*—and even where this is not the case, how often do discretion and kind feeling seek (alas! how often too late) to stay the rush of idle words, or, as the poet hath it,

> "Secure with bars of brass,
> The double doors through which they pass."

Oh, the mischief of a careless word; how easily is a heart-wound opened—how difficult may it prove to heal! If ye learn good of your fellow mortals, speak it trumpet-tongued; for we know how true it is, "that the good men do, is oft interred with them;" and it were a noble deed to save truth and virtue from such a burial. If ye know evil, it may sometimes be necessary to speak of it as a warning, lest the good be injured. But there is a case where some world-forgotten error, long repented of, and atoned for by maturer excellence, lies smouldering beneath the dust of time. For the sake of common charity, do not drag it forth to brand therewith him who is in all things changed from the doer of that deed, the memory of which yet must cling to him, if ye so cruelly revive it. Do not, for the sake of telling a piquant story, mar the beautiful truth, "that there is a future to all who have the virtue to repent, and the energy to atone." And oh! be triply guarded, if the sometime culprit be one, whose *earned* and recovered character be the only storehouse whence he draws his daily bread. Cast him not by an idle word, from the haven he has struggled for and reached, back into the vortex of temptation. Keep such a secret as this—however ye came by it—religiously hidden; bury it in your heart of hearts; forget it yourself, if possible; divulge it—never.

Of course, no one possessing a spark of real honour or honesty would deliberately divulge a secret sacredly intrusted; we are speaking rather of indiscretion, and careless speaking. It must be owned, that the gentler sex have the worse character in this respect; but whether this popular opinion should be classed among "vulgar errors," or not, is another affair. A drum sounds from its emptiness; and assuredly, the head that has nothing to do and little to think of, whether male or female, must belong to a veritable gossip.

> "In a young lady's heart once a secret was lurking,
> It tossed and it tumbled, it tried to get out,
> The lips half betrayed it by smiling and smirking,
> And the tongue was impatient to blab it, no doubt."

So begin some old rhymes that I have not seen these seven years, but which rush to my pen's point as something of an à propos. Take a commonplace "idle man," instead of the "young lady," one who has not sufficient property to make the spending it, lawfully and properly, business and occupation for his mind; and who yet has an income sufficient to release him from the spur to action, necessity, and see if you have not the veriest gossip on earth. Of course, supposing a commonplace character, without aspirations after nobler pursuits. The hackneyed proverb, "The wonder, a woman keeps a secret," is worn out, musty, out of date. Doubtless it was true in its day, but made at the time when women—poor hearts! were indeed kept empty-headed. A condition which long obtained, from a certain belief, or rather superstition, that the cultivation of the female mind was incompatible with the perfection of pudding making and pickle preparing; though after profound consideration it would appear, that even these wonders of culinary art might be better achieved with a little aid from the reasoning faculties. We may quote one of Scott's heroines with as much propriety as a living, breathing example, for his creations are but truths made palpable. Was there ever a truer woman pourtrayed than sweet Jeanie Deans? and what does Effie's husband say of Jeanie as a secret keeper? and does not history throng with bright exemplars of female constancy and discretion, from the Roman actress, who on her way to the horrible torture renewed significantly her promise of good faith, and amid all her sufferings nobly redeemed it? This is chronicled, (her knowledge of the conspiracy by which the monster Caligula fell,) because the secret she kept became successful treason. But who can number the brave hearts that have silently beat their last, without the dull world so much as guessing the strange knowledge they enshrined? Why the very enigmas which puzzle us are proof how well secrets have been kept, through all ages. At this we sometimes repine; and yet it may be that the Great Hearts which kept their faith—knew best.

Ah! how Jest and Earnest clasp hands! We smile one moment at discovering a character, which, it would appear from some natural incapacity to *conceal*, is a very waste-pipe conduit, ever flowing. We smile, rejoicing that such an one has no secret of ours to keep—and resolve he never shall have. We pause, too—but in a graver mood—to think how often life, fame, fortune, the fate of empires, have depended on a secret faithfully kept; we pause, too, and with a sigh, to think what real, deep, domestic tragedies have been acted, what human hearts have been broken by the broken word; and we feel deeply that "Truth is stranger than Fiction." Let the true, noble-hearted men *and* women, who, through all ages, all dangers, and mortal temptations, have bravely kept their faith, prove again and again, and through all generations, that they have not died in vain, if only they have left their example as a pattern to the weaker!

C. T.

THE SUPERSTITIONS OF SAILORS

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

IF a disposition to believe more than is warranted by reason be the true meaning of superstition, then, to a certain extent, the existence of this faculty in the mind of an uneducated sailor is pardonable; placed in the sphere of action of the greatest wonders in creation he beholds the working of mysterious influences, acting on a gigantic scale—the rising and falling of the tides, awful from their immensity, and wonderful from their exact regularity;—he sails, and in a few weeks the fickle and inconstant wind is changed for one that never varies—the needle obeying a secret law, occult from his investigation, becomes his constant friend and companion; and placing implicit reliance on these mysterious agents, he is easily led to give credence to things of meaner note, predisposing him to superstition.

With slight powers of observation, and still less reflection, he is not an adept at tracing causes. Most things beyond the range of the familiar are a mystery to him—hence he is easily imposed upon. Continually exposed to perils of great moment, from habit he becomes bold and daring, as regards physical dangers; but at the same time he is the veriest slave of superstitious fear, and the dull hours of the middle watch are often passed in feverish excitement, as some garrulous old tar narrates to his listening mates the voices and echoes he has heard, and the flashes he has seen, since he first followed his restless calling.

Seamen are prone to wonder, and in their rambling vocation this faculty is liable to constant exercise; and from its activity, flying Dutchmen and other supernatural appearances have ever been considered by them as amongst the things entitled to implicit faith;—it is this faculty in its excited state that has produced the vision of the phantom ship—the sea serpent—and made them converts to the belief of all the wonderful tales about the Kraken.

The objects which induce the seaman to superstition are various, and in proposing to enumerate some of the most popular, we will commence with fishes.

The common barnacle, or shellfish, frequently found sticking to the bottoms of ships, is believed by north country mariners to become a species of goose; and indeed, when we find Hollinshed gravely asserting, "that with his own eyes he saw the feathers of these barnacles, hang out of the shell at least two inches," who can be surprised at the credulity of the illiterate sailor.—In Scotland this is widely believed, and the goose supposed to owe its existence to the barnacle has a name.

"Like your Scotch Barnacle, now a block,
Instantly a worm, and presently a great goose."—MARSTON.*

* There are (says Gerard, in his Herbal, Edit. 1597, p. 1391), in the north parts of Scotland, certain trees, whereon do grow shell fishes, &c. &c., which falling into the water, do become Fowls, whom we call Barnakles—in the north of England, Brant Geese—and in Lancashire, Tree Geese, &c.

Another very common superstition is, that the black spot on each side of the gills of the John Dory, and haddock, was made by St. Peter with his finger and thumb, when he took the tribute money out of the mouths of fish of these species, and which mark continued on the whole race ever since the performance of the miracle.

The dolphin and porpoise are never looked upon as favourable omens, if they make their appearance during a calm—the belief is, that the fish and the wind come from the same quarter;—if they spring and bound about with energy, it is held to be a sure prognostic of an approaching gale—on the contrary, if they are seen pursuing each other during a storm, or when the sea is rough, it is a sign of fair and calm weather to ensue.

There is an ugly fish called a sea urchin; if they are observed to thrust themselves into the mud, or endeavour to cover their bodies with sand, it foreshows a storm. Cockles and other shellfish frequently have sand and gravel sticking to them previous to bad weather; the philosophy of this appears to be, they try to ballast themselves, in order to resist being raised from the bottom by surges; and as a general rule, it is observed that both salt and fresh water fish leap and bite more eagerly before rain than at any other time.

A deadly feud exists between the sailor and the shark; and of all the fish which swim "the ocean stream," there is not one upon which he exercises such unrelenting animosity as this ravenous fish. Once in his power, on the deck, and instantly his knife is plunged into its voracious maw; and with greedy delight he gloats over the expiring agonies of his victim. He believes, if one of these fish follow the ship for a few days, a death to some one on board will soon happen.

With Danish and Norwegian seamen, many of whom enter the English service, are associated many singular superstitions. The Neck is one of these;—in shape he is described as a handsome boy, wearing a red cap on his head, beneath which escapes a rich profusion of golden hair, luxuriant and dazzling; he is shaped below like a horse; his amusement is playing on a golden harp, sitting on the waters—he plays exquisitely. This superstition is interesting, inasmuch as it is connected with Christianity; for it is believed the Neck will teach any one the art of playing on his golden harp, who will present him with a black lamb, at the same time promising him redemption, as the loss of his salvation troubles him exceedingly.

From Norway also comes the story of the Kraken; and although the authority of Bishop Pontoppidan of Bergen, and Member of the Royal Academy of Science at Copenhagen, appears to support the truth of the appearance of this wonderful marine production, still great deliberation must be exercised before we adopt the contradictory statements concerning it—nay, perhaps we may be pardoned if we place the whole account of it to superstitious fear, or at least to a want of proper investigation.

This immense marine animal (according to the authority above mentioned) frequents the northern seas, particularly near the coasts of Norway and Sweden; and the bishop, in his natural history of the latter kingdom, gives an interesting account of this stupendous creature. From his details the Kraken lies in deep water, in eighty or one hundred fathoms, and when he rises to the surface, which it appears he seldom does, the calmest sea becomes troubled to a vast distance around him, the heaving billows pointing out the more immediate space in which he will emerge; those parts of his back above the surface assuming the aspect of so many islands, variable in dimensions as well as shape, at every motion of the Kraken. The form of this monster is likened to a crab, and the back or upper part is said to be a mile and a half in circumference, or, as some affirm, even more. Its limbs, and it has many, are truly enormous, appearing, when elevated above the sea, as large as the masts of moderate sized ships, and are besides possessed of such strength that with one of them he can seize on boats and the smaller kinds of ships, and draw them under water. His descent is no less terrible than his rising, since it occasions a swell and whirlpool, so violent and irresistible, that ships of the greatest size coming within its action inevitably sink into the abyss of waters—and sink to rise no more.

Various authors mention this tremendous animal beside Pontoppidan; among others, Denys Montfort, who, it appears, gave the subject much attention; he even classed him with the sepia—while some think he partakes of the mixed character of the sepia and medusa. He is also stated to belong to the mollusca order, or family of worms peculiar to the sea.

In proof of the existence of such an animal, the Norwegian sailors state, that on the coast adjacent to the place where the Kraken inhabits, the waters often suddenly become shallow—that is to say, the ground fished upon a few hours since in fifty or eighty fathoms, is rapidly reduced to five or ten, or even less than that; —they believe this sudden shoaling of the water to be caused by the rising of the Kraken; and as fish always abound in the vicinity of the spot where he is supposed to be, they regard it as a fortunate circumstance;—should the Kraken, however, approach very near the surface, they are compelled to pull for their lives, to avoid being killed by the enormous monster.

The opposite feelings of profaneness and superstition are often found united in sailors, and the same individual who would dread the storm-raising effect of whistling a jig, will often be guilty of the most revolting excesses and licentious conduct; one beautiful weakness, however, they possess, compensating for the absurdity of many others—it is, that children are always deemed lucky to a ship; may not this amiable superstition in some way explain the reason of the faith in a child's caul, or the holy and fortunate cap, as it is called by some? In France, "*être né coiffée*," is an expression signifying that a person is extremely fortunate, and is esteemed an infallible preservative against drowning,—as a reference to the *Times* newspaper, in the middle of this nineteenth century, will sufficiently prove.

The stormy petrel, or Mother Cary's chicken, is of the catalogue of marine superstitions. This delicate little ocean bird is not much larger than a lark, and takes the widest flight of any from the shore; and hence, when a gale springs up, it is frequently obliged to seek refuge on rocks in the sea, or on vessels, and for this reason it has been called the tempest bird. The French name, *petit Pierre*, is taken from their habit of walking on the water by the help of their wings. Mermaids are too well known to need a description; a lovely woman upwards from the waist, and a fish below; they delight in combing their long golden locks with a comb, and examining themselves in a mirror; they are considered dangerous to approach,

as their fascinating beauty, heightened and assisted by their delicious melody, entice the unwary into the water, to drown them; they are supposed to abide in caverns in the sea, and to delight in submarine grottos. This fabulous creature, no doubt, owes its origin to the resemblance which a certain kind of seal, when in the water, bears to the upper part of the human body.

All seamen are more or less superstitious about the moon; they prognosticate from her appearance the kind of weather to ensue—if her horns appear sharp, fine weather is considered likely to follow—it is a bad omen when the new moon lies on her back, that is, when her horns are pointed towards the zenith. It often occurs that the dark side of the moon is seen, or in other words, that part of the moon which is covered with shadow is visible through it. This they call the new moon carrying the old moon in her arms, and is considered a bad sign;—a hazy circle round the moon foretels rain, the distance of the circle from the luminary indicating the near or distant period of its occurring.

Friday has, hitherto, been considered an unfortunate day for commencing a voyage—Sunday the reverse. This superstition probably arose from the circumstance of the crucifixion of the Redeemer on the first mentioned day, and his resurrection on the last. It was the custom of the early mariners to obtain the good wishes of the church, previous to going to sea, to protect them from its perils; and it is conjectured the priesthood, in order to enforce a strict observance of their religious rites, were the instigators of this superstition. The grand leveller, steam, however, is fast depriving the one of its supposed evil influence, and the other of its fancied good.

All good fortune is supposed to leave the ship while she carries a corpse on board; and to lose a mop, or drop a water-bucket into the sea while drawing water —to drown a cat—or kill one—are deemed evil omens; and as a wind up to these absurd notions, it is believed by most mariners that all persons born at sea belong to Stepney parish.

Some sailors believe that a kingfisher suspended freely in the air, by means of a piece of thread passed through its beak, will show from which quarter the wind blows, by an occult and secret law of its own turning its breast in the true direction, thereby introducing natural weathercocks. (See Sir Thomas Browne's "Vulgar Errors.")

Hanging a rope over the ship's side is a superstitious idea, which many seamen possess; the belief is that their friends, sweethearts, or wives, as the case may be, secretly take hold of it, and help to pull the ship home again.

Events frequently happen at sea, strongly tending to feed and cherish a superstitious feeling; and men who too frequently judge of things from appearances, without inquiring into the cause, are apt to ascribe to supernatural agency, what might be readily explained by scientific observation; the following is an example :—

On a calm and sunny day a ship was sailing over the sea, hundreds of miles away from any land, and no other sail in sight—when suddenly the attention of her crew was arrested by the loud and distinct ringing of a bell—clang, clang, clang, it went, to the amazement of all. They ascended the rigging, but nothing could be seen but the gently heaving sea, and the fair blue sky. From whence could this sound proceed—no bell, by the ordinary mode of conveying sound, could be heard from the distance they could see; still the inexplicable sounds continued—clang, clang, clang—and terror was depicted in the countenances of the crew;—it seemed to them as though they heard the ship's knell, and many a hardy tar grew pale. A scientific individual calmed their fears—for he accounted for the strange bell at once, upon the well known principle of the acoustic tube—in this way: as the sound of a gun discharged from a high mountain echoes from cliff to cliff, so in the present instance the clouds reflected the sound of a bell of a distant ship to the spot in which they were placed. Soon after, on the following day, they met a ship, and on inquiring they found it was her bell they had heard,—her crew had been violently sounding it for their amusement,—and but for this explanation, and its happy confirmation, every seaman on board would have believed that the sounds of the bell were caused by supernatural agency.

Ships apparently navigating among the clouds are sometimes seen at sea, owing to certain peculiar states of the atmosphere, and under these circumstances it requires no ordinary effort to calm the superstitious apprehensions of ignorant men.

A few years ago a ship left an English port on a distant voyage,—she was expected to be absent about a year. After that period of time had elapsed, and some few months over, her owners began to be uneasy concerning her fate—still she came not; month after month rolled away, until all hope of seeing her return had been banished from the mind of the most sanguine. In the course of the summer a violent storm of thunder and lightning arose, which on clearing away left the sky serene, when a ship bearing a great resemblance to the missing vessel appeared in the air, standing under all her canvas and bearing for the harbour—she kept in sight twenty minutes. The phantom ship was borne along until she appeared within half a mile of the spectators—she then gradually disappeared, became fainter and fainter, until she wholly vanished into air. The vision was of course believed to be the spectre of the lost ship, and came to warn the townspeople of her fate. In thirty hours after, the real missing ship sailed into the harbour. Science explains this mysterious appearance in the following manner :— when the spectre of the missing ship was first seen, the real ship herself was a great distance off at sea, but her image was reflected on the clouds within the vision of the spectators in the town, by certain laws of optics well understood, before her outlines could be discerned on the horizon. A slight shifting of the sun's rays, or a different density of the atmosphere, caused her sudden disappearance.

A familiar illustration of the above singular appearance may be seen by trying the following experiment:— look at any object through alcohol lying on water, and the object will appear reversed; so a ship or other object seen through two strata of air of different densities will appear the same.

In the Isle of France there are persons who predict the approach of vessels long before they are visible to the ordinary eye,—this is no doubt owing to their being reflected in the atmosphere or on the clouds, and caused by the high electric state of the air in that part of the world. Sailors call the lightning seen in these parts Madagascar lightning—the most incessant and vivid known.

Whenever we are at a loss to assign to an object presented to our notice for the first time, its proper

class, or to trace a cause to its effect, we exercise the faculty of wonder, differing in intensity in proportion to the power of the exciting cause; and in elucidation of this theory, a circumstance which occurred to some English sailors, while investigating an island in the Pacific Ocean, is introduced here.

The shore-going party had left the ship, and were proceeding towards the land, which the morning sun had revealed to them rather unexpectedly. They had two boats, the jolly boat and a cutter. On nearing the shore they were much surprised to find the sea covered with branches of the most beautiful coral, in places rising level with the surface of the sea, forming beautiful little bays and creeks, the margins of which were of the most dazzling hues; in one of them was a bed of coral a few feet below the surface; and as the boats skimmed over it the varying shades caused by the gentle rippling of the water afforded one of the most delightful sights that nature ever presented. It appeared to grow from the shore in a lateral direction, and branched out in surprising luxuriance; but its extensive ramifications prevented its root being seen,—it had therefore the appearance of hanging in the water. The smooth sea, the bland air, and the bright sun illumined the different kinds of coral, and exposed them in all their brilliancy to the delighted gaze of the party. Bright as the coral was, it was dulness itself when compared with the myriads of fishes which glided about at their leisure in these coral basins; the intensity of their hues baffles all description, and the enchanting harmony of the whole was completed by the difference of their size and form.

After passing over this singular place the water suddenly deepened, and pulling direct for the shore, distant about half musket shot, they perceived the mouth of a cavern into which the sea flowed. At the entrance the water was about six fathoms deep, which gradually became shallower as they advanced into the interior; at a distance of about three hundred yards from its mouth the cavern branched off in two directions almost at right angles—the main channel, however, continuing in a straightforward course; the branch to the right having an opening which communicated with the sea, though at a considerable distance. After a little delay, spent in examining the glittering sides of the cavern, the boats separated, the one taking the opening to the right and the other the opening to the left, which was but obscurely lighted; we will follow the fortunes of the first boat:—after passing some distance down the new-found opening, they came to others, branching off in various directions, in most of which there was water sufficient to float the boat; they continued to gently grope their way towards the light, leaving the side channels unexplored, fearing to lose themselves in the labyrinths of the grotto.

Pulling gently along, and constantly sounding the bottom with a boathook, they ultimately arrived at the other entrance of the cavern; but before coming to it they entered one of the most stupendous and magnificent looking halls the mind can contemplate,—placed at such a distance from the mouth of the cave as to exclude the too scrutinizing effects of the daylight, and yet affording sufficient light to indistinctly show the outlines of the place.

It was impossible to ascertain the height of the roof, as it was totally concealed from view in impenetrable gloom; on rowing round it, the circumference was considered at least a quarter of a mile, and in different places, lofty aisles, flying buttresses, gothic pillars—all on the grandest scale—were presented to the imagination; and the effect of the whole was singularly heightened by the flashes of phosphorescent light, emitted from the water as the boat passed through it; living streams of pale blue fire seemed to cling to the blades of the oars, and the boat's wake shone with the brilliancy of melted silver.

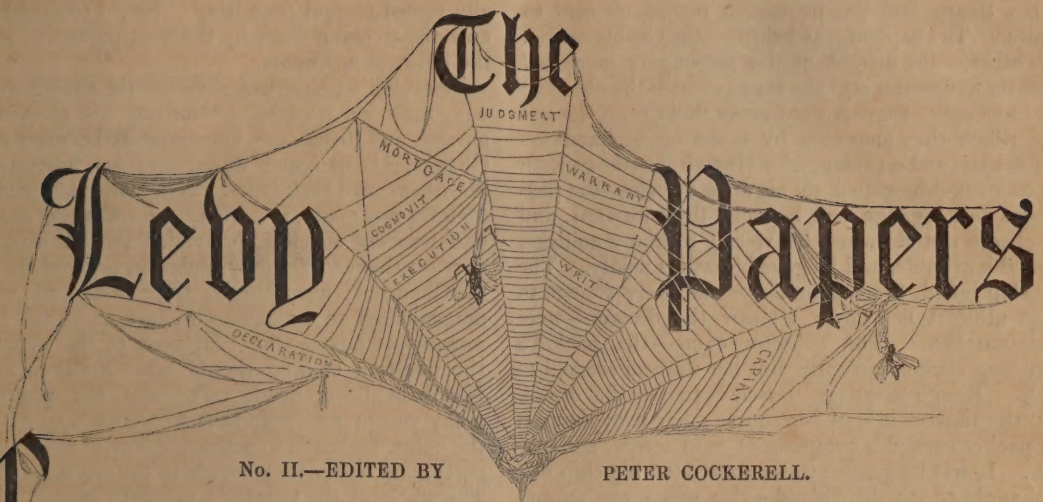
Admiration and astonishment are but poor terms to express the emotions of the mind in visiting this extraordinary place. If a mermaid or a syren, or any other fabled creation of the brain, had sprung out of the water, she would have been considered in her proper place; in short it seemed the fitted abode for such beings. After lingering about, loath to leave the spot containing such singular beauty, and regretting that a natural curiosity, so stupendously elegant, should be so far removed from the civilized world, the boat's crew retraced their course, in order to join their companions.

They were doomed to be terrified as well as delighted ere they reached the open day again, as, by the time they had gained the spot where the boats separated, they found their shipmates waiting their return in the greatest impatience. It appeared after their separation, the boat's crew investigating the opening in the cavern to the left, after penetrating a little distance, found their further progress impeded by some object, which nearly reached across the channel of the cave, and which appeared to raise itself up and down as if endowed with life; the indistinctness of the light prevented an accurate examination, and as mystery always magnifies danger, they soon concluded it was some huge marine monster entangled in the mazes of the cavern; and not knowing what to make of it, they paused at a respectful distance, to examine more closely. One roll of the mass, however, completely disconcerted their nerves; and the sighing of the wind through the vaulted roofs and arches of the cave gave a moaning and indistinct sound, which had a powerful effect upon their imagination. After waiting a single instant they pulled the boat's head round, and rowed with all their might towards their companions, who arrived just in time to witness their excitement. Now these very men, who, in all probability, would have faced the battery of a ninety-gun ship, hour after hour, without flinching, fled from an indistinct and unknown danger acting upon their superstitious fears.

After quieting their apprehensions, the boats united, and returning to the charge with increased numbers, they set about in right earnest to unriddle the cause of their dismay. Upon close examination it proved to be an old palm, which, having been blown from the land into the sea, had floated into the cavern, and the set of the tide had placed it in the position found by the party. One end was poised upon a shelving rock, and time had covered the whole with a mass of long seaweed; and the rising and falling of the waters, caused by the swell of the sea from the outside, gave it that motion which the excited imagination of the sailors converted into the agonizing throes of some dying sea monster. How many of our superstitious fears might be calmed, if a similar investigation into cause and effect was instituted!

We may return to this subject in a future Number.

The Levy Papers



No. II.—EDITED BY PETER COCKERELL.

CHRISTOPHER SHARP was a foundling. On a certain night, in November, in the year 17—, he was discovered by a watchman, neatly wrapped in an old flannel petticoat, calmly reposing on the door step of one Jacob Sharp, a cutler, in Newgate Street; out of respect to whom the workhouse nurses distinguished the pretty babe by his name; he was baptized "Sharp" —"Christopher Sharp." The good parishioners of St. Sepulchre's found him in all things until he attained, what was supposed to be, the eighth year of his age; at which eventful period one of the parish overseers provided him with a place as errand boy to an attorney in Grub Street.

Although so young, he was considered sufficiently quick and intelligent for the duties he had to perform. In a twelvemonth he rose to be the liveried page of Miss Needham, his master's maiden sister. At the age of eleven the page cast his livery, and was promoted to a stool at a desk in his master's office, in which situation he very shortly displayed remarkable aptness, shrewdness, and cunning. At the age of eighteen Mr. Sharp had become a very useful member of Mr. Needham's establishment. He knew all the clients, their business, standing, and Needham's estimation of them respectively; he had, moreover, made considerable progress in the science of the law.

As Needham grew more infirm he found the services of Sharp more indispensable to him; he accordingy made the young man a present of his articles of clerkship to himself: eventually Sharp became an admitted attorney. He still continued in the employ of Needham, and every year took a more active part in the business of the office.

When Mr. Sharp was about 26 years of age—that is, on the 10th of Nov. 18—, Mr. Needham departed this life, and the whole of his excellent practice reverted to Sharp. The old gentleman (and he was one independent of the act,) died a bachelor. One sister, a nephew, and a niece, children of a married sister, a Mrs. Churchill, then deceased, were his only surviving relatives. He had been a careful, saving man, and had amassed a considerable sum. Of course he made a will—aye! and a judicious, equitable will; but, strange to say, the form was somewhat exceptionable. By such will he bequeathed all his household furniture, plate, linen, china, glass, &c. &c. to his only surviving sister during her life, and after her death to his faithful servant and friend, Christopher Sharp; and he directed the various sums of stock therein named to be sold, and the proceeds applied in payment of the legacies specified in the schedule annexed to his said will: he made Sharp his residuary legatee; and nominated and appointed Sharp and his own sister his executors. After the funeral the will was discovered; but, alas! no schedule of legacies! Before the Prerogative Court of Canterbury would grant probate of the will, they required a declaration to be made by one of the executors, of the circumstance that the schedule had not been found; and Sharp caused his co-executor to make a declaration to that effect, which the court held to be sufficient. Administration was duly granted to Ann Needham, who did not long survive her brother, and who died intestate (having nothing to leave). Christopher Sharp then became, comparatively, a rich man.

Sharp's business increased, and he seemed in the direct road to fortune. The affairs of one of his clients demanded that he should go, or send a clerk, over to France. He went himself aboard a Calais packet. The wind blew fresh and fair, and the captain promised them a safe and expeditious trip. When

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about midway across the Channel, the attention of all aboard was directed to the magnificent sight of an East Indiaman in full sail, bearing up towards them; all but Sharp and the helmsman rushed forward to admire. The captain was below,—the vessels neared each other,—the delight of the passengers increased —nearer and nearer still the vessel came—the cheering was immense. Signals were made them from the tall ship, which they answered by a waving of handkerchiefs, hats, and a prolonged "Hurrah;"—the captain ran on deck—he called to his crew in vain—the passengers and luggage had hemmed them forward, and the cheery riot drowned his voice; to him a collision seemed inevitable, and he gave his orders wildly. The big ship luffed, to give the lesser one every chance to shoot athwart her bow; all saw the danger—were panic-stricken. The collision came—the packet's stern was shaken violently, but her timbers seemed to hold. Rough language passed between the crews. Still the Indiaman kept her course; her pilot thought the packet carried a company of mad actors, not seamen. It was long since those aboard the big ship had seen aught to stir their blood—this scene was animating; they watched the little packet tenderly, and soon perceived she hung out signals of distress. Boats were speedily lowered, manned, and put off to her assistance, while the ship hove to. All were watching with breathless anxiety the progress of the boats, when a voice astern shouted, "A man overboard—a man overboard!" An unhappy being was seen struggling with the waves for life—no assistance could be rendered him—the boats were gone;—a rope was thrown in vain, he had not sense or strength to clutch it; as he was sinking in the waters' foam a passenger leaped from the sternpost to his rescue; he sank and rose, and sank and rose again; a buoy was lowered, but he had sunk a third time;—in less than two minutes, however, a figure was seen clinging to the buoy, which had floated far away. In ten minutes more one of the boats, with part of the crew and passengers of the packet, was seen to pull to the buoy and take in two figures from the water.

The crew and passengers of the Calais packet (which had filled and sunk) were safely got aboard the Indiaman, as were also the half drowned stranger and his deliverer, who were properly attended and soon restored to health. When the stranger was called upon to account for his immersion, he said that he was a passenger from England to France aboard the packet—(he had not been recognized before); that when the Indiaman struck the packet, he, for greater security, caught and held on to a rope from the bowsprit of the larger vessel, and suffered himself to be dragged therewith from the Calais packet; that he called for assistance as lustily as possible, but he supposed none heard him, as succour came not; that he held on as long as he had strength to do so, and that he felt himself grow weak and faint, but could remember nothing more; he expressed great gratitude to the person who had so nobly saved his life, and begged to know him further. The two shook hands, congratulating each other, and exchanged names. The rescued was Sharp, the lawyer; the rescuer, his patron's nephew, Charles Churchill, then on his voyage home from the Indies after many years' absence. Sharp informed him of his father's and uncle's demise, of the disposition of their property, and of all other matters that he thought it was necessary for Churchill to know or was prudent for him to communicate; and he concluded by expressing a hope that Churchill might enjoy the wealth he had acquired, would marry, and end his days in peace;—they mutually vowed eternal friendship. Sharp returned home, and dispatched a clerk by the next packet to transact the business in France.

Churchill's father had directed the executors of his will, after his decease, to convert his property into money, and divide the same equally between his son Charles, his daughter Julia, and his brother-in-law Needham, and their heirs. Needham died before any division was made, and Sharp, who was the executors' and trustees' solicitor, pretended that it was necessary for them to act only under an order of the Court of Chancery; accordingly, he commenced what he denominated an amicable suit, just, as he said, for the purpose of having the judgment of the court upon the question of who should take Needham's share, Needham being dead. The suit was pending for many years; and from time to time Sharp petitioned the court for leave to sell a portion of land and property, and apply its proceeds to the payment of costs. The whole of the testator's property, worth, perhaps, £40,000, was thus consumed; neither Charles Churchill nor his sister having in the least been benefited thereby; on the contrary, the former was called upon by, and had actually advanced, Sharp considerable sums to carry on the suit.

Soon after his return to England, Churchill married—not for money, but for love. Upon his marriage he settled £10,000 upon his wife. Sharp was one of the trustees of the settlement, a good-natured fool was the other. The residue of Churchill's property was about £16,000 in the funds. Sharp advised him to make other investments, and he proposed a mortgage upon some land in Yorkshire, which, he said, would pay £6 per cent. upon the sum advanced. Sharp undertook to investigate the title; he did so, approved it, and then drew the deeds; stock to the amount of £9,000 was sold out, and the business completed. A few years afterwards the borrower died—insolvent; and it was then discovered that he had only a life interest in the premises mortgaged, (Sharp was aware of this,) and Churchill lost all his money. It was subsequently proved that the borrower received only £4,500, the other moiety of the £9,000 was retained by Sharp, agreeably to an understanding between him and the borrower. At the time, Sharp condoled with Churchill upon his loss; he said he felt for him deeply, but "*nil desperandum*," said he, "£10,000 are soon made in business; and now I think of it," continued he, "I know of one that will suit you admirably, whereat a snug little fortune might be made in no time—less—a brewery—my own concern—the very thing."—(Sharp had lent money upon mortgage of a brewery, and had thought proper to foreclose the mortgage.)—"I only wish to see you comfortable; the plant is a little out of repair, but you shall have it at a mere nominal rent; you can't do better. I am your friend; between you and I there can be no misunderstanding." The offer was accepted; Churchill bound himself to repair, according to the specification of Sharp's surveyor, whatever it might be. Churchill found the premises were dreadfully dilapidated; he spent £6,000 about the repairs and refittings, his means were nearly exhausted, and yet the requirements of the specification were far from

being performed. To complete the work, Sharp was so good as to advance him £1,000 on the security of a bill of sale upon the premises. Churchill still found his capital insufficient to carry on the business. He had utensils, malt, hops, horses, hay, straw, and many other things, upon credit,—this was the very thing Sharp desired. Churchill was unable to meet his acceptances when due; he was, therefore, very speedily beset by the lawyers—a taw in the ring;—but Sharp had first fire;—his executions for rent and under his bill of sale swallowed up everything. He now regained possession of the brewhouse, improved by Churchill's expenditure of £7,000, besides the value of the goods furnished by other creditors, to the amount of £2,000 more. Sharp soon found another tenant, who took the fixtures, and gave him a large premium for a lease of the premises; so much had Churchill improved them in the space of twelve months. After this failure, Churchill would have become bankrupt or insolvent; but to prevent this, Sharp (who "always wished to see them comfortable,") advised that his wife should part with her interest under her marriage settlement, and, as her trustee, he said, he had no objection to her doing so, to save her husband from the ignominy of being an insolvent debtor; and as for his co-trustee, Sharp said he was his solicitor, and should advise him to assent. The thing was done, and Churchill paid his creditors 20*s*. in the pound, and to Sharp something more, say 40*s*.—not less.

In the course of a few years, Churchill was destitute of means; but he vegetated in the sweet hope of a speedy order of the court for a division of his father's property, according to the terms of his will: the matter was only waiting for the Master's report. To keep alive this hope, Sharp advanced a few trifling sums (but not sufficient for the support, for any length of time, of Churchill's wife and two children,) upon the security of Churchill's and his brother-in-law's (Whaley's) joint and several promissory note. Churchill sought employment in vain,—he even begged it of Sharp. After much solicitation, Sharp employed him as a clerk at 18*s*. a week. Until this period, Churchill had considered Sharp tolerably straightforward and just; but upon acquaintance, he proved him tyrannous, selfish, dishonest, mean. Christopher Sharp was a bill discounter. He would make trifling advances upon doubtful, aye, even acknowledged bad paper; his prime object was to create costs, and then arrest all the parties for the whole amount of the acceptances and expenses. He seldom failed in getting paid by some one or the other of them, or by the sheriff; his chief aim, however, was to fix the sheriff, and his plans usually succeeded. In one instance, where he had sued in the name of a creature of his own, one Jones—a pliant-conscience knave—he sent the plaintiff (Jones) to offer the defendant terms for a release from custody;—they (Jones and the defendant) agreed that upon payment of a small sum of money down, as part of the debt, and the execution of a warrant of attorney for the residue, the defendant should be set at liberty. The officer, at the entreaty of the defendant, took him, in custody, to the chambers of Sharp, in Grub Street, to execute the warrant of attorney, and pay the money. Upon seeing the defendant there, Sharp refused to enter into the arrangement—he called it an escape—the sheriff was ruled, and had to pay the debt and costs.

Upon another occasion, a poor law-plucked Hibernian applied to Sharp (through an agent—for Sharp had his emissaries) to discount a bill; but the Irishman (Daly), and the drawer, were doubtful men. As Sharp would have to rely for payment principally upon the sheriff, he determined not to give any value for the bill; in fact, he meant to steal it. But to steal a five shilling bill stamp is a felony; though to steal an acceptance for £500 is only to steal a promise, for which offence our criminal code provides no punishment. To keep, therefore, within the pale of the law, he resolved either to draw another bill himself, or to have one drawn and accepted by the same parties, upon his own stamp. In furtherance of this view, the agent procured a bill to be drawn by Mason, and accepted by Daly, for £40, upon Sharp's stamp. Sharp kept the bill till due, and then proceeded, in the usual way, against Mason and Daly. The latter, not having received any consideration for his acceptance, thought it hard that he should be arrested for the amount, and determined, if possible, to keep out of the officer's way,—but the sparrow seldom escapes the hawk. The officer was vigilant in his watch for Daly, observed and pursued him down the street, into his house, and even to the very garret; but the door was closed and fastened by the nimble Daly; no time, however, was lost in breaking it open; the cupboards were searched, but no Daly found. In looking out of a window, the lynx-eyed bum caught the glimpse of a shadow upon the chimney of a neighbouring house; ladders were procured, and poor Daly, black as any sweep, was taken to a sponging-house. Daly was penniless, but the keeper of this house owned a human heart; to afford poor Daly a meal he employed him to clean the outside of the second floor window. Sharp, who was accidentally passing (nothing, he said, could have been more fortunate,) saw the act, and ruled the sheriff for an escape. Mr. Justice B—— decided, that the prisoner being *outside* the window, could not be considered in safe custody, and the sheriff had to pay the £40, and costs.

Sharp was not deficient in inventive genius; nor was he fearful to act singly in any petty, no, nor any bold, adventure for remunerative gain; but he had conned the wholesome lesson touching the bundle of sticks. "Besides, (he would ruminate,) in some cases the more persons implicated the better for the wary; for 'tis strange if, among a many, there be not one fool upon whom the whole of the culpability may be fixed." For these reasons, (and for another besides,) did he confederate with Jones and others, in a plan to fish the trifling sum of £3,000 out of the coffers of a certain sheriff. Jones was to be plaintiff, and Pope defendant, in an action of debt; Sharp was to be plaintiff's attorney, and Moses, a brick of the first water, the officer;—the money when recovered was to be divided equally. Agreeably to this plan, a *capias* was issued, and placed in the hands of Moses, who shortly afterwards returned that he had arrested Pope, the defendant; no bail bond was taken—the sheriff was ruled to return the writ, and bring in the body; but, as previously agreed upon, this was not attended to, and the sheriff was fixed, and paid the money. A meeting of the sureties to the sheriff was convened, and, as it was ascertained that neither the plaintiff nor defendant were ever worth a tenth of the sum for which the writ was issued, and certain other facts transpired

—the conspiracy was discovered. In the mean time, Sharp furnished Jones and Pope with a trifle of money, and they and Moses secretly left the country. An action of trover was brought against Sharp, but the sheriff failed in proof—Sharp stood the furnace of the law, and came out of its fire without a feather injured.

Within a month after this event, Sharp pretended that he had parted with the promissory notes of Whaley and Churchill. Be that as it may, Sharp had instituted proceedings, in another name, against Whaley—the three notes amounted in the whole to 23*l.* One morning Mrs. Whaley (Churchill's sister Julia) came, with tears in her eyes, wan, and wretched; she held a letter from Sharp, threatening an execution if the £23 and costs were not immediately paid; she had brought £17, all she could muster, and begged a week's time for payment of the remainder. Her husband, an author, was then sick—very sick—of the small-pox; but should he recover, she said, one day's labour would finish a work upon which he had spent much time—the publisher would advance no more. Still she hoped, though she had no more money, and her husband's wants, and her children's"—emotion choked the rest. Churchill undertook her cause. He urged these facts, and others, upon Sharp. "What is all this to me?" said Sharp. "You, sir, who have had and spent my money—you, who eat my bread, should be the last person to address me thus: but I want my money—not words. Will words pay your salary, sir? —No—neither will they satisfy me. I must and will have my money. Is execution signed?"

"No, sir."

"Then sign it at once, Mr. Churchill."

"But why create that expense, sir?"

"Because it is my living; I get £5 by it—I am entitled to it. Why should I give any man £5? Would any man give it to me, do you think?—No.—I shall send in an execution to-morrow!"

"Perhaps, sir," said Churchill, "the man is dying even now."

"The greater reason for expedition, sir—but I shall not trouble you, Mr. Churchill; he is your brother—it *might* be disagreeable to your feelings. I know not why it should, though—it is your duty,—*you* cannot help it; however, another clerk shall do it—hand me the £17—I shall give no receipt."

Churchill returned to the outer office—his look betokened failure — the brother and sister parted heartsick, without a word.

Mrs. Whaley returned home, rallied her friends, pledged, borrowed, and raised £5 more. The next morning she was early at the office with the money. As she returned home, her heart was lighter—she had seen Sharp himself; and she thought he took the money with a smile. She returned home, I say; the house door was open; 'tis strange, she thought—she surely shut it—she knew she did—she had tried it twice —she grew uneasy—there were strangers there. The children—where were they? She flew to her husband's room. What a sight she there beheld! The little children, in their alarm at the officers' entrance, had run up stairs, and were then clinging to and kissing the lips of their diseased parent. She snatched them in her arms, but, as it afterwards proved, too late—they had caught the malady.

The broker had valued even the very bed on which the sick man lay. At the earnest entreaty of the poor woman the goods were allowed to remain in the house. At night the man left in possession demanded to rest in the best bed the house afforded;—he said an officer of the sheriff had a right to claim it—(a sheriff's levy is far different from that of royalty—not so gay, nor so frivolous—'tis a serious matter—very). The man was peremptory. The poor delirious sufferer was laid upon a mattress in an adjoining room, and the broker's man took his place in bed. In the night Whaley grew worse, and when the broker's man arose in the morning, the invalid was conveyed back to his bed (after a night of intense suffering), and died three hours afterwards. The sale was delayed till after the funeral, which took place at twelve, and the sale was commenced an hour afterwards, upon the premises. The auctioneer offered the bed for sale, but the indignant crowd refused to purchase, and it was broken into pieces.

After these events, Sharp became afraid of Churchill; and half ashamed (not wholly so—for, with him, the thing was impossible) of his own cruel conduct towards him. It is a manifest truism, that a man can forgive one who has injured him, but never one whom he has injured. Sharp now behaved to Churchill more and more tyrannically; but the latter endured his contumeliousness with fortitude and dignity. He had, to be sure, very cogent reasons for withholding his resentment;—his employment with Sharp was the livelihood of himself, his fond wife, his two dear children, and his widowed and childless sister, Julia. Sharp daily grew more and more persecuting; it was evident he wanted to be rid of Churchill; (his clerk knew many of his secrets—not all—and had frequently remonstrated with him upon his various villanies). To crown the whole, Sharp one day had the audacity to charge him with dishonesty. The man then burst forth;—the father, husband, brother, servant, were lost to his remembrance — he rebutted the charge with indignation, and left the office in disgust, never to return.

Worn by care and grief to a premature old age, may yet be seen a lean man, scarcely sixty, in a suburban union workhouse, picking oakum. His wife died in the same establishment last Christmas Day;—children he has none. The old man scarcely speaks,—some think him idiot, some a monomaniac. If you inquire of the workhouse master, he will tell you that his name is entered in the workhouse books as "Charles Churchill." Yes, Charles Churchill;—he whose uncle reared Christopher Sharp;—he who saved Christopher Sharp from drowning;—he whom Christopher Sharp brought from affluence to pauperism. But pauperism is sickening—disgusting.—Look to the converse.

Sharp, finding his business decrease, sold it—took a house in the Regent's Park, and is now what in common parlance is called "a gentleman," *i. e.* a man of guineas.

At precisely five minutes before nine, one bleak October morning, Joseph Graball, attorney at law, rang his office bell, when a poor, cadaverous looking individual, a clerk, stroking down the few remaining thin hairs of his head, and endeavouring to look as warm as he could, hastened to answer his employer's summons.

"If Thompson comes to-day, I'll see him," said Graball.

"Very well, sir," replied the aforesaid clerk.

"Has Brown, Jackson, or Smith been taken in execution yet?" inquired Graball.

"No, sir," answered the clerk.

"Then," pursued Graball, "mind and hunt the officer up to-day: he is not half active enough for me. Did you issue that writ against Parker yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"And served it?"

"Yes, sir."

"If he should call," pursued Graball, "mind, I don't want to see him, unless he brings the money."

"Very well, sir," responded the clerk.

"Hasn't that fellow Simpson come yet?" (Simpson was Graball's other clerk.)

"I don't think it has quite gone nine yet, sir," apologetically observed the man.

"What of that?" thundered Graball; "he should be here by or before nine, and not wait till the clock has struck! I must discharge him. See who that is just come into the outer office."

"It's Mr. Thompson, sir," announced the clerk.

"Oh! let him come in; and you shut my door, sir." (He was obeyed.) "Well, Thompson, have you anything fresh?"

"Why, sir," answered the agent Thompson, "I have here a little bill of exchange, drawn by one James Cooke upon and accepted by one Charles Felton, for £25, at three months' date, two of which are now past."

"*Felton!* who is he?" asked Graball.

"The author," responded Thompson.

"Oh, he is no good—it will never be paid," observed the attorney.

"I reckon it will," said Thompson; "he'll be in cash about the time the bill becomes due."

"Well, you can do as you please," said the liberal attorney; and he continued, "if you like to leave the bill with me, if it be paid when due, you shall, as usual, have the half of what it produces; but I am not going to be jackass enough to risk any loss."

"But he will clamour for the bill when I see him again. I think I must give him *some* money to keep him quiet; but I am *sans sous*."

"Oh, if you choose to throw your money away," said the attorney, "that is no matter: *I* shall hazard nothing,—I am not flat enough to fool away my good money after bad, I can tell you; but now to business. You remember the bill of Morley's that you brought me. Well, I sued him upon it, and arrested him, you know, three months ago. Luckily he paid the amount of the levy yesterday, (at least his brother did for him, and that's all the same,) and I gave him his discharge. Here is the account, you see;—bill and interest, £42—costs, £12. You have nothing to do with either interest or costs; they are mine altogether; therefore, if I give you a cheque for £20, half the principal, that will be right. I am glad it has happened so, because you can now leave Felton's bill with perfect safety. If I should sue him, and he should put in a 'special plea,' 'want of consideration,' 'naked possession,' or any thing of that kind, I shall call you to prove at the trial, that I gave you a cheque for £20, *at the time* you left the bill with me."

"Exactly," accorded the agent, with a knowing wink.

"Here's the cheque—see that it is right," suggested the very regular attorney.

"Quite correct," affirmed the agent; they bade each other a very good day, and the agent departed. After various instructions to his clerks, Graball sallied forth to take his usual morning's round. Need I say that Graball was a knave, a dissembler? Assuredly he was both; and various were the means resorted to by him, to contrive a connection, and create business. He dovetailed pettifogger and money lender (usurer) with saint and philanthropist. He charged £65 per cent. for discounting a bill, and headed a religious subscription with this delicious morsel:—"There is no forgiveness of sins, without every restitution in our power."—*Jeremy Taylor.* "For all possible overcharges in daily business to individuals to whom restitution is impossible—say, for certain, (by Mr. Joseph Graball) £2 2*s*." He paid his two poor morbid clerks sixteen shillings per week each, and worked them hard from *nine* A.M., till *nine* P.M.; yet was he a staunch anti-slavery man, and foremost in the ranks of spouters in behalf of negroes. Having his name well up in certain quarters for piety, humanity, and probity, he that day waited upon a leading business Quaker, and, in a canting, conventicle tone, thus delivered himself:—"I am about to establish a new society, sir, and without your assistance I cannot hope success. We find among the liberal professions, (and truly, the legal forms one of them,) that many of the labourers in the field of science and of art, with sweet disinterestedness, devote some portion of their time and pains to the public, and the poor; what the state does not perform, individuals accomplish; the labours of the antiquarian are open to the public, at the Museum; of the arts, at Charing-Cross. By the blessing of Providence, numerous are our hospitals,—multifarious our benevolent institutions; but we have no institution *diffusive of gratuitous law;* nor boasts our profession any attorney, who, imitating the generosity of the physician, gives to the poor *advice gratis:* no, sir—none. I therefore propose an association of attornies to effect that desirable object."

"Verily, friend," quoth the Quaker, "methinks thine is a most praiseworthy undertaking, and thou shalt have *my name;* thou'lt find it current for benevolence in the city; put it down for £50—friends Easy and Silk will each follow for a like amount, and give cheques at once."

To friend Easy Graball repaired, explained the nonce, and showed the big Quaker's autograph. Easy had a large heart; he loved the human species. Yet, to be candid, there was a *leetle* ostentation in his charity; he was weak enough to like his name associated with certain individuals whose money gave them influence in the city. Having heard and seen all that Graball had to say and show, Easy gave a cheque for £20, saying he never had signed a cheque with so much pleasure in his life; he also paid many compliments to the goodness of Graball's heart, which the latter gratefully acknowledged—may be his heart, in sooth, was waxing softer, for as he sighed and cast his eye towards a caged canary bird, he cried—"Hapless bird! what sin to deprive thee of thy liberty! How sweet it is, sir, to hear the little chorister, Heaven's own musician, carolling above us freely in the open air; and what a reproach to selfish man, that the hea-

ven-gifted warbler hath wings, and may not use them!" (Had Graball quite forgotten his late instructions to his clerk?)

"An honest, kind-hearted lawyer, is an excellent member of society, Mr. Graball, and deserves encouragement," said the Quaker.

"Yet, would you believe it, sir," moaned Graball, "there are many, many such in absolute want."

"Want? Hast thou no almshouses?" inquired the pitying Quaker.

"None!" replied Graball; "but I hope soon to establish some—will you give me leave, sir, to use your name?"

Easy was regularly drawn out; he acquiesced, and Graball secured another cheque.

Graball eventually carried considerable sums to the credit of the two societies; the one for the establishment of "The Legal Almshouses," the other called "The Law Society for Gratuitous Advice;" but he took especial care, every quarter, to place on the Dr. side of his ledger a bill of costs to equal the amount of subscription. Ultimately, the fraud was discovered, and the scheme abandoned.

In a little more than a month from the period of the aforementioned interview between Graball and Thompson, Felton, the author, with an expression of deep tragedy on his brow, entered hastily the dingy premises of Graball, and having demanded an audience of the last-named worthy, he was accordingly ushered into the attorney's private office. At the sight of Graball, Felton felt as one prepared to sustain the principal character in a highly-wrought scene of indignant passion; but anon the unlooked-for chilly calmness and phlegmatic demeanour of his fellow actor marred his design.

"Is your name Graball?" quickly inquired Felton.

"It is," replied the person so addressed.

"Mine is Felton.—Is this a copy of any writ issued by you against me?"

"It is," answered Graball, examining the printed slip. "Yes, sir, it is a true copy."

"And what does it mean, sir?" asked Felton.

"What does it mean?" echoed Graball. "Why, it means that I want you to pay me £25, the amount of your acceptance in favour of one James Cooke, and £2 2*s*. the costs of this writ."

"I have been robbed, sir!" exclaimed Felton.

"I know nothing about it, sir," returned the lawyer.

"It is an accommodation bill," continued Felton; "and that scoundrel, Thompson, constantly promised me its proceeds; but neither Cooke nor I have ever received one penny."

"I know nothing about it, sir," still returned the lawyer.

"Two days ago the scoundrel assured me the bill was not negociated, and yet—"

"I repeat I know nothing about it, sir," cried the lawyer, cutting him short; "I know not what transactions there are between you and Thompson. I only know I have given full value for the bill (I can show you the very cheque); I am an innocent holder of the bill, and must be paid. I am sorry for you, and if you want time, I can hold over for three months longer, for a *douceur* of £6; or you can renew, and add the interest of this and the fresh stamp into the new bill; but in either case the *douceur*, together, £8 2*s*. must be paid down.—I don't want to press you, but ——"

"I'll do no such thing," cried Felton, with more warmth than wit; "I'd rot in jail, or leave the country rather. It is a fraud—a wicked fraud; and I will not submit to be robbed!"

"Very well, sir; we shall see—good day to you." After Felton was gone, Graball ruminated thus:—

"It is just possible that this fellow may give us a great deal of trouble to catch him, if we allow proceedings to go on to execution in the usual tardy course—we must therefore make sure of him at once;" and he rang for his clerk, who appeared before him ere the clapper of the bell had ceased. "I want you as soon as possible to make an affidavit that this man Felton is about to quit the country!"

"*Me*, sir?"

"Yes, sir, you."

"How can I, sir?" asked the terrified clerk.

"Why, very easily, sir! the form is only that you have been so informed, and which information you believe to be true. And that you may safely swear to; *I* inform you so; and do you doubt my word, sir? He told me himself that he should positively leave the country to-morrow. You can say you heard him, if you like—perhaps you did hear him? You would have done so if you had ears, for he spoke loud enough. It is very odd you can't remember whether you heard him or no;—well, sir, copy this advertisement for me, and, perhaps, by that time you will be able to state whether you heard him or not." The clerk glanced his eye over the draft,—it was very short; these were the words:—"Wanted a clerk of sober habits and religious principles; apply to Mr. Graball, at, &c." Strange as it may seem, although this paper had no relation to the matter the clerk no sooner read it than he declared himself able to recollect the whole of the conversation, and indeed every thing else required of him by Graball. He accordingly made the necessary affidavit, and Felton was arrested and lodged in jail that very evening.

LIFE BEHIND THE COUNTER; OR, THE DRAPER'S ASSISTANT.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"We do too little feel each other's pain,
We do too much relax the social chain
Which binds us to each other!"—L. E. L.

Chapter I.

"Send away the tea things, Mrs. M., it is past seven o'clock—Herbert must have dropped in somewhere, I am sure," was the exclamation of Mr. Markham on a certain winter's evening, as, crossing his slippered feet before the fire, he returned a large silver watch to its stand on the mantel-piece, and drew from his pocket the evening paper.

"Aunt," whispered a gentle voice on the other side of the room, "may I ask Jenny to save the tea-pot, in case Herbert should not have had either dinner or tea? I know he is gone about a situation—he took down the particulars of two or three advertisements this morning."

"You know, Alice, the servants——" Here, however, Mrs. Markham's speech was cut short by a ring at the bell, so we can only surmise what the remainder would have been. Herbert had returned; but before he is introduced to the reader, let me say a few words about his uncle and aunt, the present host and hostess of himself and his sister.

Mr. Markham was what is called one of the most "respectable" men in the city, and that emphatic word comprehends a world of proprieties. He was in the grocery line of business,—his shop situated in one of those narrow, crooked streets, the tall houses of which, it is said, (if not swept away to make healthy openings and modern improvements,) may still outlast the buildings of to-day. In that house had he begun business; and in that house Mr. John, his only son, married and taken into partnership long ago, now resided; his "respectable" parent having of late years preferred the luxuries of a morning and evening ride in his one-horse chaise to and from his suburban residence. It is not worth while to say on which side of London this was chosen, for the suburbs have a strong family likeness, differing only as much as rich and poor relations may do. They all have their Minerva Terraces and Belle Vue Cottages, and now-a-days Albert Roads and Victoria Squares. They all, too, have their little-great people, from the reigning beauty, whose Sunday attire sets the fashions of the place, to perchance some county magistrate or *ci-devant* lord mayor, who is looked on as a second Solon providentially sent to enlighten the world. Trifling as such weaknesses seem, at which we are all inclined to smile, grave mischief arises from them; for almost all our social evils arise from a want of that extended sympathy, which, stretching over the barriers of *class*, should communicate good—like light—without being impoverished, nay, multiplying it rather, as by reflecting mirrors. Now the system of *cliques*, whether they be of the witty or wealthy, or of the little-great people of a suburban neighbourhood, strikes at the root of all this. It hedges a little party round with a thick stone wall, impervious to mortal sight—while the melancholy part of the affair is that the poor deluded prisoners think their dungeon is the world. Mr. Markham's world consisted of the people with whom he transacted business in the day, (he always dined with his son in town,) and the two or three neighbours they visited: but as they all belonged to the same *genus*, I do not think he ever knocked out a cube of his wall, through which to take a peep beyond. His only daughter, an elderly young lady of about thirty, and his wife, completed the home circle, to which his orphan nephew and niece had lately been introduced.

The father of Herbert and Alice had been a very different character from his elder brother. He had been a music master in a provincial town; and though early left a widower, had brought up his children in much respectability. But so precarious did he know such a means of existence as his own to be, that it had long been the wish of his heart to establish Herbert in trade. Of his brother he knew little else than that he was a prosperous man; and when he found that an illness of some standing had assumed a dangerous turn, it was a very natural thing to leave his children to the guardianship of his only relative, and two hundred pounds, the savings of a life, to his care till they should be of age. Mr. Markham considered that the only sensible wish "poor Charles" had ever expressed was that Herbert should be a tradesman; it met his cordial approbation; but as for advancing any of the two hundred pounds for apprenticing him, he should do nothing of the kind. The youth was nearly seventeen—let him get a situation which would "lead to something." Alice, who was three years her brother's senior, was equally desirous of independence; and perhaps the fondest hope of both their hearts was that they should not be separated. Yet they both knew that there were few situations in which this would be the case, therefore was Alice proportionally grateful when she heard from Herbert on that eventful evening the cause which had detained him so late. He had found employment for himself and sister as assistants in an extensive drapery establishment; nothing remaining to be settled except Alice seeing the parties, and the necessary reference to their uncle being made.

What a benevolent dispensation of Providence it is, that youth soaring aloft on the wings of hope and expectation, and looking at life as it *will* look through its own brightly coloured imagination, should find in its own untried spirit the strongest weapon of defence against the world with which it must wrestle! How else could the suffering youth of this great metropolis, not counted by tens and by hundreds, but by tens of thousands, live through their fearful course of slavery,

in numbers sufficient to make at last their deep-toned cry audible. Alas! alas! we take no account of the myriads who have sunk after their term of suffering into the crowded sepulchres of the dense city. And yet how great a thing is every human heart, with its little world of hopes and fears, its warm affections, its trusting faith, its bright imaginings! And how desolate indeed—desolate as the last survivor of a world's wreck—must that one be who hath not some dear ones to mourn and rejoice with him. So desolate, that I would fain believe the earth counts them by units; and least of all do I believe they would be found among the struggling and oppressed—for such have warm sympathies. But this is a mass of misery, past, irrevocable, though good for us sometimes to think on; there is another picture yet more painful, because more present to our sight, and more disastrous in its results. The myriads who do not die, but purchase a lingering life by the sacrifice of health for its remainder; or worse still, the myriads whose minds are warped by evil training, and then in their weakness are corrupted by overpowering temptation—who are themselves made selfish by cruel oppression, and whose tempers are irritated (catching the infection beyond all cure) by the endurance of constant acts of petty tyranny! Reader, is this a digression? Nay, only a dirge ere we drew up the curtain.

The establishment of Messrs. Scrape, Haveall, and Co. was situated in one of the principal thoroughfares of London. From small beginnings it had grown into an "immense concern;" over the squares of plate glass, each of which was as large as a moderate sized dining table, which formed the shop windows, ran a line of figures, intimating that five houses had been taken in, namely from 70, ——— street, to 74 inclusive. Brussels carpets and gilded mirrors adorned the interior, showing to advantage the gorgeous fabrics—here suspended in graceful festoons, there in studied but apparently careless disorder, again in massive heaps—conveying altogether an air of wealth and profusion, that might make the heart tingle with a just pride at the power, energy and resources of our princely merchants. But Messrs. Scrape and Haveall required—to cut their satins, measure ribbons, fold shawls, and perform duties of the like kind, innumerable as are the stars of heaven—nearly one hundred assistants; mostly young men and women between twenty and thirty years of age, though a few of them had passed the latter period of life, and some—Herbert and Alice Markham for instance—were still in their teens; and the heart turning to such blighted youth forgets wealth and splendour.

It was towards the close of a May day—bright May, when the hedgerows are sweet, and the hawthorn in blossom; when even the dusty lilacs in the London squares put forth their pale flowers, and the smoke-begrimed sparrows twitter their merriest note. But the large rambling shop of Messrs. Scrape, Haveall, and Co., with its long straight counters, and winding ways, where the houses taken in joined one another, was redolent of anything rather than spring flowers. The atmosphere formed by so many human breaths being of that close, unpleasant character which makes the buyer of a yard of ribbon exclaim, even on a winter's day, "How pleasant to get into the fresh air again!" Walking up and down the shop, occasionally speaking in courteous phrase to a customer, and often reprimanding an assistant, was a man of about forty. It was not that his features were irregular, but there shone through them so cold and hard an expression, that every one would have called him an ordinary man. He walked with a shuffling gait, and it might have been observed that he wore a peculiar sort of gaiter, the better to support and conceal the bandages it was necessary to wear. For as linendrapers' assistants are *never* allowed to sit, except during the few minutes in which they snatch their meals, swollen legs and absolute disease are the quite common results of fourteen or fifteen hours standing; and this is a low average to what is and has been!

This superintendent, or shop-walker,—hardened into a tyrant by the wrongs of his own youth,—was speaking to a lady near the door, when Alice and Herbert chanced to meet, without either of them being at the moment engaged in waiting on a customer. They were at the further end of the shop, and instinctively withdrew a few paces till they brought themselves behind a pile of goods, which shielded them from observation. To converse in business hours, even if there were nothing to do, was a forbidden pleasure—nevertheless it was indulged in for a few moments, especially as it was evident Alice had been weeping bitterly.

"No, no, not for myself," said she, in answer to his inquiries; "it is that you should have acted their falsehoods as I have seen you do to-day."

"What have you seen me do?" replied Herbert, his face flushing, and yet in a tone of voice that implied a resolution to brave out aught he had done.

"A poor trick; a lady wished some silk—it was not that what you showed her was too inferior for her taste, but it was not dear enough, in her opinion, to be good; you saw this—you feigned to fetch another piece, but you only cut that in half, and added a shilling a yard to the price."

"And suppose I had not done so, she would have left the shop without purchasing."

"Well?"

"Do you know why poor Martin was dismissed so suddenly last week?"

"I did not hear the reason exactly;—impertinence, they said."

"A refusal to do such things as these; and by a perversity of fortune, thrice in one day, persons who spoke to him went away without buying."

"But, Herbert, wrong cannot come right," returned Alice, raising her earnest, tearful eyes again to his.

Herbert put his hand affectionately upon her shoulder, and was about to speak, when an angry voice crying "Markham—Mr. Markham, where are you?" quickly separated them; yet was it a moment they could never forget; a seemingly trifling incident like many we can all bring to mind, that take fast hold of the memory whether we will or not. In reality, it was the moment in which the sister felt that the influence—the sort of affectionate authority her three years seniority had hitherto given her, was over. The chain of habit was broken, she could now only lure to right by soft persuasion or bright example. Yet one had overheard their discourse, and had read both their hearts, by that intuitive knowledge of human nature which genius gives. For genius lived and had its being in at least one noble heart behind that counter; genius of that high order which

makes its possessor the pioneer to a promised land, even when meeting, as more or less such minds so often do, with scorn and ingratitude; forming as it were the living angle of a wedge, that makes the opening, to die perchance in achieving it.

"If we can get out by half-past ten to-night, will you take a stroll with me?" said William Howard to Herbert Markham, an hour or so after the conversation of the latter with his sister, to which I have just alluded.

"Why I don't know—I am sure," replied Herbert in a hesitating manner; "I half promised to go with some of them to a shilling concert, and to supper afterwards."

"You had better change your mind," returned the other; "a walk in the fresh air—say across one of the bridges—will do you much more good, besides costing you nothing."

"Oh! I don't mind a few shillings."

"I know that; but I wish you would come with me instead—I really want to speak to you."

It seemed that William Howard could always have his will, when he took the trouble of trying for it. And yet none of them could account for his influence, although many felt it. In person he was slight and fair, with a high forehead shaded by soft brown hair, which, though he could not have numbered more than eight and twenty years, was already streaked with white; his eyes were of that changing colour which so frequently belongs to genius, and which might be called chameleon grey; while, alas! the hectic cheek and frequent cough told a tale of suffering to those who could read such signs.

Herbert scarcely knew how it was that he had been so easily persuaded to give up the concert; yet, certain it is, that towards midnight he found himself inhaling the pure air from the river, instead of the vitiated atmosphere of a crowded room. Moreover, he was enjoying the conversation of his companion extremely; perhaps, too, his vanity was a little gratified that Howard—whom he soon discovered to be no ordinary person—should think it worth while to converse with a youth like himself so seriously; for they had, in fact, become quite confidential, and they spoke of their mutual hardships with the freedom of friendship. They stood on Waterloo Bridge, the slanting shadow of whose arches was thrown distinctly on the rippling waters by the bright moon above, as it seemed to rend asunder every now and then the fleecy floating clouds. There was a hush—a repose about the scene, affecting even to the most careless, after the fatigue, and noise, and feverish hurry of the day; while north and south, and east and west, arose the darkening masses of domes and dwellings, and above them the lurid glare which, once observed, is always recognised as the reflection of London's myriad gas lights.

"How wealth and poverty neighbour one another!" said William Howard, after a pause; "and yet they are unknown to each other, and have worlds more widely different than thousands who dwell in different hemispheres. *This* is the mischief,—the intense selfishness which, having no faith in a governing Providence, will plan and purpose for its little self, according to its little knowledge, getting entangled in an inextricable manner in its vain efforts to work out truth from a falsity, 'right' out of 'wrong.' It is this fearful selfishness, this want of human sympathy, that is the canker stretching through the social chain, even to the sufferings of you and me."

"Perhaps;" replied Herbert, but half understanding his companion, and yet deeply interested in their discourse; "but how is it to be cured? I have heard politicians say it is easy to discover a fault, but often very difficult to remove it."

"By working a different problem," returned Howard, without attending to the last observation,—"by working *from* right, whithersoever it may lead, instead of struggling after happiness by the cross roads which have no connection with it. It is by moral influence—no other force—that the suffering must have their wrongs redressed. The light will come—the dawn is already apparent."

"Is it true that you write poetry?" said Herbert;—a strange rejoinder, yet not *mal-à-propos*.

William Howard smiled as he continued—"I do not call my verses by so dignified a name. Strange that to those who find no such channel for their thoughts, the effort seems extraordinary—to me it is so natural. But, Herbert Markham, it was not to talk of poetry that I asked you to walk with me. I have lived in this world, and a beautiful world it is, ten years longer than you have; will you listen to me, and hear my advice, as if I were an elder brother?"

"That will I, and gratefully," said Herbert, with real emotion—for he felt the reverence, and yet elevation, we most of us experience when brought into communion with a superior mind.

"You are surrounded by temptations—strong ones I grant, if you look not beyond the present moment; but I entreat you yield not to them. Independent of your own loss, in choosing a path that must lead to ruin, remember that it is by showing ourselves worthy of liberty that we slaves shall become free. Every falling off of an individual is a backward step for our fellow-sufferers. Already a small body is organised, and we meet often—will you add another voice, another unit, to a little party who, working out their principles in the light of religion and morality, hope confidently to bring about a better order of things."

"But I am so ignorant," exclaimed Herbert; "what can I do?"

"Only at present be worthy—and yield not to the vile trickeries which disgust while they degrade."

"And do you never," replied Herbert, with real astonishment—"and do you never name two prices, or sell faded articles at candle-light, or soil things to make them seem a bargain, or——"

"Never!"

"And yet have been seven years in the house!"

"At first I suffered severely—and was fined half my salary for my indiscretions; for the list of fineable offences was even longer then than it is now. But by one of those consequences—I will not call them accidents—which follow us on the right path, in some unlooked-for manner, it has happened that once I was the means of preventing an extensive robbery; and that three of Messrs. Haveall's best customers have for years insisted on being waited upon by myself,—these reasons, I believe, induce them to put up with my 'folly;' and I tell you again there *is* a little band who will not lend themselves to these vile trickeries."

"And yet for seven years you have not bettered yourself. It is a hopeless prospect."

"*Think of doing right—and the bettering for all of*

us will come. But speaking in a worldly point of view, others who have followed the plan have been benefited personally by it; for I need scarcely say that those who resist this sort of temptation are not likely to fall into the habit of seeking bad company; and the very money they have saved from the gulf of idle dissipation has enabled them to start in business for themselves."

"And you—why not you?"

"I am still poor—for I have my dear mother to support."

"What is it your little band are struggling for?" returned Herbert.

"To procure an alteration of existing customs, by which our time of daily labour may be reduced to twelve, or, as I say, ten hours daily. I am satisfied it only remains for our wrongs to be known for them to be redressed; but the evil has grown so gradually and stealthily, that habit has accustomed the world to its frightful reality, and, slow to change, it cannot at first understand the miseries of this monstrous system. Even those who are the greatest sufferers, the most ruined in health and degraded in mind, are often the last to stir for their own relief. In fact, the movement is taking place among the few whose establishments are conducted on upright principles towards their customers, and humanity to their servants; for, my young friend, we have the sanction of *some* employers on our side, and honour and gratitude are their due. It is our individual misfortune to be under the control of narrow-minded masters, who have not even the understanding to feel the cruelty they are practising; the men who always clog the wheel when social advancement is intended. And this is to be accounted for easily, I think. But come, promise me that you will be one of us—if only for your sweet sister's sake—promise!"

"I do—and I will pray to God to help me keep such promise. Howard, I shall never forget to-night; but there, you are coughing again—is it well for you to be out so late?" And as they walked away from the bridge, the deep tones of St. Paul's boomed forth the midnight hour; while William Howard's continued cough measured time—the mortal term of his life—in a manner as significant!

Chapter II.

Three months passed away, changing bright, flowering May to fruitful, golden August. Not that the different seasons, indeed, were much perceived in the establishment of Messrs. Scrape, Haveall, and Co.; unless it were that the more balmy the air, or inviting the day for out-of-door enjoyment, the more crowded was the shop, and the later was it kept open; and when at last it was closed, there were the goods to put away,—so that it was no unusual thing for the jaded and worn-out assistants to see the dawn before retiring to their yet more crowded dormitories—whence to arise, in three or four hours, with wearied limbs and aching head, to fulfil again the sad routine of their unvaried life. Yet though the glad sunshine, or the perfumed summer breezes, made little difference to Herbert and his companions, a change, a something to be felt rather than described, had taken place in the establishment; or perhaps I should say, in a small division of it—for Howard, and the few who listened to his advice, formed, after all, a very decided minority. Yet it was remarkable that these few were the most respectable and best-conducted individuals in the house; and, moreover, the chief favourites with regular customers, who naturally prefer being waited on by some one in whom they have confidence.

It may have been guessed that Alice Markham possessed a stronger mind, and more fixed principles, than her brother; perhaps it was so, or perhaps his youth may be pleaded as an apology for the one act which had caused her so much pain—for in three years, at their age, the mind takes a great spring. However this might be, William Howard soon found that in Alice Markham he had met a kindred spirit—one who in a righteous cause would play the martyr, either by action or endurance. But why lengthen the tale?—could they speak with earnest reasoning, and exchange high thoughts with glowing enthusiasm, without perceiving that their hearts were growing one? And in the joy and glory of a pure and passionate love—*health* and *life*, and a *few* hours in the four and twenty for *social intercourse and mental improvement*, seemed more than ever worth a struggle. So greatly had poor Alice suffered from the fatigue consequent on such unreasonable hours of attendance in the shop, that William Howard persuaded her to petition for employment in the rooms, where, needlework necessary in making up things for sale being done, she might sit a portion of the day. It is true that this arrangement deprived them of opportunities of exchanging many a cherished word; but in all human probability it saved the life of Alice—we shall see presently for what.

It was the custom of Herbert and Alice to spend a portion of the Sunday with William Howard and his mother. The three usually attended church together, and then taking a walk—for fresh air in the parks if possible—made the humble dwelling of the widow their halting place for the day. Sometimes, but not often, Alice and her brother dined by invitation at their uncle's; and on one remarkable occasion a postscript was added to the note of invitation, intimating that if they liked to bring with them the young friend they had so often mentioned, he would be welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. Markham had invited a new apprentice of the former (with whom he had accepted rather an extra premium) to meet their young visitors, all of whom they received with feelings of hospitality, decidedly strengthened by the pleasant consciousness of patronage. Even the elderly young lady, their daughter, had thought it quite worth while to deck herself in smiles, and put on her most becoming dress. What little kindnesses will kindle gratitude in affectionate hearts! Never had Herbert and Alice felt so much regard for their relatives as from their courtesy they did this day, tracing even in the "nice" dinner of salmon and lamb which had been provided, the thought of their gratification. The consequence was that their hearts were opened, and they conversed with much less reserve than usual; and certain topics at last were started, on which William Howard spoke with the earnest enthusiasm which belonged to his nature.

"O dear!" said Miss Markham, who, having lately adopted ringlets, affected with them extreme juvenility, —"O dear! it would be such a pity to shut up the shops at dark—it would make the streets look quite dull, I declare"

"But, madam," replied Howard, "if you think of the tens of thousands who would be made happy by such a custom, the lives that would be preserved, the health that would be retained—and, more than all, the moral advancement which must result from a moderate time being afforded for reading and mental improvement——"

"Oh, sir," said Mr. Markham, very decidedly, "I don't see what apprentices and assistants want with reading. It would fill their heads with a parcel of nonsense—that is all."

Howard coloured deeply, yet he continued with much self-control—"I do not say that it is desirable that such persons should become what are called 'literary;' but I hope, Mr. Markham, you will agree with me that some taste for reading, some desire for mental cultivation, must form the best safeguard against habits of idle dissipation; whereas a body jaded and worn by fifteen or sixteen hours of anxious toil, disinclines the mind for action, and tempts too many to seek a momentary stimulant. I may well say anxious toil, for a situation has been known to depend on an assistant persuading a customer to buy an article for which she had no inclination.

"Yes," said Mrs. Markham, "you do plague one dreadfully. I do declare there is no getting out of a shop without buying."

"Aunt," said Alice gently, "I think the mischief is the system of falsehood it teaches—oh, if you knew the things I have heard and witnessed."

"You should not tell tales out of school, niece," exclaimed her uncle; "every trade has its tricks—that I know."

"More is the pity, though!" said the grocer's apprentice, growing alarmingly bold from the treason to which he had been an attentive listener. There was no verbal answer, but Mr. Markham darted a fiery glance around, which, however, only Alice read correctly; while her aunt again spoke, saying—

"Besides, sir, how could servants and many others, who are engaged all day, make their purchases if the shops were closed at night?"

"I imagine, madam, that under such an arrangement mistresses would allow servants the liberty of going out for this purpose in the day. It has even been argued that it would be an advantage to such persons, inasmuch as they would escape the liability of being imposed on by candle-light, or of purchasing an unsuitable article by accident, and would be less likely to be tempted on occasions to spend their money foolishly, than from the facility they now have of doing so at all hours. At least, this is the manner in which we meet this common objection; but it certainly rests greatly with those who are free agents, who can purchase at what hours they like, to exert the great influence of example by doing so at early hours."

"It seems to me, young gentleman," replied Mr. Markham, "that in all your arrangements you leave the masters' interests entirely out of the question."

"Not so, I assure you, sir; for they would reap many advantages in possessing a superior set of servants, who would have better health, and more alacrity to serve them;—besides, the system of early hours once established, purchasers would make their arrangements accordingly. They would choose the articles they require, early in the day—not go without them; and the result would be active occupation during the hours of business, instead of, as is often the case, only the appearance of it; for we are ordered to seem busy whether we are so or not. Oh, sir, if you only knew the misery and mischief which have gone on for the last thirty years, accumulating and progressing, you would see the necessity of a change."

"No, I do not see it," returned their host, "and I disapprove of this discontent among young people, and beg to hear no more of it. Young people must take their chance and work their way, as others have done before them."

Yes, in as mortal danger of life as the soldier on the battle-field (*for this is the computed ascertained fact*)—from breathing foul air—from want of sufficient rest—from continued over-exertion—from hurried and irregular meals, and frequently improper food; and in the peril of mind and morals which must result from the systematic teaching of much falsehood, and the absence of all leisure for establishing religious principles—for cultivating the intellectual nature, and enjoying the healthful influence of social intercourse. But Mr. Markham, who spoke thus, considered himself a person of strict principles, and, above all, of business habits—so that he thought it his duty to apprise the governing powers in the establishment of Messrs. Scrape and Haveall (they had lately given him a large order for grocery), that they had a dangerous rebel in their house. The next day William Howard was discharged!

Again three months have passed—changing now golden, glowing August to dull November.

In a very humble dwelling were assembled, one Sunday evening, William Howard, his mother, and Alice Markham. An open Bible was on the table, from which the latter had been reading aloud, until the gathering tears stayed her voice, and she paused; her listeners knowing too well the reason of her silence to ask it. Alas! William Howard was now a confirmed invalid;—anxiety of mind on losing his situation, and probably, a cold taken in going about seeking another, had completed the work so long begun—the fiat was gone forth—Consumption had marked him as its own. He knew the truth, and was resigned to the will of God; not with that dogged, hardened, brute courage, which may meet death unflinchingly, but with that holy trust in His mercy, that while the heart feels the dear ties of life, it has yet strength to say meekly—"Thy will be done!"

"So you think, dear Alice," said Mrs. Howard, making an effort to change the current of all their thoughts, "you think that Herbert and yourself will obtain situations in the establishment we were speaking of, where they close at seven o'clock?—blessings on them, for having the courage and humanity to set such an example."

"I have no doubt of it," said Alice, trying to speak cheerfully; "for they only wait to see Mr. Haveall—and whatever evil may have been going on in the house, he cannot accuse us of participating in it. Ah, William, what a happiness it must be to you, to know that your influence saved Herbert from becoming as false and unworthy as so many of his companions; and I—oh! how much do I owe you!"

William Howard was scarcely allowed to speak, for

the slightest exertion brought on the cough, but he wrote on a slate which was kept near him—

"Less, dearest, than I owe you—truth and virtue never seemed so lovely, as when reflected from your conduct."

There was a long pause after the writing was erased—and presently the bells from neighbouring churches were heard sounding for evening service. William Howard wrote upon the slate—

"Mother, will you go to church to-night, and leave me, as you have sometimes done, with Alice?"

Mrs. Howard rose, and kissing his pale forehead, said solemnly,—

"I will pray for all of us—I am inconsiderate to leave you so seldom together."

"No, no," murmured her son, "only for to-night."

The lovers were together. Lovers! what an earthly word for two such beings as William and Alice. The one—

> "Whose shadow fell upon the grave
> He stood so near,"—

the other, in the years of opening life, with, in human probability, a long and solitary course before her. The heart of Alice was too pure for her to play the prude for an instant. She knelt on a stool beside the large easy chair in which he was supported, and, passing her arm round his neck, rested her own head upon his pillow, so that she could overlook the little slate on which he wrote, and murmur her answers into his ear. Nay, I think she pressed a kiss or two upon the skeleton fingers, before they traced these words:—

"Tell me the truth, dear Alice,—where does the money come from, by means of which I am surrounded with so many comforts? It cannot be my mother's needlework that earns it."

"And you are too proud to take a little of our savings?"

"No, darling, I am not. Pride does not become the dying; but more is spent than even this accounts for."

"Then I will tell you," said Alice, after a pause; "I think the truth will give you pleasure. The fellow-assistants who profited by your advice, and who feel that you are among the first few to whom they are indebted for the better order of things which is coming, have insisted on clubbing together to afford you every comfort in your illness."

The slate dropped from his hand, and he *wrote* no more. Did they both forget the physician's injunction that he should not speak?

"May God bless them for it!" burst feebly from his lips, yet more hurriedly than the phrase could have been written; "and yet," he continued, "they can ill afford it, especially now that they want every guinea to further the plans of the Association for their relief. Oh! Alice, is it really true that so many of the employers have joined?"

"Many," returned Alice, almost joyfully; "many of the most respectable houses already close at seven; and, though they are prepared to suffer a little at first, from the opposition of those who keep open, they seem at last to be carrying out your favourite motto, 'to follow the right whithersoever it may lead.' Nay, they do say that the hours of toil will ultimately be reduced to ten,—enough for poor humanity, *as we know who have worked.*"

"And for me to rob them at such a time!" murmured Howard, sinking his head upon the shoulder of Alice. She kissed his cheek—his lips—his forehead—and felt the hot tears streaming from his eyes.

"There is a way," said Alice, softly, her cheek tingling, she knew not why,—"there is a means for present need, if it could be adopted. You know my uncle will not give me a farthing of my hundred pounds, nor can I touch it for some months to come;—yet—yet—it is so left—that—that—if I had married, it would have become my husband's."

"Well, dearest?"

Alice again paused, but her cheek leaned against his—her lips touched his ear—and she murmured, "Could it not so be yours?"

For awhile there was no audible answer. William Howard raised his head from Alice Markham's shoulder, and gazed for a moment on the dark and earnest eyes which met his own with no coquettish shrinking, but with a look that revealed the depths of her soul.

"No, never!" he exclaimed, in a louder voice than had been heard for many weeks; and while he twined his arms around her with something of recovered strength, words of endearment burst from his lips, and broken phrases that might be interpreted, "youth's bright imaginings, and poet's dreams, are dull delusions compared with such a heart as this!"

And then came the paroxysm of the cough, after so much excitement, and he sank back on his pillows as helpless as an infant. A little while, and they spoke of death, not marriage, quite calmly; and yet his frame shook when Alice murmured, "I—I—will be as a child to your mother—and Herbert, too. Oh, William! he will not disgrace your teaching."

Again the horrid knell of that painful, tearing cough; and once more his head drops fondly on her shoulder. But there is a gush of something that comes even hotter and faster than scalding tears; in the cough he has broken a blood-vessel, and the life stream flows from his pale lips on the bosom of his faithful, high-hearted Alice! A few hours of mortal life were all that remained to William Howard.

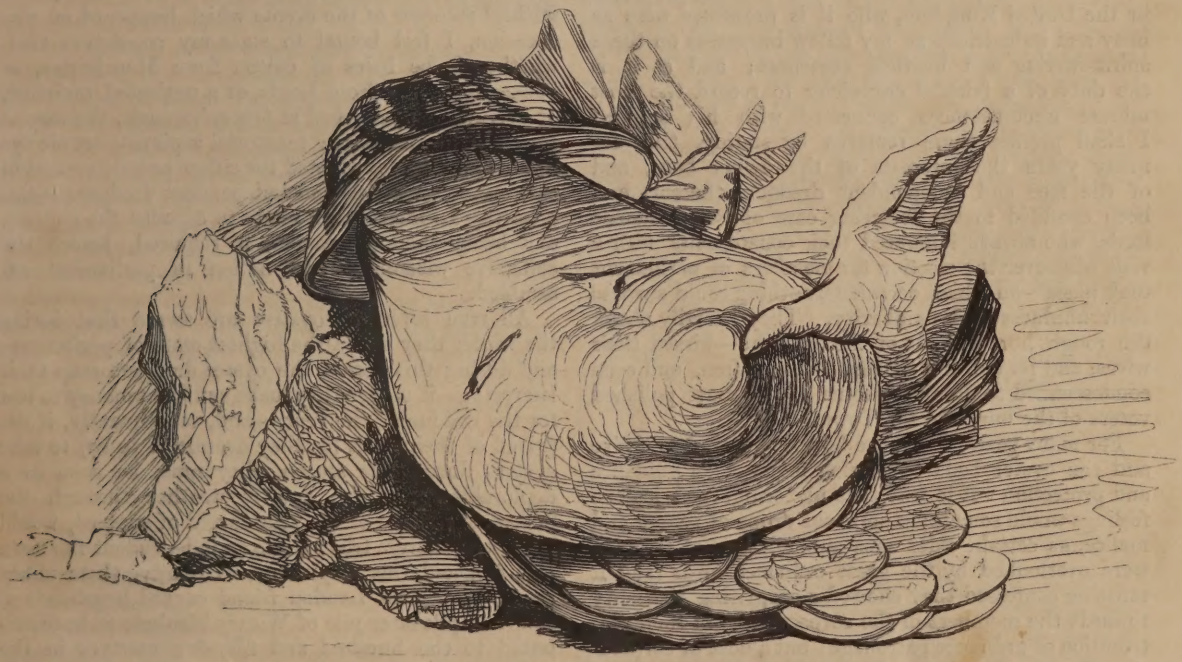
Reader, this is a common story; one that in all its human emotions has been felt and acted thousands of times. There is something so blinding in custom, that the best and wisest of us are slow to see evils that do not come directly home to us. How many a gentle and sensitive woman, that has wept over the vivid pages of romance, or lent her keenest sympathies to the ideal sorrows of the drama, has, month after month, and year after year, visited the gay and gorgeous shops of the "Metropolitan Drapers," without so much as dreaming of the deep and real tragedies that were enacting "behind the counter." The blighted youth—the ruined health—the early graves—the withered minds—the corrupted morals—and, oh! the noble spirits, the true heroes of private life, who, standing forward to cheer and teach, by precept and example, have won the guerdon of eternal gratitude from their class. To my mind, it seems there must have been many William Howards ere the "Metropolitan Drapers' Association" could have been formed; an association now encouraged and assisted by clergy, members of parliament, influential literary and philanthropic gentlemen, and the most respectable *employers* in London.

And alas! there must have been many a selfish, narrow-minded man, like Mr. Markham, with heart contracted by the very system he attempted to uphold, ere the wrongs of the oppressed could have grown so deep as to require such a remedy.

Gentle, kind-hearted lady, who would not hurt a noxious insect in your path—who, if your pet bird pined in its gilded cage, would open the door to give it the option of liberty—think how much good there is in your power to do! Remember that units make up the millions. Raise your voice bravely to assert the right; and in your household see that it is done. Forbid the late shopping—forbid even all trading with the houses that do keep open. Think, too, it is the merry month of May—bright summer, golden autumn, are before us; then turn in thought, as you breathe the perfume of flowers, or inhale the fresh sea breeze, to those crowded shops, and their sickly, heart-crushed denizens! Yet they *might* have the morning and evening walk in the bright summer, and in the winter the cheerful fireside, the friendly converse, and the pleasant book. Health *might* bloom on their cheeks, and joy sparkle in their eyes!

AN ELECTION IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

FROM PAPERS FOUND IN THE POSSESSION OF A QUEENBOROUGH OYSTER DREDGER.



"The town of Queenborough consists of one principal wide street, containing about one hundred and twenty houses: it is but a poor fishing village, consisting chiefly of alehouse keepers, fishermen and dredgers for oysters; the principal source of wealth to it being the election for members of parliament, which secures to some of the chief inhabitants many lucrative places in the ordnance and other branches of government."

HASTED'S HISTORY OF KENT.

SUCH was the reputation my native town had earned when Hasted wrote his history of the county more than fifty years ago, and consistent to the last, so it continued up to the end of the chapter. In good sooth, oysters were not the only fish which came to the nets of the honest dredgers in those days; there were some nice pickings out of an election contest occasionally, which the worthy and independent voters regarded as a ready means to quarter their stalwart boys upon a generous public as tidewaiters, or else in the excise or customs. The ordnance department, however, was the grand outlet, by which the aspiring youth of the burgh found their way into the great world.

Queenborough is, undoubtedly, a poor fishing village; nevertheless, it had important privileges granted to it by King Edward the Third, in honour of whose Queen, Phillippa of blessed memory, the borough takes its name. Once it boasted of a lordly castle, which, being built for the purpose of withstanding the puny assaults of bow and arrow soldiery, became useless, and was pulled down, soon after the practice of slaying men with guns came into fashion; and the remnants of the stronghold built some of the old houses yet standing in the town.

The gifts to the use and behoof of the inhabitants, granted by royal charter from the valorous Edward, soon became valueless; but the privileges granted to the burgh afterwards, and which descended to the freemen of our days, were the right of dredging in the

river Swale for oysters, and the right of sending two burgesses to represent their interests (either the freemen or the oysters, it was never clearly defined which) in the Commons House of Parliament.

Stuck in a nook, in a corner of the county, leading to no place, out of the way of the chafing world, one might have imagined that Queenborough would have enjoyed the repose its retired situation seemed to warrant; but alas! unmixed good is nowhere to be found, and the privileges granted by royalty proved the cause of the greatest unhappiness to the inhabitants generally, and ultimately sowed the seed of dissention among them to such an extent, that it will require a great lapse of time to pass over before these feuds will be forgotten. How these sad mishaps came about, it shall be my province to explain.

It is now somewhere about twenty years ago, either more or less, that the parliament was about to expire, —to die a natural death—its term of seven years had nearly run out without a dissolution. Of course such a fruitful theme was well known to the free oyster dredgers of the borough of Queenborough, in common with the other privileged freemen of other boroughs in the United Kingdom, who it is presumed were as busy and industrious as my fellow burgesses on these spirit-stirring and bustling occasions; and as it is the duty of a faithful chronicler to record the most minute circumstances connected with his subject, I shall preface these remarks by stating, that for many years the interests of the oyster beds, and of the free and independent dredgers thereof, had been confided to the fostering care of two ordnance lords, who always honoured their constituents with a visit whenever the election for members of parliament took place—on which occasions, nothing could surpass their kindness and familiarity. They heartily shook the rough horny hands of the dredgers—kissed their wives, and patted and fondled the children, and even condescended to dine with some of the most polished voters of the burgh in the Town Hall.

For many years, I say, the burgh appeared to thrive and the oyster beds to flourish under such guidance and protection: it is true that bickerings and jealous feelings would sometimes spirt out drops of venom and malice, as certain elder sons and relatives of freemen were overlooked by the great ordnance lords (and it must be confessed they showed a surprising partiality towards the members of the corporation,) in their distribution of ordnance patronage; but a dose of corporation threatening, that unless the unruly, selfish, and unmannerly dredger silenced his rancorous tongue, he might perhaps find his name inscribed in a certain list, which would prevent him from dredging in the river Swale for oysters, and as such proceeding would be nearly similar to depriving him of his daily dread, it usually had the effect desired.

The buzz and hum of a dissolution of parliament grew stronger and stronger, and some of the disaffected and turbulent voters had dared to raise their voices against the return of the old ordnance members. They began to assume a threatening aspect—held secret meetings, in which the roused up oyster dredgers declaimed with great vehemence about liberty, freedom, right of choosing their own members, and no dictation from the corporation. This violent conduct soon widened the breach, already existing between them and the ruling powers of the burgh, so that in a very short space of time a large body of the freemen and the corporation were pulling at opposite ends of the rope.

Incensed at this rebellious conduct, the corporation assembled, and in full conclave fulminated a stringent bye-law, giving themselves the power of prohibiting such persons as they deemed proper from dredging in the river for oysters—and by some strange coincidence, never yet clearly explained, the names of the parties by such bye-laws prohibited and the names of the disaffected voters were wonderfully similar. This last act of the corporation, like unto the last drop in a nearly filled goblet, caused their indignation to overflow; and although they were astounded, they were not beaten, and accordingly they declared open war against the heads of the burgh, and came to a resolution to adopt every means in their power to have a member independent of the ordnance interest—and in spite of the efforts of the corporation to control the free dredgers, they began to cast about and search for a man adapted to their purpose.

The laws of demand and supply are beyond my comprehension, and the exposition of their mysteries and subtleties I leave to wiser heads than mine—but, as a faithful recorder of the events which happened on this occasion, I feel bound to state my conviction that, whether it be bales of cotton from Manchester, or packages of cloth from Leeds, or a neglected, unfished, or overfished oyster bed at Queenborough, the case is pretty much the same; senatorial aspirants are always found ready made, adapted for either occasion—and in this instance the free and independent dredgers found a worthy London citizen ready to espouse their cause, and bring their grievances, if required, before the collective wisdom of the nation in parliament assembled.

All true lovers of oysters are aware that during the winter they are in the highest state of perfection; and during this period the oyster dredgers reap their harvests:—it is then they make sufficient money to last for the residue of the year,—and, consequently, if deprived of their right (as they deemed it to be) to take oysters during the season, they must be soon in a deplorable condition; and to weather through the inclement portion of the year devoid of support, would have been a severe trial even to an independent freeman. But to avoid this unpleasant extremity, their newly found benevolent London friend caused hogsheads of soup and pile after pile of Witney blankets to be distributed to the hundred and fifty-five martyrs in the cause of liberty and freedom; and although month after month rolled away, still they were well provided with food for the inward, and good Witneys and other warm appliances for the outward, man.

Here was something like a friend—the tables were turned. The corporation no longer domineered over the poor dredgers—they had struck their hardest blow at them, and it had been parried, and as yet its force and effect were unfelt; and it must be confessed the heads of the burgh and the great ordnance interests now found themselves in an uneasy position: they began to count heads for the first time, and to reflect upon the consequences; they found that out of three hundred voters belonging to the borough, the independents numbered one hundred and fifty-five, and from past events it was conjectured they were firm and resolute men: this was more than half of the freemen; and of the other moiety, many were resident at too great a distance to come to the poll, unless at a great

expense—and others, being in the ordnance employ at Sheerness, were incapacitated from voting.

Such was the complexion of affairs within the town, but greater events, if possible, were passing without. It soon began to leak out that the corporation themselves were attacked in their stronghold,—that a free dredger named Thomas Quirk had instituted an action at law against the mayor, jurats, and bailiffs of the borough, for enacting iniquitous bye-laws, oppressive and overbearing against the interests of the fishermen, and in direct opposition to the laws of the land. How it came to pass that Dredger Quirk bore the heavy law expenses attendant thereon never did appear; but as he brought the action in his own name, against a powerful corporate body, it was shrewdly conjectured that he was assisted by some rich person: but this was not the only action at law which Dredger Quirk commenced against the corporation. A writ of *quo warranto*, I think they call it, was issued against them, commanding them to show by what right or warrant the mayor held the opposite offices of mayor and chamberlain—being in the nature of things incompatible offices, as it is the duty of one to examine and audit the accounts of the other.

Well, nothing could exceed the astonishment and indignation of the corporation at these actions; they fumed and fired about, and the rest of their party, imitating their example, a desperate feud soon showed itself in the hitherto quiet town, now of course divided into two powerful parties pretty nearly equal in point of numbers, and the free and independent dredgers being evidently backed by a powerful friend quite equal in other points. Each party acted as though the stability of the empire depended upon its success: they allowed no opportunity to slip of abusing each other; and frequently, when the opposing parties met in the public streets, high words arose between them; and as there were but two inns in the town, it is almost unnecessary to say they were in opposite interests,—no thirsty dredger in the independent ranks ever moistened his throat with corporation beer, and a similar proud feeling swelled the bosoms of the corporation freemen;—never was a little town so completely divided.

At length the important day was named upon the cause list, when the right of the proscribed oyster dredgers to fish in the river Swale was to be argued before and decided by a special jury—and great was the excitement occasioned thereby. It was known all over the county as "The Great Fishery Case;" and judges, counsellors, jurymen, and witnesses jostled against each other in Maidstone; and even the great corporation lawyer Serjeant Mereweather was specially retained by Dredger Quirk with a three hundred guinea brief, to aid and assist with his legal knowledge in the cause. Nothing could surpass the bustle; it appeared that the entire male population of Queenborough had migrated to the county town to see fair play; and the pockets of Dredger Quirk must have been broader and deeper and better filled than his best friends gave him credit for, to defray the cost of bringing up about one hundred and fifty witnesses, as evidence of the use and custom of the freemen, from time immemorial, to dredge in the Swale below low-water mark. But this immensely clever proceeding was found to be of no avail, for the freemen, being parties in the cause, were disqualified from giving evidence in an action in which it was presumed they had interested motives; accordingly the whole of the evidence for the plaintiffs consisted of documents gleaned from the corporation records; and for three entire days, paper after paper was read before the court, about regulating the "stints" of oysters to a bushel a man, until judge, counsel, jury, plaintiffs and defendants wished the action at—the bottom of the Queenborough oyster beds, instead of where it was. To prevent any further suspense, however, let it be told, that on the morning of the fourth day, after the jury had been locked up all night, they brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, Dredger Quirk, giving him thereby, and the rest of the independent oyster dredgers, a right of fishing in the Swale, and abrogating the obnoxious bye-laws enacted by the corporation; and as this pill was considered a sufficient dose for the present, the *quo warranto* action was allowed to stand over for an indefinite period.

Triumphant was the entry of the free and independent blues (that was their intended election colour) into their native town, after the result of the Maidstone trial, while the discomfited followers of the corporation sneaked into their houses crest-fallen and dispirited. To show the high sense the blues entertained of their own noble conduct, and of the important victory they had achieved, they manned their boats, and sailed to the oyster beds, on the following day, every one dressed in his best attire, the dredges decorated with blue ribbons, hundreds of yards of which were forwarded from London for the occasion. Arrived on the spot, they gave three hearty cheers, and then hoisting their flags, firing guns, shouting and rejoicing, at a concerted signal they flung their dredges, decorated as they were with blue ribbons, into the sea, and after taking a few oysters, and eating them on the spot, they returned to their respective homes,—proving thereby that they had a right to take oysters, in spite of any bye-laws of the corporation to prevent them.

These successes gave confidence to the independent party,—not that they wanted the outward sign of this feeling, but their recent triumph over the obnoxious bye-laws gave them an internal conviction of a grander triumph on the election day, which was fast approaching; and to commemorate the glorious struggle at law, and if possible to connect the party more firmly together, the aspiring member for senatorial honours invited a large number of his partisans in the burgh to a grand feast at his mansion in town, and, doubtless, my fellow townsmen did ample justice to the well-provided feast. They tickled their gums with the choicest viands of Farrance and Gunter, while rich voluptuous strains of music, in which floated in glorious harmony the voices of the great little Mr. Braham and Miss Love, delighted their ears; and as a climax to the whole, their ravished senses were steeped in oblivion by the intoxicating fumes of Roman punch. Ah, it was something to have a vote in those days—it was a privilege to be proud of, thus to be treated, "hail fellow well met" with the greatest in the land. How superior to oyster dredging it was, to be feasted in this way—to be sung into an exquisite dream by Braham and Miss Love, and then to be Roman punch'd until all cares were forgotten; at last in a delirium of gratitude they professed a lasting attachment to their worthy host, and at a late hour sallied forth from his hospitable mansion and sought their way to Billingsgate, there to embark in the oyster boats for Queenborough, where they could recount the treatment they had experienced, and prepare for the grand election struggle which was close at hand.

So far all had gone well with the free and independent blues,—they mustered compact, firm, and confident of success on the morning of the election day; nor had the corporation party been idle in the meantime; they had used every exertion to bring up the outvoters, and had succeeded in collecting a formidable mass of freemen on their side. Each party approached the polling booth with sanguine hopes of ultimately succeeding.

On one side of the stand, linked arm-in-arm like the Siamese twins, appeared the government candidates, backed by the whole board of ordnance, which in the minds of the free oyster dredgers was supposed to include the guns of every calibre, down to pistols, and a whole flight of Congreves into the bargain: there appeared no standing against such odds. Opposed to this formidable array was the smiling, courteous London citizen, John Hawser, Esq. supported by his proposer and seconder, and a goodly array of lawyers, election agents, and committee men.

A large concourse of idlers from the neighbouring town of Sheerness, attracted by the election, had already congregated in front of the polling booth, most of whom appeared to be in the interest of the ordnance members, while a large and noisy party of liberty men, from the guard-ship and other men of war lying in the Medway, uniting with the free and independent blue dredgers, occupied a position a little in their rear. It was very easy to distinguish the lawyers and other strangers by their long-tailed coats; they were the only people who wore them; as for the rest, (except the members,) the mayor, jurats and bailiffs, and the sailors from the ships of war, they were dressed in jackets and trowsers, and sailors' hats, to a man.

The cheering was tremendous when two large barrels of ale were rolled into the town. The heads being taken out, every one was invited to drink; the liberty men from the guard-ship, and the strangers from various places, nothing loath, soon commenced a vigorous attack,—every description of utensil was employed in ladling the beer out of the barrels,—and in the midst of this noisy, bacchanalian scene the election contest began.

After the usual formalities had taken place, Mr. Sprowl, the mayor, informed the burgesses that they had met there for the purpose of returning two representatives to serve for the borough in the Commons House of Parliament; when the proposers of the ordnance lords made a speech also, and reminded the electors how faithfully the noble lords had discharged the duties intrusted to their care, and concluded by expressing a hope of seeing them placed at the head of the poll,—of course the ordnance lords reiterated all that the proposers had said, and trusted they should be placed in the enviable position alluded to.

The new candidate then was proposed by one of the free dredgers, who also exercised the calling of methodist preacher: after reminding his fellow burgesses of the important benefits accrued to the borough since their connection with that patriotic individual, he flung out dark hints against the corporation, and the unfair manner in which the ordnance patronage had been distributed; and finally concluded with hoping that every free and independent dredger would throw off the yoke which was round his neck, and return their friend and patron, John Hawser, Esq.

Then followed a show of hands, evidently in favour of the new candidate; which large majority, it was insinuated, was made by the liberty men and other persons, who had imbibed largely of the ale; and the ordnance party, not deeming the show of hands sufficient to convince them their case was hopeless, demanded a poll, and immediately the election commenced in right earnest.

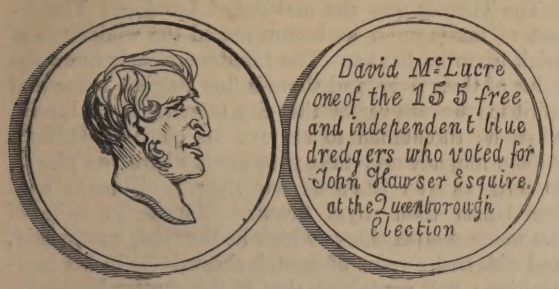
For some time the polling on each side was pretty regular; neither party seemed to gain ground—the ordnance lords taking the lead slightly. The town was in a fever of excitement; lawyers running hither and thither, election agents in full cry after drunken voters, —for all kinds of liquors were to be had for asking, and all kinds of conveyances were in requisition to bring to the poll any voter seized with a giddiness in the head, —bands of music paraded the street, and flags and banners were flying in all directions;—in short, the turmoil and uproar was at its height at two o'clock, when the state of the poll showed an increase on the part of the ordnance members, who had gained on their opponent.

The leading members of the blue party were at first unable to explain this alarming intelligence: they knew if they were true to themselves, they must carry the election;—but the mystery was soon cleared up, for it appeared that a large portion of the free and independent dredgers, wishing to act to the fullest extent in their freedom of opinion, had declined to poll, or make use of their elective franchise at all; they remained perfectly stubborn, and doubtless they were actuated by the wisest motives;—they said they had well weighed the matter over, and as yet they were undecided who to vote for, and they were waiting to be convinced; this, however, seemed to be a difficult proceeding, notwithstanding they had interviews with the most profound and eloquent agents of both parties. They told them their arguments were not convincing; and as they knew the eyes of a large body of intelligent freemen were upon them, they should take that time to deliberate which would allow them to act with satisfaction to their own consciences and to the public at large.

This was a sad disappointment to the Hawser party; they had calculated upon gaining the day—and but for this unexpected deliberation on the part of the free and independent blue dredgers, they would most certainly have done so;—but no—notwithstanding the Witney blankets and soup which kept them warm during the severity of the winter, and the rescinding of the obnoxious bye-laws—I say, notwithstanding all these noble efforts, they had doubts respecting the fitness of their new candidate to represent the important interests of their oyster beds in the Commons House of Parliament; nor was it, indeed, until they had another interview with an election agent who was extremely active at this crisis, that their scruples were removed. This last interview was brief and apparently satisfactory, for they immediately went up to the polling booth as one man, and plumped for John Hawser, Esq., placing him at the head of the poll,—and he became, in conjunction with one ordnance lord, a member for the burgh. And this was the first great blow struck at the ordnance interest in my native town.

Deafening shouts of victory followed the announcement of the state of the poll on the following day—for by this last act the government interest in the borough was divided, deprived of half its power; it was humbled as well as the corporation; and to commemorate these glorious results, medals were struck in silver, one for each voter in the independent interest, —one side bearing an imaginary portrait of the new

member, and the other the name of the person who voted for him.



The repose which followed the excitement of the election was of short duration; rumours of an intended alteration in the elective franchise had been heard for some time, but no one seemed to give the subject deep consideration; at length, however, the Reform Bill was fairly brought before the country, and another election soon followed, and the rapid events which happened then are matter of history. To be brief, then, the same candidates were returned to serve again; and then—and then, gentle reader, the borough was put into Schedule A., and the burgesses, the free and independent burgesses, lost their privileges; and shortly after, when left to their own guidance, the oysters, beds and all, poor things, managed, I don't know how, to plunge themselves over head and ears in debt, and have been unable for many years past to take their annual trips to the London market; and Queenborough has become a poor, neglected, unprivileged and forgotten town.

I seek but one conclusion from the above, and that is, who was it that benefited? Not the freemen, for they lost their franchise—not the members, for they lost their seat—not the borough, for its privilege was lost in Schedule A. Who then was it that gained? Why the sly dogs of lawyers, to be sure. They improved upon the old story—inasmuch as they swallowed a whole bed of oysters, and left the shells as an heir-loom to the free and independent dredgers, to amuse themselves with making ducks and drakes over their impoverished oyster beds.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE THAMES.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

WE love the Thames, in all its conditions, in all its aspects, in all its phases—as the tiny runnel amid the hills which the cockney dammed up with his hand, and sagely wondered what the folks were saying at London Bridge about the sudden disappearance of the river—in its character of a still, pastoral stream, slipping gently by amongst green meadows and corn fields, and nourishing the roots of gnarled old oaks, and fostering the green branches of drooping willows, and stealing past quiet farms, and almost as quiet villages, and old manor-houses; where no railroads are, and where the surge of a steamer never waves the primroses on the brim;—and we love it, too, as the town river, the

river of London — laving busy wharfs — reflecting piles of merchandize heaped upon quays and piers —rushing by crowded bridges—foaming with the track of steamboats—alive with London's industry —bearing upon its bosom the freights of a world's wealth!

How difficult is it to stand on London Bridge—amid the continuous roar of traffic—with the vast city spreading away on every side until it is lost in the smoky distance—glancing, too, at the river beneath you—shadowed by dingy piles of warehouses, and almost hidden by anchored fleets—the tortuous passage left midway in the stream, ever and anon almost choked up by careering squadrons of steamers—shooting hither and thither, from end to end of the town—hissing, smoking, sputtering, and, as it seems, avoiding collision with each other by miracle,—how difficult it is to see and hear all this, and realise to the mind the picture of the same spot, before London was—when the space occupied by its streets and squares, and pouring thoroughfares, was a vast desert of primeval forest—when the Thames flowed and ebbed amid the silence of a wilderness—its waters creeping where Southwark now stands, amid the rank vegetation of an unwholesome swamp—where the wild water-fowl built its nest undisturbed, and the heron kept its lonely vigil—when the Strand was a strand indeed—when a little stream came flowing through wooded dells to join the main river—a stream which was not then the Fleet Ditch—and when the stillness of that lone waste was only broken by the voice of the winds and the waters, the rush of waves, the groans of wind-swung branches—and occasionally, perchance, by the whoop of a painted savage as he followed the panting deer, and drove his flint-headed arrow through his victim's flank—as, after swimming the river, it bounded up that eminence on its bank—now crowned by St. Paul's Cathedral!

From looking to the past, the mind naturally springs forward to the future. The space where London stands was once a wilderness—will it ever be a wilderness again? Will it ever be a waste of ruins—broken pillars, and the débris of ancient streets and squares, overgrown with vegetation, and affording covert in its thousand holes and caves for the same wild animals which pastured upon the spot ages ago? Will it ever be a Palmyra, a Palenque? And yet, even though it may, the Thames will ebb and flow as of yore,—it will be the only feature in the scene in itself unchanged; the river that witnessed the growth of London on its banks, will witness its decay, and rise and fall amid desolation, as it did amongst industry and plenty. Water preserves its verisimilitude better than land. The Tiber ripples as when, "on a raw and gusty day," Cassius leaped into its torrent. Woollen mills have been erected upon the banks of the Tweed, but there we see probably the same pools, the same flashing streams through which, in other days, the mosstrooper spurred his panting horse. The Gravesend steamer of the present day contends with the same currents and ploughs through the same eddies which the adventurous Roman galleys battled with near two thousand years ago, when they threaded the long reaches of the unknown stream, as a British expedition may now wend its way up some savage African river. Men cannot mould water into different forms, as they can earth; there it runs as it ran ages ago, and as it will probably run ages hence.

The Thames was the making of London. The forest of masts upon its bosom reared the wilderness of brick upon its banks. The Londoners early knew the value of their river, and there is fine English sense and spirit in the answer of the city merchants to James, when he threatened to remove his court to Oxford. "Your majesty may take your court where you please, so long as you leave us our river." Thames mud was better than royal favour. James, in spite of the many foolish things which he thought, wrote, said, and did, had a spice of Scotch shrewdness in his composition; and perceiving that in this matter his loving subjects had the whip hand of him, he very wisely left his court where he found it.

It was probably, however, in the time of his predecessor that the Thames was in the season of its highest glory, both as a picturesque and business-like stream. The roads then from London to Westminster were sad concatenations of ruts; the river afforded an easier and a more pleasant path. The mansions of the nobility were then, too, almost exclusively situated by the water side—extending in a long line of sumptuous palaces and trim gardens from London Bridge to Westminster Abbey. The aristocracy of the land then kept their gilt and carved barges, as their successors do their town carriages; and we can conceive these gorgeous boats, urged through the water by crews of badged and liveried rowers, mingling with the swarming wherries of the humbler citizens, enlivening the still river on a summer's eve, while swans floated hither and thither, fishermen shot their nets, the piles of picturesque buildings upon the banks, broken by snatches of foliage and green gardens, and crowned by the tall spire—there was no dome then—of old St. Paul's. These were the most glorious days of the "silent highway." But streets began to be smoothed down, and carriages to run on them, and so the wherry got much out of fashion. Taylor, the water poet, inveighs in good set terms against the changing fashions of his day, which threatened to throw him and his brethren of the oar out of bread. Had he lived in latter times, how he would have attacked steamboats! with what cordiality he would have abused them, their makers and their patrons! But steam has, probably, wrought a greater change in the traffic of the Thames in ten years, than was effected in a century before its introduction. Only think of a voyage to Gravesend occupying two or three days—yet such was frequently the case. Whenever the tide turned against the travellers, they had to cast anchor and wait patiently or impatiently, as the case might be, until the next turn of the stream in their favour. Charles Lamb has left an exquisite account of a voyage to Margate in one of the ancient hoys—of the tediousness and annoyances of the whole proceeding, and how the company regarded the man who recognized the Reculvers as a very travelled personage.

We do not know a more amusing sight than to watch the starting of a dozen steamers to all the watering-places down the coast, from London Bridge, on a fine summer morning. What a bustle—what leave-taking—what jostling of baggage-laden porters —what shouting of orders—what ringing of bells—what arrivals of just-in-time-to-be-too-late wretches—

(we don't think a steamer ever yet started that there was not somebody too late)—and, heard over all, what a continuous shrill scream of escaping steam! See! the white vapoury mist, sweeping amid ropes, and masts, and flags, ever and anon puffing in the captain's face as he takes his stand upon one of the paddle-boxes, and then gradually melting away into the breezy, sunny air. These steamboats, too, seem prone to get all jammed together in the most inextricable confusion. It seems as if they had grown there, and that there was no chance whatever of their getting out of the fix. One thinks of the uncles and nieces in the "Critic," with their daggers, not one of whom can strike another, without somebody else striking him or her, as the case may be. At length, however, after a vast deal of shouting and abuse, and pulling and pushing, and a "turn astern," and "a couple of turns ahead," first shouted in the gruff voice of the captain, and then repeated by a small boy, with a sound like that of a young echo, which has not yet come to its proper voice, one by one the fire-boats, as the Indians call them, manage to get under way—a Dover boat, probably, carrying off one half a family, while a Herne Bay craft is happy in the possession of the other moiety, their luggage being tolerably equally divided between a steamer going to Sheerness with troops, and another to Gravesend upon an excursion, with the "Norton Folgate United Tea Totallers!"

Most interesting, too, are the three miles which form the Pool. They are the most busy three miles of water in the universe. You pass down a street of ships. What a glorious nautical panorama! Every rig—every build—every nation, has its representative in the congress. The coal trade is in especial well represented, albeit the numerous members for Newcastle and Sunderland are rather grimy to look upon. You pass so rapidly by, that you have hardly time to trace the names painted on sterns and quarters; or you would be reminded of every shipping port in Great Britain, and many more beyond the seas. What a mass of floating riches, directed with how much nautical skill, and bearing the produce of how much mercantile industry! It is pleasant, too, to see the flags of so many nations fluttering as amicably together as a string of stockings upon a clothes line. There is the gorgeous tricolore, with its rich blue, white and red folds—a far handsomer flag than the *drapeau blanc* of the old régime. The lumbering Dutchman carries a tricolore also, but with the colours running lengthwise—perhaps to signify that, being by nature somewhat lazily inclined, he prefers lying down to standing up. The Yankees have not succeeded in producing a very handsome emblazonment; the stripes look too gridironish like. There, however, are all the flags of the maritime world, "red colours and white, blue colours and grey," fluttering together in the breeze, on as friendly terms as if they had never waved amid the smoke of gunpowder, or been (very foolishly) nailed to the mast.

Who that has traversed the Pool has not been struck with the exquisite *sang froid* of the people who navigate the floating barges? They drift upwards or downwards with the tide, coolly confiding in their own thick-sided solidity, against all the dints which fortune may favour them with. They don't try to get out of the way of steam-boats—not they. They know that their own sides are thicker than those of gaudy, butterfly steamers. They are like the thick-headed, no-hearted blockheads of the world, who tumble on through life, impelled only by circumstances, and no inward volition, or progressive impulse of their own; trusting for their peace to their callousness, and too stupid to see or care about the scorn of those who, feeling their own superiority, would glance by them, but shun the collision of delicacy and fine feeling with cold, impassive, matter-of-fact worldly-mindedness.

But there are many queer things upon the banks of the Pool, as well as floating on its waters. What extraordinary old houses line the river there! Sometimes, indeed, we have great, red-brick, staring warehouses, stuck with projecting cranes, like mercantile gallowses; but the houses in general between and behind the wharfs are odd, misshapen, ricketty, tumble-down places. A great number of them are built of wood, long since warped into all manner of strange deviations from its original form. They are evidently old, and have had from the first all those curious irregularities and eccentricities of shape and construction, which our ancestors delighted to invest their dwellings with. Rude affairs they are, battered and smoke-encrusted. They seem to be too much crowded, too—uncomfortably so—to be standing as it were on each other's toes; so they appear continually hustling their next door neighbours, and attempting to make their position more agreeable by forcibly shoving some of the weakest tenements into the river, and spreading themselves over the vacant spaces. And certainly it does seem not unlikely that some such catastrophe will one day occur. The rotten old piles project over the river, leaning heavily upon props and stakes, around which the slimy waters gurgle when the tide is in, and which seem at low water to be growing out of rich expanses of mud. They are strange places inside, too. Lumbering, creaking passages, full of extraordinary sinuosities, lead to little, musty, wainscotted rooms, obscure counting-houses, and places of business—crowded with marine stores, and with boats, masts, and oars, stuck erect in corners, and smelling like the cabin of a coaster, the odour heightened by a dash of rich Thames mud. These habitations are, like their inhabitants, amphibious—they have as much to do with water as with land. They are a sort of cross breed between ships and houses. The tide is perpetually rushing up and down past them, lashing their slimy walls, and chafing round their foundations. They have looked, since the day of their erection, upon things appertaining to the sea, and turned their backs upon the land. They are continually echoing to the shouts of sailors, and riggers, and watermen, and of all the tribe who make their living on the brine. Ships, steamers, masts, sails, rigging, are continually passing to and fro, and shifting and changing before them, and boats are made fast to them, as to the sterns of ships. If ever houses become monomoniacs as do those who dwell in them, and suffer from fits of hypochondria, we can conceive one of these ancient arks deluding itself into the belief that it was a ship—nothing more or less than a ship—that its compeers were ships—that they were all ships, anchored there in battle array, like the tiers of vessels beside them—that they could feel the rushing tide—that they obeyed its impulses; and rocked and swayed as the night blast fell upon them, and made their creaking frames echo the

gurgling roar of the black, angry river; and that as lights appeared and disappeared on the stream, and hoarse voices shouted from vessel to vessel, the crazy tenement—crazy in every sense—could recollect the tales of feats achieved and dangers encountered upon the ocean, which it would have heard rough seafaring men recount over smuggled Schiedam, within its dingy rooms, and would straightway fancy itself the ship of which it had heard, and mayhap seen for years and years lying brotherly like beside it; and would for the time imagine itself far at sea, battling with the loud storm, and madly facing the white, roaring, dancing surge!

There are other sorts of queer houses upon the Thames, however, and their queerness principally consists in their loneliness, as does that of the domicile on the banks of the Pool in the very reverse. We allude to those dismal, half-starved habitations, to be seen rearing their forlorn heads out of the desolation of the Essex marshes. For miles and miles down the river, you occasionally see planted, amid the wearisome waste of swamp which borders the Thames upon the Essex shore, a solitary house—a house, where no house in its senses would think of being—a house sent to Coventry by all other houses—a house which bears the same relation to its brother houses as a hermit does to his brother man,—an unsociable, misanthropic, solitude-loving house—a self-outlawed, excommunicated, unhappy house! Who were the bold men who built houses in such sites—public houses, too—as if coaches and carts ever stopped at them, or anybody ever demanded a glass of beer therefrom. We have heard of "stools to be melancholy upon;" we do not know if these houses are furnished at all, but if they are, "stools to be melancholy upon" should form the chief item of the garniture. Who has not heard, in his youth, horrid, hair-raising tales of lonely wayside inns, inhabited by banditti, who lured unsuspecting travellers into the crime-reeking tenement, and entertained them with ale and meat, and bread, and then sent them to sleep, grateful and content, upon beds placed upon trap-doors, down which, in the dead silence of the night, the unsuspecting sleepers were precipitated with a loud splash, into some horrid well-hole far below? These would be just the places for such deeds; that is to say, if any traveller ever passed by them, or gazed upon the sign. But there seems nobody to toil along that flat, dismal, Lethe bank—all is silence and solitude. The evening fogs come, in dank, unwholesome volumes, over the wide marsh; the rush of the tide rustles the rank sedges, and gurgles around stakes. Who would wander there the silent, cold night through,—except indeed, glancing, sparkling Will-o'-the-wisps, brooding over black pools, and flitting along green stagnant ditches, rank with foul water plants and coarse weeds!

But let us turn from the river below to bestow a parting glance upon the river higher up. Leave we for a moment, ships and huge steamers—and mercantile wharfs, and the smell of pitch and tar, for the gayer, pleasure portions of the stream—for trim, gilded, awninged wherries, and green lawns, and noble trees bending over the quiet water.

Above London the river seems yet in its boyhood—the real cares and toils of life have not yet come upon it. Its days have been hitherto all holydays. A few miles further down, and it begins to know what work really is, and what is expected from it. We know few sights more pleasant—more calculated to put one in good humour with oneself and the world—than the prospect the Thames about Putney, or higher up the river, presents on a fine summer's evening. The calm, clear water, reflecting the greenery of the trees upon its banks—studded with boats, shooting by each other like motes in a sunbeam—the good humoured *badinage*, or more vulgarly, in the vernacular, "chaff," apt to be bandied about on these occasions from boat to boat—the occasional rush of a Richmond steamer—not like the dingy below-bridge boats—but variegated as the rainbow, fluttering with flags and ringing with pleasant music—all this makes up a right merry, a particularly English picture. Then there are those sweet, wooded little aits, and green meadows rising from the water-side—glorious places for picnic parties, and pleasant flirtations—albeit your hands are blistered with rowing you do not shrink from the gentle pressure of taper fingers;—for oh, a trip on the river is most desirable for bringing about that happy consummation! Water parties are seldom stiff and ceremonious and constrained, but merry and open-hearted. Some worthy alderman remarked lately, upon some festive civic occasion, that there were more matches made up in the city state barges, in the annual swan-hopping excursions—than at all the Mansion House balls and dinners all the year through! And for that it is so—more honour to the Thames, say we. Why, the river furnishes the best part of their out-of-doors amusement to a very large proportion of the denizens of the great city. The cheap locomotion which it affords, the matches and regattas which annually grace it, call thousands forth to inhale fresh air, and enjoy wholesome exercise upon its waters. If the Parks are the lungs of London, the River is its blood. Without the Thames, London would be a poor dried-up place, destitute of its best feature—of its greatest health-giver—of its most useful servant—of its proudest ornament.

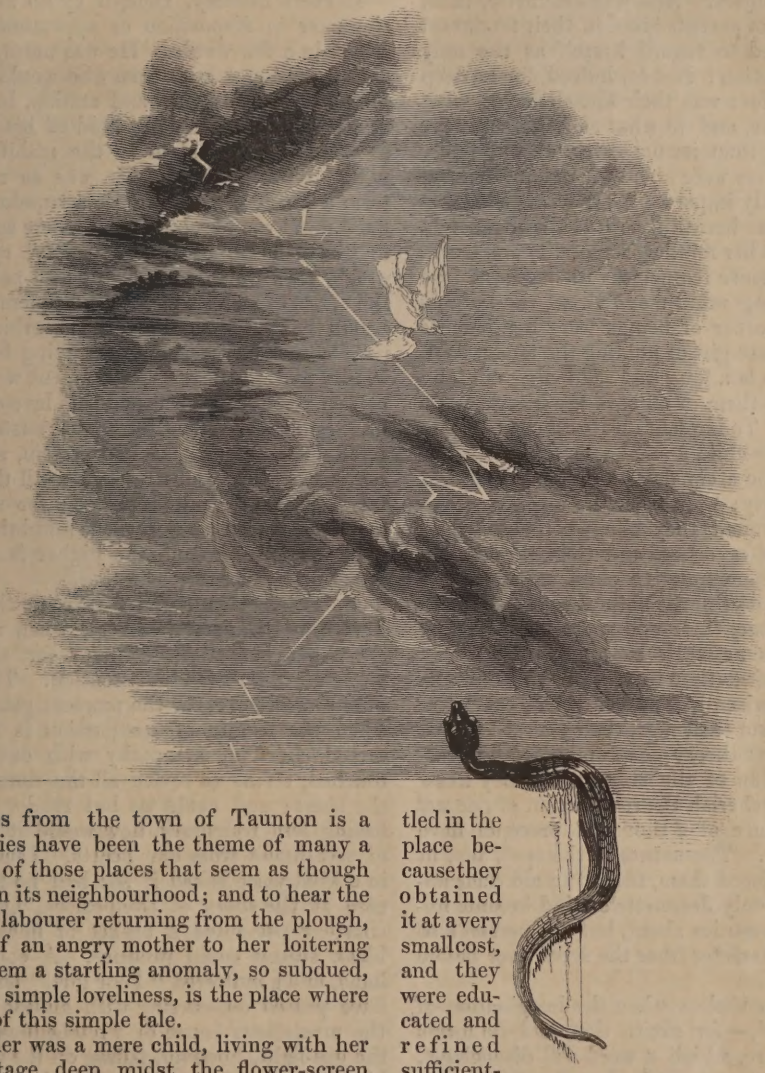
And therefore, as Cobbett said of the House of Lords, say we of the river—

THANK GOD WE HAVE A THAMES!

THE FLOWER GIRL.

A TALE OF THE METROPOLIS.

BY AGNOSTOS.



About four miles from the town of Taunton is a spot whose beauties have been the theme of many a poet's song,—one of those places that seem as though it must purify all in its neighbourhood; and to hear the coarse oath of the labourer returning from the plough, or the shrill cry of an angry mother to her loitering children, would seem a startling anomaly, so subdued, so perfectly still in simple loveliness, is the place where lived the heroine of this simple tale.

Jeannette Warder was a mere child, living with her parents in a cottage deep midst the flower-screen which partly concealed it from the passer-by. It was the only tenanted habitation in Woodmere, so the place was called, for its more than ordinary beauties had cast a charm over the spot, and tradition, ever attendant on the chosen nooks and corners of nature, spread many a tale of the power of fairies; and the green sward on which the cottage stood was said to be a noted rendezvous for gambolling spirits of the night. These superstitions, more than the beauties of the place, saved it from the encroachments of the villagers, and except as a place to visit, and to admire, it was seldom disturbed by human footstep. This one cottage, situated in the very thickest of this mystic delve, partook with its inhabitants of the popular superstitions concerning it. The occupants consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Warder, with their young daughter, whom I before named as Jeannette; and the old couple had settled in the place because they obtained it at a very small cost, and they were educated and refined sufficiently to love its sweetness, while their desire to rear their only child beyond the tumult of towns or cities made it peculiarly acceptable as a humble but sweet retreat. A glance only at their subdued and dignified aspect was sufficient to prove at once they were superior to their station, and it was hardly needed to hear the courteous tones of welcome which greeted a stranger, to show that nature, if not fortune, had made them eminently gentle.

It was this evident superiority, as much as the rumours regarding the place of their abode, that made them almost strangers to intercourse with the dwellers near; for in vulgar minds there is always a dislike to superiority, when unaccompanied with the external evidences of wealth and rank. Thus they were left with their darling child almost alone, and they clung with as much fondness to this cherished object, as the cle-

matis to their own cottage portal. It seemed indeed as though they had concentrated the happiness of their whole being on the progress and pursuits of their child, and they guided her tastes, and watched her ripening disposition, with a care which none can so uninterruptedly bestow as those who have no earthly tie but one idolized object. And was Jeannette, then, the spoiled offspring of parents blind in their fondness? Was she being reared to regard herself as the only object worthy of affection? Not so, indeed, for as deep as was her parents' love was their knowledge of what education will achieve, and to what ruin its improper direction, even more than its neglect, will ultimately lead. They themselves were able to instruct her; but while they unweariedly imparted all they knew of useful attainments, it was beautiful as rare the manner in which they impressed her mind with morality and truth. The most gentle pressure tempered with parental love on a susceptible young mind made virtue the impression. And of what order of beings were her parents to thus possess the rare gift of guiding the tender soul. It matters not, theirs is a long and saddening tale, and poverty had deprived them of all save the blessing of a knowledge of good. To implant an absorbing affection for the truth in their child's mind was their constant effort: they made the every day pursuits of life yield instances of its beauty; even from the medium of instruction and amusement they elicited their darling virtue in some form or other, and thus they would gradually lead the contemplative child to adore her God through the beauties of his natural works. Truth was their hourly theme, their end and aim; and they proved its loveliness most by example. Had they once deceived the mind they instructed, that one deception would have arisen like an evil spirit, ever after to blast with scepticism their best, their purest lessons. They knew the loftiest theory unaccompanied by practice is but the shadow of the substance; they knew the young mind will cherish the recollection of one *act* when the remembrance of a thousand precepts have for ever passed away. The nature of the spot, too, in which fortune had placed them, tended to aid their angelic task, and not only Jeannette's mind became impregnated with the beauties about, but her person also seemed to take its character from the scene ever before and around her.

Description is ever useless when the imagination of the reader is aroused,—for excite this, and he forms his own magic picture, which a word will disenchant. Thus then let me not attempt to describe Jeannette's person—only conceive her beauty tinctured with the sweet sadness which a life of seclusion amongst nature's choicest loveliness had cast over the features of the truth-adoring girl.

Ten years had passed away, and the wind was roaring fiercely through the deserted streets of London, seeming to chip the corners of the buildings against which it dashed, so cold and so sharp were its mournful gusts. Though only ten o'clock the shops were nearly all closed, and save one or two emaciated females sheltering themselves from the cold blasts behind the columns of the Opera House, scarcely a person was seen in the part of the metropolis we describe.

The club houses alone gave an idea of comfort and luxury, and one poor wretch was clasping the railings in front of one of their windows, as much with the expression of surprise at its splendour as misery at the contrast of those within and himself.

A young man had just risen from a table where he had been closely engaged in reading, and buttoning his coat, and pushing its collar to his eyes, issued forth into the chilling air.

Herbert Lindsey, though by no means a common character in disposition or appearance, may be described in a few words. He was naturally one of those clever and honourable men who would have stood prominent in attainments and station, had not the love of intrigue taken an early hold of his mind, and acted as a constant antidote to the manifold gifts which nature had bestowed. He was as much what men term a libertine as the most scrupulous taste and refined mind would admit: but where an object came up to his criterion of female beauty, aye, even female worth, then would he task his own powers of mind in the effort of ruin; and he too frequently met with successes that only stimulated the absorbing and corroding passions which were fast destroying his moral nature. Vanity and the love of excitement were the two propelling powers which urged this love of conquest; and like the dram-drinker, who must sustain but by reiterated doses the once excited system, so Herbert Lindsey was restless and wretched until the mental dram was again and again repeated; for with him it was more a degraded passion of the mind than of the senses,—but as it arose from the higher faculty, so was the moral man faster degenerating.

He was at this moment turning the corner of Pall Mall into St. James's Street, when a muffled figure, crouching beneath a doorway for shelter from the bitter wind, arrested his attention. The good qualities of our nature ever for the moment gain the ascendancy when the feeling of compassion is awakened. The sacred chord of sympathy with one's fellows, once touched, seems to revive all the dormant goodness of the heart; and could we but render the heaven-born feeling less transitory, how would it melt the canker of selfishness from our hearts. Lindsey paused, and in a kind voice asked if she had no home. The girl rose at the tones of compassion, and with a feeble courtesy presented a basket of flowers, such as the bleak season could produce. A coin placed in her hand, and a muttered "Poor girl!" and Herbert would have passed on, cursing with almost a virtuous oath the mysterious cause of wretchedness in this world: the gas-light, however, falling on the girl's face, caused him to pause, for her exceeding beauty sent the blood quickly to his heart. "Have you no home?" he again inquired, but the tone of genuine compassion was now alloyed by a manner of gallantry, which habit ever made him assume towards beauty. "I have a home, sir, but I dared not return, until I had sold my flowers," was the poor creature's answer, while the extreme cold almost rendered her words inarticulate. "Can you read, if I give you my address to call to-morrow?" inquired Herbert. "Oh yes, sir, and I have been trying hard to gain employment to teach, but my poverty makes people think I am ignorant and unable." This seemed to Herbert so like artifice that he merely gave her his card, and bidding her call the next evening, hurried home.

The almost unearthly expression of the girl's face still dwelt on his memory, and the mournful sweetness of her voice lingered near him, as the next night, at the

time he named for her to call, he found himself absolutely nervous as the hour approached. Man of town as he was, used to every complexion of excitement, and habituated to the callous indifference which gallantry as a profession ever casts over the feelings, yet he absolutely trembled at the anticipation of a visit from a flower girl! The fact was, her extreme beauty had awakened the higher faculties of his mind, and its peculiar character gave so unusual a colouring to the adventure—if so trifling an occurrence deserved the name—that he listened with extreme eagerness for her announcement. How strange is the effect of beauty on the cultivated and sensitive mind! how despotic its control over the soul that can appreciate its presence! Even when the mind is pondering on the means of gratifying its darkest passions, beauty, like the visit of an angel, chases with its silent eloquence the dark occupant of the heart. And why this strange power on the mind of fallen man? Simply, because beauty is the most *palpable* garb in which the Creator has deemed fit to clothe works from the mould of his own likeness. The door of Herbert's room opens, and the flower girl stands curtesying in the tattered garb of the poorest mendicant; yet his faltering tones, as he addressed her, proved the magic of the beautiful.

"My poor girl," he began, throwing off his partial restraint at the remembrance of what he deemed her artifice, "my poor girl, where are your flowers, I expected a fine nosegay to tempt me to purchase."—"The servant, sir," she replied, "took them from me, as he said he was sure you did not want them." The blood rose to the young man's face, as he at once saw the meaning of this remark; and fancying the girl must comprehend it also, he rejoined, "Indeed you are the only flower I desire, but pity to gather so sweet a one before the bud is expanded to perfection." This was certainly not the language he would usually have used to an ill-clad beggar, but the expression of the girl's face still enforced him to conceal his gallantry in partially figurative language; and great was his surprise when in gentle accents, yet whose firmness of tone gave decision to her reply, she said, "I see, sir, at once your motive in bidding me here; I well know the meaning of one such word of praise, and oh that in His goodness He had given me a person as little attractive as the garb I wear!" The tears had started into her eyes, as she placed her hand on the door to depart; but Herbert, still undecided between his wonder at her address, and the belief she still was endeavouring to deceive, in different accents bade her stay. "Are you friendless?" he inquired; "have you no one to aid you sufficiently to prevent your wandering these bitter nights in the streets?"—"No one living, sir—not one. A poor woman has taken compassion on my condition, and permits me to live under her roof, if I can sell sufficient flowers to gain my bread. No, sir, not one friend in the wide world."—"Poor child," he muttered, and taking a sovereign from his purse held it out; she hesitated not to approach him, and her eyes sparkled with joy as she saw the value of the coin, but it instantly gave way to a look of deep anguish, as she met his burning glance fixed on her lovely face. She involuntarily drew back, and with almost dignity she replied, "You are not the first, sir, that has offered gold accompanied with that glance, but my God, who has never yet deserted me, has given me power to comprehend its meaning;" then in softer tones, she added, "I thank you, sir, sincerely for your generosity, but will bring you flowers in the spring, better worth your purchase than such as this cold season can bring forth." She was gone—but Herbert every instant expected her to return with some excuse to again have the tempting offer—but that night she came not, nor the next; and only when weeks had passed away, and she still appeared not, did Herbert believe he had met a poor neglected girl, almost without food and raiment, who could refuse the gift of gold unaccompanied by any wish expressed, save by the gaze he involuntarily bestowed on her glorious features. He was literally staggered—he did not believe such a being, poor and yet virtuous, existed: his style of life and his successes had mostly cast him among the frail, and it seemed like a deathblow to his creed that a wretched flower girl, whom he had met at a door step, should absolutely shun his charity, because of a few words of gallantry, and an admiring gaze! It annoyed and perplexed him, and though he would not own it to himself, the remembrance of of her gentle yet chiding features ever hovered around him, and her mournful voice was the saddening charm of a new and a bettered life.

About three months after this circumstance, when spring was joyously bursting into life, and people were deserting her freshest smiles for the fashionable season in London, at a late hour of the night, a group of females were collected around a shrinking form, crouching beneath one of the penthouses in Covent Garden Market. No words of compassion were mingled with the low ribaldry which startled the night,—not one tone of sympathy was mixed with the discord, which the poor creature seemed in vain propitiating by gestures of helplessness and pain. It was a group of the worst characters, gathered around a seemingly dying flower girl, and augmenting her anguish by the coarsest jests upon the profitless occupation she followed. The expressions of low hatred would probably have assumed a more practical method of exhibiting them, when a young man stepping across from the Piazza, inquired the cause of the commotion. "Oh, she thinks too well of herself to speak to us," answered one; "she's only a paltry flower girl, who pretends to be mighty good, but she's as bad as the worst of us." The speech was uttered in the lowest language, while the young man, making his way to where the wretched being lay, asked in pitying accents, if she were ill. "Very, sir," she faintly replied; "I believe I'm dying." The voice of the girl thrilled through Herbert Lindsey, and, with almost a choked utterance, he answered, "No, you *shall* not die, my poor creature," and presenting money to one of the astonished women near, sent her for a coach. Most of the wretched beings skulked away; for the compassion displayed by one of their opposite sex for the helpless object before them, was so terrible a reproach even to their fallen nature, that really abashed they gloomily repursued their miserable avocation. The coach drew up, and taking the girl in his arms, Herbert placed her gently in the vehicle, telling the man to drive to his residence.

In ordinary cases he would doubtless have seen a starving girl conveyed to a medical man, and bestowed his charity merely in a handsome gift, but to find the very object of his constant thoughts, ill, helpless, and surrounded by scoffers of her own sex, because she

evidently refused, even to dying, bodily corruption, was itself so rare an occurrence, and he believed so seldom found, that with the vanity adherent even in man's best purposes, he looked on himself as providentially sent to save her life, and afford her protection. Herbert's nature was sensitive almost to an infirmity; he waited not for precedent to guide his actions; for without exactly acting on impulse, he often obeyed the first dictates of his feelings; and those feelings were, in the present instance, something more than tenderness for the poor suffering creature now lying on his sofa, with the servants bathing her temples, and warming her cold, delicate hands. He felt confident she was not in immediate danger; but as it was long before she partially revived, it seemed almost a sin to awaken her back into the world of misery she appeared leaving for ever.

It is needless to prolong the details of her gradual recovery. She was removed to the house of a kind maiden aunt of Herbert's, and there he daily watched the return of healthful life to the lovely being he had twice saved. And now drew near the dangers of the young creature's temptations. That Herbert loved her fondly, and almost virtuously loved her, no one could doubt; and strange as it may appear, she so completely endeared herself to the whole household of the good old lady, that not even the chattering domestics hinted scandal, or talked significantly of Herbert's visits. And think you the affections of the friendless, the hitherto neglected orphan, found not life in the only verdant spot they long had known? think you her woman's nature had been frozen to the core by the usage of a freezing world? Not so, indeed; dearer than the life Herbert had restored to her, did she love the giver of the boon. The most unselfish love that woman can bestow was hers, and the knowledge that she possessed no means to prove it, gave an intensity to the feeling none can know but those who have been blest with such a love, or the woman whose whole self-sacrificing nature has been poured through the channels of her grateful heart on the object she adored. Will she then fall? Will she refuse to one, one to whom she would give life itself, with all its new-born sweetness,—*could* she refuse him any test of her affections? 'Tis a fearful question. It was evident, from a thousand circumstances, that her trials had been many, and her temptations terrible, and in the resistance of degradation death had nearly overtaken her; while it was equally apparent that a religious mind, how cultivated they knew not, had been the only support under her weight of misery, and her saviour in her most trying hours. But strange as was her having passed unscathed the horrible ordeal, she had never yet undergone the test which affection, even beyond suffering, renders most dangerous. She could have borne bodily torture and mental anguish without wavering from the pure guidance of her nature, but could she refuse him whom she hallowed by her love aught that he should wish? Could she turn to bitterness the sweet knowledge of their affection, and by denial break the concord of their love? 'Tis a fearful question, and virtue trembles at the test.

Summer had advanced on the perfumed wings which spring had bequeathed him, since the night the flower girl was so strangely rescued, and the long twilight hours were passed by the young lovers in the delicious intercourse of sweet affection. Kindness and care had not only restored the lovely young creature to health, but gave increased beauty; while attainments, such as no one believed she could possess, were developed, as returning bodily energies called forth the qualities of her mind. The kind old lady under whose care the now darling guest had recovered, witnessed with almost pleasure the riveting love which enthralled her nephew, for she perceived it had worked a most beneficial change in his tastes and manner of life. True love knows no pursuit that can tinge the purity of its course, and Herbert's affection, up to this period, was as unmixed with the grosser passions of the man as a life of constant intrigue *could* allow. The object of his attachment was evidently far superior to the station of poverty which unjust fortune had allotted her; but from the extreme pain the mere allusion to her parents occasioned her, both Mrs. Lindsey and Herbert studiously avoided touching the chord which vibrated with so much evident anguish. There was also a purity about her every pursuit and action, and so sweet and winning a religion stamped on all she said or did, that rendered those about her vigilant to say nought to wound her sensitive feelings. But this happy course of love could not long continue undisturbed, and serenely beautiful as her pure nature rendered it; and, as in most similar cases, man's vanity cast the discord into the heaven of their love.

Such as can remember—and where are those who are unable?—the first feelings of affection for woman, well know they were too fascinated by the very hues of its dawn, to have imagined the day which would follow could have a cloud to darken its brightness. And who, when the young heart beats with a new-born love, ever yet dreamt of what the world terms consequences, or allowed one thought to be cast upon wisdom or prudence, to infringe the right of love's exclusiveness? Herbert felt he never knew what love was before, and the innocent girl only felt that her existence was one happy dream. But the selfishness of man's pride awoke them from the blissful trance.

Herbert was one day dining at his club, previous to his usual evening visit to the impatient expectant of his return, when one of the party happened to allude to the elopement of a young ward of Chancery with a mutual friend of those present. This led to a general discussion of the merits of their respective female acquaintances, and Lindsey found himself good humouredly attacked upon his altered style of life. Without it being at all necessary to repeat the conversation, friendly satire and ridicule were pretty freely poured upon our friend; and for his devotion to a "Flower Girl," which he fondly believed to be a secret, he found himself generally laughed at. We all hate ridicule, especially when we have no good grounds for defence, and Herbert was much more galled than he chose to acknowledge. The conversation, however, took another turn, and the party soon after separated.

But the evil seed on too fertile a soil was sown. The latent sparks of self-love and pride were revived; and although there was no preconceived determination of wrong in his mind, he was prepared for evil, if temptation proffered it. The guardian spirit of pure affection, affrighted at an uncongenial thought, flew from his heart, and left a vacant place for passion in her stead. To be ridiculed by men, perhaps laughed

at by women, and to bear the expostulations of his friends, seemed too much to weigh against the happiness a union with even a loved object might produce. Then to lose all chance of fortune, and to relinquish all thoughts of marriage, in his own high station! such, alas, were his reflections, as he drove to his aunt's residence, now a few miles from town. The evening was one of those still soft hours when the air is almost heavy with fragrance, and its whisperings seem audible, as the flowers close their petals for the night. The lovers were seated near the open window, and both were silent, for the hour was oppressive, and Herbert felt the harbinger of evil in his beating heart. He, however, broke the silence with some remark on the beauty of the season, but his companion looked with an expression of anxiety as she observed a degree of hesitation in his manner. "Has any thing happened, Herbert, to-day?" she inquired,—"you appear dejected;" while she took his hand, and looked into his eyes, as if her affectionate glance could have read the secrets of his soul. This anticipation of something unpleasant forthcoming, often hastens its expression. It is a sort of meeting a disagreeable circumstance half way; and Herbert felt this, while he replied, "Indeed, my love, I am most unhappy, most wretched, for circumstances have occurred which, at least for a time, must prevent my fondest, my only hopes, from being realized. Oh, my darling girl," he continued, "you know how devotedly I love you, and how I have clung to the hope that we should be soon united; but events have to-day been my bitterest enemies, and they have torn the cherished belief from my heart." The angelic countenance of the girl beside him grew deadly pale at this abrupt statement, but in tones whose constrained calmness bespoke their depth of feeling, she asked, "And for ever, Herbert?"—"No, my only love," he answered, clasping her to his heart, "not for ever, I trust to Heaven, not for ever; suspense it is that makes me wretched, and, until I call you mine by closest ties, I must be miserable still. You know the depth of my love, and in the certainty of yours I live,—'tis as essential to my being as the air I breathe. Let us then be blessed—delay no more to call me yours, by bond as binding, and almost as holy, as though ceremonious words had made us one. Live with me my love," he passionately exclaimed, "as you already live in my heart, and prove I do not vainly judge of the strength of your affection, by the cold reply which the usages of society would bid you utter. I cannot bear this life deprived of all that blesses it; so mutter just one gentle yes, and make me happy, oh! beyond the happiness that love has ever brought before." The shrinking girl could hardly extricate herself, and in the delirious moment, he could not perceive that his impassioned vehemence had been too much for her delicate frame, and he was pressing a cold, senseless form to his burning heart. Her unresisting weight, however, soon showed him the true state of the unconscious girl; and, without alarming the servants, he bore her nearer the open window, waiting in almost a state of stupefaction the revival of her quivering life. As she slowly returned to consciousness, he felt the pressure of her hand on his, and the hope of fallen manhood construed it into the sign that the purity of her love was gone. The unreproachful smile of tenderness which she cast on his bending form, as he was endeavouring to breathe colour into her pale, pale lips, made his heart beat quick with hope that the swoon had been the sleep of reason, to corrupt her to his wishes! Strange anomaly, even at the very time her pure young heart had passed its last ordeal. Poor child! she had lived to find the being of her deep affection pleading for her downfall, and mistaking, even now, the tenderness of love and pity for the sign of resignation to a fallen state. "Herbert," she at length said, and the mournful tones of her voice fell like a knell on the young man's heart—"Herbert, I was prepared for this; a presage of ill has lately haunted me, and I almost expected this sequel to our love. What right had I ever to believe, that the high born and wealthy man of rank should step from his sphere, for the affections of a lowly woman, but lately snatched from a beggar's state? The hope, I will own, has crossed me as a bright dream, that the devotedness of love was a charm over the will of man, but sad experience tells me that the charm is broken when its purity is gone. Nay, my love, let me pour out my heart while it yet is beating; for no reproach is mingled with its devotion; and how grateful I ought to be, that for so long a time you have formed your nature in a different mould for me. You little know the hard temptations I have undergone, and still less you know the simple cause which has enabled me to withstand them all. The pangs I have endured in the life from which you rescued me, to Heaven is only known; and yet, Herbert, I have been more blest in life than you, for I was early taught to love my God—and the fervour of that love has saved me in the time of peril, and of anguish." She paused a moment, as she was evidently suffering from the exertion of these few words; and Herbert, kneeling beside her, as she lay on the sofa, attempted no word, no sign. He seemed paralyzed; for the light had broken upon his desolate heart, that he had lost the purest being that this world could give; and, fortunately for his reason, tears came to his relief, and he sobbed on the neck of the dying girl in the unutterable anguish of his woe. Yes, reader, dying! with the destruction of the hopes she had too fondly cherished, life itself was riven. Since her parents' death cast her on the wide world, she had never known human sympathy, until she met Herbert; and the constant communion with her own mind, and the ever-absorbing adoration of the invisible good, had so refined her whole being that she was almost unfitted for life; and the delicate chord which fettered her spiritual to her physical nature was too sensitively wrought to bear the shock of her crushed affection. For several days, however, life still flickered dimly on, and, oh that the world could have heard the eloquent music of her soul, as she endeavoured to instil into Herbert's mind her own angelic love of truth. The last moment of her life drew near; and as she feebly pressed his drooping head to her bosom, she whispered, "Adore your God in life, and we shall meet again." 'Twas the language of a dying woman for her earthly love, impregnated with the spirit of immortal beauty, and the last sound that ever quivered on the lips of Jeannette Warder.

Those who moved in the higher ranks of society, without mixing in the extreme fashionable portion, well knew, by frequent intercourse, a man stricken with sorrow, but sorrow of that nature which saddens more than it depresses, and which softens the asperities of

our nature. He was a being universally loved, for there was a genuine kindness of manner in all his intercourse with society that irresistibly won those who only casually met him; and those who were intimate never mentioned his name but in the tones of warm affection, and with sympathising sorrow at his hidden grief. He neither sought nor shunned society, neither conspicuously took a part in the busy life of the metropolis, nor secluded himself in country solitude. He seldom spoke of his sorrows; and many were the surmises respecting his early life, and the changes which were said to have entirely altered his disposition and pursuits. In short, he was one of those rare instances occasionally met with in life, where sorrow, instead of crushing the heart, increases its sympathy for others, and nourishes even to plenitude the benevolent and loving faculties.

And did such a man pass into old age without the blessing of female love? Did he never seek to win one of the many warm hearts that ever welcomed his approach? The simple answer solves the enigma of his life. He loved, and so devotedly he loved, that beauty, rank, nor gold, could shake the firmness of his faith. One other sweet girl unwittingly bestowed her heart unsought by him; and when he saw with deep regret the chance of wrecked affections, he told the story of his life, and while with grateful tears she wept at the recital, she felt she dared not be the rival of the dead, nor seek to break the charm that purified his life, and led him to the spirit of another world—his early love.

A FATE.

In the dell a maiden sits,
One hand dipping in the tide,
One droops listless by her side,
And she readeth but by fits,
Ever glancing from her scroll
With an air betraying fear beyond control.

Formal is her garment's fold,
Quaint of fashion, sad of hue,
Only, in her eyes' bright blue,
In the tresses' radiant gold
Coyly banded from her face,
Nature bringeth back what Art would vainly chase.

Yonder volume in her hand
Preacheth many a sober truth,
Homilies for wilful youth;
Yet her thoughts of Southern land
Even now are dreaming fain,—
Once her step was there—her heart is there again.

From her guardian's icy gaze
Stealthily the girl hath flown,
In the wood to weep alone
O'er the unforgotten days;
Yet a hare or squirrel's start
Drops her swelling lids to act their feignèd part.

Staidly Puritan in garb,
Roman in her glowing veins,
Full as well from desert plains
Might ye bind the fiery barb,
Forc'd his chafing limbs to plough,
As to curb and fret that haughty spirit now.

Soothing is the water's gush,
And the breeze amid the sedge;
Leaning by the river's edge,
Sleep o'ercomes her in the hush,
Weighing down her golden head,
And her hold relaxing drops the page outspread.

Through the thicket sounds a crash!
Hark! a horse's clattering feet
Down the tangled branches beat—
In the river's ford they dash!—
Starts the maiden from repose—
Fails her treacherous grasp—the parted waters close!

Frantic cries the horseman, leaping
From his saddle to the stream;
Ah! too late! can love redeem
From the torrent seaward sweeping
All that lured him o'er the wave—
All his light of life—quench'd in that restless grave?

Few the days, though years in seeming,
Since they loved in Southern land—
Parted wide by ruthless hand—
Sadly she of him was dreaming,
When he left wealth, rank, applause,
But to see her die—to know himself the cause!

E. A. H. O.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN LIFE.—No. IV.

THE BOYS OF PARIS.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

The Boys of Paris! what numerous gay, mirthful, ingenious, mischievous, and eccentric things, present themselves to the mind in connection with this phrase; and how true to nature and goodheartedness are all the recollections it excites! London also has its boys,—a distinctive class upon the surface of society, and possessed of quite enough animal spirits and crooked mischief for the circle in which they move. Yet they are as different in their characteristics from the Boys of Paris, as the Palace of St. James's is to the Palais Royale. The Boy of London has his vocation, but only as an accessory to that of the master he may serve; and as the tradesman's messenger, he obeys his employer steadily enough, if we except his occasional game of marbles, his musical accompaniment of street bands, with his assiduous spelling of play-bills and similar announcements; yet he has a home, though poor; a family, though humble; a calling, though dependant; duties, though ill performed: but the Parisian Boy acknowledges none of these; wit being his sole provision, and carelessness his joy.

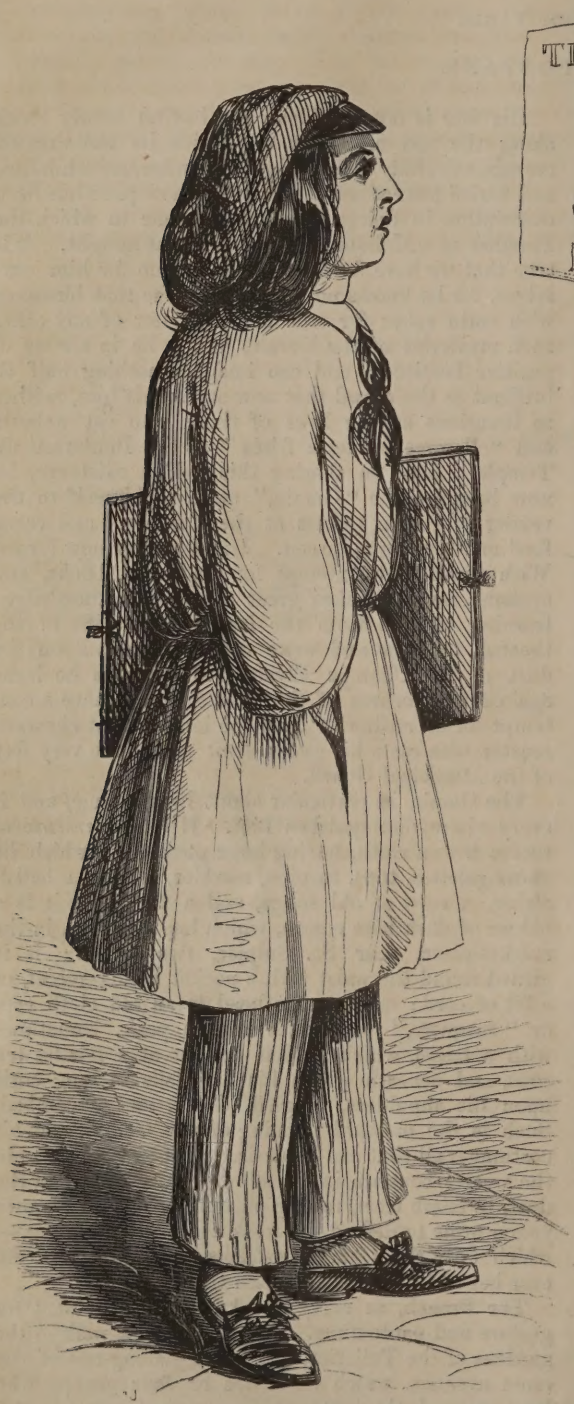
The Parisian Boy commonly owns as his birthplace the eighth stage (just under the tiles) of an obscure house, in one of those dim, dark, old streets about Nôtre Dame. The room itself has little furniture, but a "lit d'occasion," as it is called, with a straw mattress and an old coverlid; the broken stool, and the bottle that holds the candle, being its sole luxuries. The bright, clear, blue sky that the boy sees through the ever open window, gives to him his first ideas of liberty; and the cries of the itinerant artichoke merchants, with the general hum of men which rises from the far down street, seem to him like an universal challenge to live, and laugh, and work amongst them; and it is not long ere the boy accepts it. The education of the child is entirely one of circumstance; and time, with the world he lives in, is his central school. The Parisian Boy, like a young bird, tries his wings only to be free, and escaping from maternal control, he seeks his own resources for life and pleasure; and his mother, perhaps herself scarcely able to obtain a living by the sale of lemonade and coffee, rejoices when her son, sliding down the banister of the house, and humming a gay refrain he has learnt from the student of the cinquième, launches at once from the door of the crabbed old concierge into Parisian life. From his cradle the Parisian boy has heard of nothing but the Boulevard du Temple; and as he has listened with closed eyes to the talk of the good gossips, of its galettes, candied fruits, chestnuts, and jewellery, ever to be found among the itinerant merchants; of the National Guard, with its magnificent Tambour Major, to be seen there every day; and of the theatrical representations at the "Folies dramatiques," and "Funambules," in the evening; our hero imagines he hears a fairy tale—and desiring, with all the enthusiasm of young life, to realize as much as may be of this brilliant dream, he betakes himself at once to the Boulevard du Temple.

His fate is now decided; the boy no sooner looks along the gay and busy way, with its well-dressed crowds, tastefully decorated cafés, handsome omnibuses, and varied attractions, than he feels how poor has been description in doing justice to a scene to which the Paradise of a Mohammedan would be as nought. It is true that we have found this comparison for him ourselves, for he knows nothing of the tree that blossoms with satin robes for true believers, nor of any other such mysteries of the Koran; yet is he in a state of positive beatitude, and can imagine nothing half so brilliant as the crowd that now surrounds him, neither so luxurious as the lives of those who eat walnuts and "Pommes de terre frites" on the Boulevard du Temple. Bent on sharing this golden existence, he now becomes the "Gamin," attaches himself to the vender of return tickets at the "Folies," and earns food and lodging as he can. His character now forms. With a profound contempt for academies, books, and systems, he yet makes great advance in knowledge; learning to read from the large yellow bills of the theatre, to draw and write with a large nail on the dust of the Champs Elysées, to think as he leans against the corners of the streets, and to have a contempt for all authority from the independent chestnut roaster who casts his rotten fruit under the very feet of the Municipal Guard.

The Gamin is particular about his costume, and it every where distinguishes him. His trowsers are of coarse brown cloth, having huge pockets, in which he stows galettes, tops, turnips, marbles, a knife, a ball of string, a copy of old songs, and a file; over it is a blouse of dark blue cotton, which has cost him, in the market-place, near St. Sulpice, two francs; it is girded round the waist with a pocket handkerchief, or a bit of cord; and on his head is an old cloth cap, or "casquete," sometimes with a peak, sometimes with a tassel, which he has bought at a fair for ten sous, and beneath which his hair falls in long curls upon his shoulders, tangled, dusty, and uncombed. Such is the outward seeming of the Gamin, and his costume is all that can be desired; for its excellence to the wearer consists in its allowing him to roll in the dust, to climb trees, to ride on walls, and with his own young arms to defend the weak against the strong,—which duty the Gamin performs as earnestly as did ever belted knight in the olden time.

The French, as every one knows, are eminent for gesture and pantomime. In proof of this, walk in the gardens of the Tuileries, and looking along one of the cross avenues, watch the three or four groups who have stopped, the better to communicate some matter of interest, the price of yesterday's dinner at a restaurateurs, or the magnificent results of French skill at the exhibition of the "Beaux Arts." There is no necessity for listening to the conversation which may pass—for the gesture explains all. The speaker folds his arms—he starts—he walks back, as if leaving his friend—and then slowly returning, throws himself into

all the positions indicative of anger, remonstrance, apology, and forgiveness: the whole story is acted; and this in a public garden, where, however, to gaze would be as rude as to listen.



It is not surprising, therefore, that the Parisian boy is eminent in this art of gesture; but he chiefly applies it to the expression of contempt, and uses it as the crowning insult where mischief has been triumphant. Thus, the Gamin who stops the lemonade merchant with his tasteful, pretty, bright fountain on a fête day, and after having emptied the goblet at a draught, begs the vender to hold it for a moment in his disengaged hand, until the deep pocket of the buyer yields forth its sous, causes the trader to find himself suddenly excited to the highest pitch of futile wrath, by the urchin's suddenly turning both spouts of the machine; when crossing his arms with one of his most insulting gestures, he runs laughingly away, triumphing in the helplessness of the injured and angry limonadier.

It is at this period of his existence that the Parisian boy does little but enjoy his games and pastimes; but under the trees of the Palais Royale, or on the stones of the Carrousel, he acquires his earliest ideas of commerce. The grocer of whom he buys his marbles, teaches him the advantages of "wholesale" over "retail," even in the two sous that he may have to lay out in his boutique; and in disposing of them to a less knowing urchin, 'tis hard but the vender makes a centime profit. Thus the Parisian boy acquires a love for gain, and as the result, he quits the quiet shelter of the trees, that long shaded the scene of his morning pleasures, for those active employments which promise him decided remuneration: he thus becomes the errand boy of Paris; and for the artist, the student, or the author, runs half over the capital for a sous; and having once gained the wages of his labour, the child returns to his little room under the tiles, with a fixed idea of the value of industry, and a determination to make his fortune; that is, to be independent, to possess money, with the power of spending it, and even at some future time, perhaps, to have a blouse of sufficiently good quality to enable him to play dominos for his "eau sucrée" in the Café de la Régence; for he has already noted, that more than one student of his acquaintance, without a centime in the world, enjoys his coffee and its accompaniments, simply by his skill in this favourite game,—for our hero had often placed his face close to the window of the café, to learn and watch the play, and as the little marble table has been cleared, he has clapped his hands with glee at the disappointed looks of the old "Directeur" of the Gymnase, who always loses, and pays for a duplicate breakfast daily.

This idea of fortune, like most others that take possession of an active mind, is eminently prolific; and as the Gamin lies on the straw bed, already too small for his comfort, a thousand ingenious inventions spring into his mind, the result of a quickness of thought and an indifference to obstacle to be found only in the brain of the Parisian boy. The result is, that the Gamin now ceases to be a "Commissionaire" on a small scale, and determines to become a merchant. He no longer lounges on the Boulevards, nor jostles among the crowd that surround the windows of the print-shops, pushing people hither and thither with his hands in his pockets, and his cap cast far back upon his head, or clears the way by means of the peculiar trumpet sound, which on the lips of the Gamin make every worthy citizen shrink back from a dread of mischief—but he ingeniously selects some means of commerce in harmony with his amount of capital, and usually commences by the sale of phosphorus matches and German tinder. Every one who remembers Brighton, when it was the favoured of royalty, will recollect an old man who died worth thousands, I

believe, acquired during a long life by the sale of matches vended to the tune of an old song, every verse of which ended with—

> "So here are as good matches as you can desire,
> For lighting of kitchen or best parlour fire,"

—a proof that the Gamin is not unwise in his selection of a trade wherewith to commence his fortune making: but in Paris he has an advantage beyond those of the octogenarian of Brighton; for in the French capital, smoking is as necessary as food or warmth is to the inhabitants. Thus the dandy on the Boulevards, the soldier of the National Guard in the gardens of the Tuileries, the garçon of the café, the actress at the Vaudeville—all smoke, and the trade of the Gamin must perforce be a thriving one. But the Parisian boy throws his wit as well as his industry into the business, and instead of presenting the pitiable aspect that we encounter in the great thoroughfares of rich and populous London,—the aspect of a poor, starving, houseless child, with bare arms and feet, clothed in a tattered waistcoat, pinched by want, and half idiotic with misery, that *real* misery that none can question, the misery of sleeping on the bare, damp, cold ground, under a leafless tree, through the long nights of England's winter, and supporting an existence on such offal as our domestic animals would turn aside from, appealing to the passenger with trembling voice and tearful eyes to buy, "for the love of God," the single box which may procure him a bit of bread,—the Gamin, in comfortable garb, with cheerful face, having finished his cup of milk and coffee, slings, singing as he does so, a tray of matches round his neck, and recommends them in a strain of humour far better worth the sous than the wares he recommends by it. In common with all his countrymen, the dealer in matches has learnt the advantages of exaggeration, and in all things of mounting with his subject far above its true level; thus his morsels of wood tipped with sulphur become, in his hands, "allumettes chimiques;" and in describing their use, he carries his listeners to the soirées of the Tuileries, to the piquet parties of the foreign ambassadors, to the footstool of the woman of fashion, and even into the library of his holiness the pope,—the want of his wares, as the Gamin assures you, being felt in all these places: an evil, however, that may now be removed at the rate of two sous "la boite."

Another passion of Parisians is for elegant and expensive canes and walking sticks,—one of the chief adornments of the attractive shops of the numerous passages, and on his taste in the selection of which the "Lion" particularly prides himself. Now, although every Parisian cannot obtain choice bamboos with high varnish, and tipped with amber, turquoise, or topaz, still the inferior article finds favour among the frequenters of the Boulevards and "Variétés;" and the Gamin, knowing this, purchases a cane of questionable quality for a few centimes, and then pushing among the crowds at the entrance of the Passage Panorama, offers it as his "last" for one franc, cord and tassel included, a ruse which accompanied by perseverance, wit, and earnestness, usually succeeds; and the Gamin hurries away to purchase a second, at the same rate, and dispose of it in the same manner.

One of the greatest annoyances in Paris, is the power of each man to make what use he pleases of any part of the pavement of his own city, a system which in a crowded capital, with narrow, dirty streets, and a lounging population, is productive of the worst impediments, both to good temper and good progress. The police of Paris, although so much vaunted, and doubtless admirable in its detective power, seems most singularly subordinate to the will and pleasure of the Parisians; and while in London a poor woman is liable to be brought before the magisterial bench for standing for a moment with her basket of oranges in a crowded thoroughfare, and thereby impeding, if for an instant only, the onward tide of human life, in its activity, the tinker of Paris will bring his forge into the centre of the pavé of a narrow street, and work there unreproved; and the Gamin, with a barrow full of wares, at three sous "la pièce, à prix fixe," will establish himself in the Rue St. Honoré, unchecked by any, and there in a loud voice ring the changeful recommendations on his cups and glasses, his knives and scissors, his ribbons and papers, his coffee pots and tea pots, his saltcellars and his portfolios; or he may be found near the Bourse, with needle cases made by prisoners in the Batignolles, as he avers, or in the Palais Royale, with watches, chains, and cords complete, at 1 franc 25 sous; or on the Pont Neuf with plaster statues of Napoleon, for little more than the glory of selling them; or in the Rue Rivoli, with six quires of paper, a pencil, and a penholder for four sous,—and no one questions his right of road.

Then again, all the world knows the admiration of the Parisians for every product, fashion, and possession of the East; for not only do they hold to their settlements in Algiers, and on the coast of the Red Sea, with the most obstinate tenacity, and seek to fill the bazaars of Constantinople, Cairo, and Damascus, with French goods, manufactured expressly for Asiatic taste, and the adornment of the Turkish and Syrian ladies, but men may be seen entering Parisian theatres in Bedouin cloaks, strolling along the Boulevards, in the Fez, and smoking chiboukes in the cafés; while the very Gamin panders to the universal taste for orientalism, and attiring himself in full trowsers, braided jacket, and well arranged turban, stands behind a little tray, laden with dates, which, in a constrained voice, he offers to the passers by, as "true dates of Africa, gathered by the Arab chiefs! à 3 sous le quart." In the career of commerce nothing but finds value in the eyes of the Gamin; he sells waistcoats on the Boulevards in the morning, sticks of candied sugar at the theatres in the evening, and when even nature deserts him, and he has no voice left with which to eulogise his wares, he signifies the price with his fingers,—but he never abandons his post.

When all Paris works, the Gamin is idle, but when all Paris seeks amusement he labours hard in his vocations. When the Champs Elysées are crowded with groups intent upon recreation, when the wide alleys are lined with the rooms of the fortune-tellers, with the stalls of the lottery makers, with the marks for sportsmen, who at a sous each take their sure aim with the unerring air-gun, with the canopied chairs where each bourgeois may learn his weight, with the sellers of new songs, with the letters of swings and roundabouts, and with the owners of the beautiful goat carriages for the Parisian children,—then the intelligence and activity of our boy is at its height, and right skilful is his deportment. Sometimes standing in front of an

itinerant theatre, he offers his place for one sous profit to any one requiring the best seat, or occasionally he is himself an actor, taking the part of chief, clown, doctor of medicine, or even the heroine of a melodrame, as the case may be. Yet the fête over, he returns to his humbler occupations, triumphing a little, however, in the knowledge he has acquired of building up giants, and manufacturing calves with three heads.

In early summer the Parisians eschew their close and evil-odoured capital, for their chateaus in the provinces, at St. Germain, or even on the coast. By this wise flitting they avoid the dust of the Champs Elysées, the evil scent of twice used chicoree, and the harsh orations of match-sellers and bandbox makers; yet the Gamin follows them every where with his long stride, and pressing attentions; for his existence is essentially nomade—industry and gain the sole deciders of his position.

Would you dismount from your horse, to walk through a fine avenue of flowering orange trees? the Parisian boy is there also, in waiting to hold your rein.

Would you engage a sleek, gay-looking donkey to amble about the park? it is the Parisian boy who demands from you his hire.

It is he who points to the nearest restaurateur for the hungry, the nearest fiacre for the weary, who has the sweetest violets arranged in the prettiest bouquets, the most blooming boughs of May and lilacs, and the rosiest cherries piled in little baskets of the most ingenious forms. The Gamin conforms to all times and all places,—always original, light-hearted, and ingenious, he adapts himself to the world in which he moves, and is buoyed upon its surface, equally unconscious of present want, and unmindful for future provision.

We have endeavoured to describe the Parisian boy as becoming an itinerant merchant, and having something like a small capital for the original purchase of his wares; but the Gamin will sometimes acquire gains without any assistance but his own ingenuity, and this is exemplified in the nail and pipe seller, as well as in those we encounter, when stepping into our carriages at the "Vaudeville" or the "Variétés."

Sometimes, in strolling along the Quais on the banks of the Seine, stopping at the innumerable book-stalls, wondering at the quantity of prints that daily appear there, and admiring the fine effect of the old towers of Notre Dame outlined against the clear blue sky, one looks below, attracted by the gay swimming baths, with their little terraces and gardens, and the pretty St. Cloud steamer, crowded with the pink bonnets of the bourgeoise and the snow-like caps of the grisette. In the midst of this animated scene appears a youthful figure immersed in the river to his chest, with long waving hair falling over his shoulders, and his eyes intently fixed on a large bowl that he bears like a sea shell between his hands. The old Greeks might have taken such a figure for an attendant on the river deity; but we of modern Paris, the most unpoetical city in the world, know it to be a Gamin, who having collected a quantity of mud from the bed of the stream, is now rinsing it with care, not hoping to find gold, or gems, in the sediment, but a collection of old nails, that he will polish and dry, selling them in the Faubourg St. Denis, at six sous the pound. In addition to this gain, he has also spent a cool hour in the noontide of a summer day, and enjoyed a better bath than those who have paid ten sous for it in a wooden house. Returning late in the evening we pass by a celebrated restaurateur's, perhaps, and there again we see a boy in blouse and cap, with a little lantern in his hand and with a small stick indefatigably turning over the piled rubbish, which is one of the tainting abominations of the night and morning air of Paris. What seeks he there? simply the claws of the lobster, which contributed to the rich vol-au-vent, or patty, of the banker, who dined there at seven, and having found, and cleaned them, he fits thereto a little bowl and mouthpiece of wood, and sells his "chiboukes" at fifty centimes, in the nearest passage. You go to a ball, a concert, or the theatre, and fear for the fluttering of your rich dress against the muddy wheel of the vehicle, but there is little danger, for a Gamin is by the side, with a morsel of old tapestry, that has once perhaps been enshrined in the manufactory of the Gobelins, or an old handkerchief, that has once bound the tresses of a beautiful grisette; he spreads it over the wheel, and demands nothing, but "according to the pleasure of madame."

Like all the rest of his fellow citizens, the Parisian boy takes a share in the enjoyment afforded by the fine arts, and there is not an exhibition of paintings nor a concert at which he does not attend; but at the latter he can proceed no farther than the door. Still he listens to, and sometimes even applauds, the musicians, while he disposes of fans at four sous, or an *entr'acte* at two; and having persuaded three or four dandies, who have only looked in for an hour, to bestow on him their "contre marque," he becomes a vender of tickets, and perhaps realizes three or four francs on them, as clear profits. At the annual exhibition of modern artists at the Louvre, the Gamin is sure to be present; but it is to admire the polished floor, the magnificent room, and the showy frames, to all which he considers the paintings as mere accessories, unless indeed they are of the battles of Napoleon, or the portraits of comic actors; for the theatres of the Boulevards are the true arena of our Gamin, who weeps and laughs there by turns, knowing the name of every actor, and passing decided judgment on their talents. He feels intense interest in the success of his favourite theatre, and will applaud a piece most vehemently, through five acts and nine tableaux, more particularly if he has fifty centimes and a ticket as his hire. For music, his taste is greater than for painting, and if he has realized sufficient means, the Gamin buys an old guitar, and drawing near the groups, who, seated on the chairs of the Tuileries Gardens, or the Boulevards, enjoy their ices on a summer's evening, he sings the airs of the last French opera, with a voice good enough to draw many sous from the well-pleased listeners.

The Parisian boy is never embarrassed; he knows that the crowd abhor him, that the omnibus driver rejects him, that his title is a word of contumely among all the garçons of the capital, and that his blouse denies him entrance to a hundred places where he would wish to be; but still the Gamin is never at a loss for pleasure or for profit. Whether as an itinerant merchant, or a troubadour, a seller of matches or of violets, the Gamin devotes his day and evening to labour; and when night comes, seeks the good natured giver of a "contre marque," and laughs over the last vaudeville at his favourite theatre. The Gamin, notwithstanding

that he has all his life affected a contempt for luxury, yet occasionally looks with envy at the occupant of an omnibus, while he himself is half dying with fatigue, or feels some angry mortification at the gens d'armes who refuse him admission to the state apartments of the palace, because his costume consists of a blouse and "casquette" of a very questionable kind; and as the Parisian boy has the weed of ambition mingling with the flowers of his existence, as well as others, he sometimes saves all that he can earn for the purpose of placing himself in that condition where he may wear a three-franc Paris velvet hat, and a Boulevard-made coat of the most eccentric fashion; or, having spent his whole life in selling all sorts of merchandise, he ends occasionally by selling himself, and entering a regiment, changes his butterfly wings for a French uniform, and his liberty of life for utter bondage.

The revolution of July made great alterations in the condition of our heroes, for the equality system of la Jeune France permits a right of entrance to the blouse which the legitimists never permitted. The Gamin may now stroll in the gardens of the Louvre, and present himself on a fête day in the park of St. Cloud; the driver of a "cuckoo" allows him an inside place from the Barrier to St. Denis, and he appears recognised as a French subject, where he was once considered as only an unavoidable evil; the result has been, to make every boy in Paris an imaginary patriot. Thus the Gamins of the Boulevards, with the students of the Polytechnic, swell the insane cries of popular tumult, believing that independence and superiority are best shown by contempt of authority in whatever shape it may appear; and as the Gamins cannot join the war party in the Chamber of Deputies, nor write political squibs against M. Guizot in the "Charivari," he does the most he can, by annoying the Municipal Guard, and is the first in any moment of excitement to shout the Marseillaise and break into the shops of the armourers. The boy of twelve will shriek for electoral reform; and a child still younger will borrow the apron of the grocer who has sold him his marbles, and fixing it to a branch torn from a tree in the Palais Royale, will shout Vive la liberté! through every street in Paris.

I have now endeavoured to afford a brief sketch of the peculiarities that distinguish the Parisian boy; but all who desire to see him and his characteristics at one glance, and to study the most perfect portrait of life that was ever offered through the medium of the stage, should visit Paris, stroll along the Boulevards on some fine summer evening, and entering the little theatre of the Gymnase, see the first actor of his day in the "Gamin de Paris;" for in Bouffé's conception of his part, the stranger will be more acquainted with the peculiarities of this curious portion of French character than if he had devoted months to the study even on the Boulevard du Temple itself; for the actor has caught the wit, the mischief, the agility, the animal spirits, and the real tenderness of the character most completely, and life was never before so clearly reflected by the mirror of imitation.

The Parisian boy has not more morality, perhaps, than a London boy, and yet he seems less disposed to evil. He is laughter-loving and ingenious, but he does not use bad language, nor steal the handkerchiefs of careless strollers. The reason probably is, that necessity does not press so hardly on him. The climate of Paris is better than that of London; and the Gamin can live on a galette, a handful of chesnuts, and a glass of lemonade, while the English boy requires substantial food. It is easy for the rich, those who sit in "easy chairs" by the warm fire, after a good dinner, chatting on the condition of their country, to talk of the demoralization of the lower classes, and the difficulty of detecting imposition in the objects of their charity; but what if the poor shivering creature, who accosted them with pinched features and tearful eyes, *had* a penny loaf in his wallet, at the moment when he claimed their pity as starving? He was but providing against the chance famine of to-morrow, that gaunt and fearful figure that has been glaring upon him for days, and shaken his bony hand at him, as at morning's light he has left the damp cold ground of the park, to beg about the streets of the richest capital of the world, during the long weary hours, fatigue in his limbs, and misery at his heart. But he should work, observes the rich man. Aye, and so he should, for he is of that class of human nature who are born but to labour and to die, and willingly would he fulfil his part. But listen to his tale. He was poor and honest; a shoemaker by trade; his master turned him adrift with many others, when, to defend his own custom, the trader half filled his shop with Parisian goods. The journeyman applied elsewhere, but reduction was the general system; his young wife, a good needlewoman, and well brought up for her rank in life, sought to gain work. For a while she succeeded: day by day, night by night, grudging the three hours rest that nature peremptorily demanded, as the work fell from her wearied hand, the poor woman laboured to earn bread for her husband and her boys. But others must be served as well as she; the warehouseman, her employer, refuses a continuance of the work. The hapless woman weeps and prays, then pines, and sinks away; sorrow, hunger, and disease fulfil their worst; and when the faithful wife and tender mother sinks into the pauper's grave, her boys go forth with their widowed father to beg for the daily bread, which strangers and foreigners seek to snatch from them; while the rich man, scowling on the miserable group, as they prefer their earnest prayer, jostles by, and bids them *work!*

The very character of London life forbids to the boys of the English capital the same means for the acquirement of money by the assistance of mere industry, without interest or capital, that is enjoyed by the boys of Paris. We have no idle, lounging, light-hearted, frivolous crowd, possessing an equal proportion of good humour and centimes, to bestow on the goods of the young merchant, whose wit is their chief recommendation, nor on the Gamin, ever ready to afford some trifling service. The London boy may steal or beg, 'tis true, but he cannot by his own quick wit and unaided efforts, enjoy a bright existence, full of song and laughter, which enables him to bear, even to middle age, that kindliness of nature, common to youth when not hardened by the world, or vitiated by the habitual contact of evil things. Necessity is the great demoralizer of the boy as of the man; for the shrewd, active child, would work or play rather than be helplessly idle, but instinct prompts him not to starve, and even nature teaches him to sin for bread!

The Gamin of Paris is proverbially honest. Entrust him with a case of jewellery, promise him four sous for its conveyance, and it will be safely delivered, unless indeed he loses it as he stops to look at the dancing

figures in the window of the toy-shop, or the print from Horace Vernet's last picture of Algiers: 'tis not, however, his morality that preserves him, but the absence of temptation—for he is not thirsting, hungry, and houseless. He has not to think of his sick, starving mother, or his weeping baby brother, who has not tasted food since the morn of yesterday, and therefore the jewels go safely, for the boy sees not their glitter, nor covets he their cost; he thinks only of the four sous, and the lottery of the next fête.

It is as well to speak to the boy, as to the man, of moral influences, but not as he sits half naked and shivering on a door-step;—it were better then to feed and clothe him, to elevate him from the mere animal, and to give him sympathies with his kind. There would be less crime, and less crime-inducing punishments; and under merciful treatment the boys of London, though never perhaps so witty or so gay as their continental neighbours, might become, as a body, as happy, intelligent, and honest, as our friends, the Gamins of Paris.

MAY-DAY.

AN IRREGULAR LYRIC.

BY AGNOSTOS.

Dear scented May,
This season, pray,
Come deck'd in gear
Which suits the year;
For you,
In lieu
Of green and blossom'd dress,
Arrive too oft *en dishabille*,
And look so comfortless,
We feel
That you've been made
An April fool,
And thus have come arrayed
In dress too cool.
If this year thus—I pray you quick return—
To-day's the first, it is not many miles—
Go back, young May, and do in future learn
To dress yourself in warm and sunny smiles.
But now presuming that you're *really* May,
Clad in your brightest and your best array—
Presuming you are such—then let me sing
One verse to you and to the sweets you bring:
Dear scented May!
Oh! how one loves
The mossy way;
And as one moves,
To feel it gently yielding to the tread,
While ev'ry daisy rears its saucy head,
As though the step had been a kiss;
Not e'en a fleecy cloud obscures the sky,
So deep and blue it seems, as though the eye
Could penetrate the realms of bliss.
The perfume rises from the sweet woodbine—
The dew-drops glisten on the eglantine—
The songsters, midst the fresh clad trees,
Are pouring forth their happy melodies!
The insect world is busy on its wing,
And hums its notes of welcome to the spring,—
All nature smiles with happy life—
The very air is rife
With living myriads all newly born,
To only last the sunshine of the morn.
The sheep-bell tinkles on the distant hill,
The sunlight quivers on the dancing rill,
The cuckoo's note is borne upon the air,
And ev'ry feathered husband starts with fear;
The swallow twitters on his sunny wing—
The lark and thrush in emulation sing,—
The one, ambitious, warbles to the sky,
The other wakes the grove with harmony.
Hark to the ringing of the village bells;
The sound now dies away—now softly swells:
A maiden's voice upon the light air floats,
Alas! too far to catch the tuneful notes:
But no—again they come upon the breeze,
And reach the ear subdued in tones like these:—

All nature now is smiling,
The sun, with cheerful ray,
O'er hill and dale is shining
With brighter light to day;
The skylark is adoring
The beauty of the morn—
To "Heaven's gate" he's soaring,
Proclaiming—May is born.

The daffodil is rearing
Her gold and scented head—
The cowslip is appearing
From her sweet and leafy bed—
True, the vi'let now is fading,
But, tender to the last,
Her own fresh leaves are shading
The beauty which is past.

The happy birds are winging
Their bright and tuneful way,
In chorus they are singing
May's natal roundelay;
Soft echoes are replying,
And each take up the strain,
While just as it is dying
The birds sing forth again.

Country! I lov'd thee from my very soul,
And worshipp'd Nature second to my God.
Oh! for those hours again, when once I stole
Out to the silent night, and gazing stood
Enraptured 'neath the Summer star-lit sky,
And child-like thinking that my feeble prayer

Would sooner reach the azure canopy,
Because no sound disturb'd its passage there.
Country ! I lov'd thee—and that happy time
In mem'ry lives to bid me love thee yet.
Yes, Country ! Nature ! still I call thee mine,
And all thy beauties will I ne'er forget ;
For recollection comes on fancy's wings,
Laden with bygone scenes of happy hours,
And mid the tumult of a city brings
Thy shady glades—the perfume of thy flowers.
But now no more of this—reader, forgive
The short lament I could not well suppress,
And add one sigh to mine, if you, too, live
Far from the scenes of rural loveliness.

Dear scented, now half pouting May,
I see you deem
That I've forgot your natal day,
And idly dream,
Instead of singing of your beauty bright—
Dear one, digression is the Poet's right,—
I've spoken of you, May, when morning's prime
And morning's golden rays your sweets reveal ;
When gaily at thy birth the church bells chime
To welcome you with many a merry peal.
But now the hour is chang'd, and star-light throws
A veil of softened brightness o'er your face :
All nature, hush'd, has sunk into repose,
For night comes gently on with stealthy pace ;
The sky grows studded with a thousand gems
Set in the azure firmament ;
The flowers are crown'd with dewy diadems
Bestow'd by ev'ning for their fragrant scent ;
The moon is rising o'er the sleeping scene,
And one by one the stars withdraw their light,—
They dare not shine so brightly when their Queen
Ascends her throne to rule the realms of night.
So now, dear May, sleep gently, sweetly on—
The bright night folds you in his fond embrace ;
The breezes of the day to rest are gone,
And perfumed air alone floats o'er your face.

London, May 1st.

A NIGHT AMONG THE ISLATAS OF THE RIO GRANDE.

The Rio Grande del Norte, or Great River of the North, is the south-eastern boundary between the republic of Texas and that of Mexico ; and it was while out upon one of the many half-military, half-naval expeditions, which are incident to the service of the former government, that I had an opportunity of seeing the famous Rio Bravo—concerning which I had read and heard so much. It was in the fall of 1842, when, in company with some fifty good Texans, whose intention it was to lie hid, subsisting on hunting until the main body of the expedition fitted out against Matamoros arrived, that I camped out upon the borders of this great river at some distance below Dolores. We took up our position in the centre of a woody district of rather mingled prairie and thicket, which afforded excellent pasture for our horses, and rendered our concealment a matter of comparative ease, while deer, buffalo, and turkeys, with now and then a stray ox or cow, gave us nourishment ample and satisfactory.

Few scenes could be imagined more picturesque than the encampment of this Texan predatory company. The spot selected to pitch our tents, or rather erect our huts, since wigwams composed of the boughs of trees were our habitations, was a narrow little valley, at one end completely choked up by a dense thicket, almost as entangled and impassable as those of the Terra del Fuego. On the northern side of the vale was our line of huts, while in the bottom, and on the southern slope, our horses were carefully hoppled, in order that none of these tamed mustangs might seek to join their wild brethren, which on the eastern bank of the Rio Grande exist in vast droves. On the highest point of the little hill, at the foot of which were our habitations, beneath the shelter of a musqueet bush, was posted a sentinel, to give timely notice of the approach either of friend or foe. With the exception of this man and some half dozen indefatigable hunters, no man did scarcely anything but eat, drink, smoke, and sleep. Here might be seen, lounging over a game of cards, a small party of light-hearted Frenchmen, here a grave couple of Dutchmen hammering away at rounce, there the active Yankee and graver Englishmen disputing hotly as to the relative merits of their two native countries, subjects concerning which the two former sets were so well satisfied as not to deign argument. Immense meals, at which more meat, unaccompanied by bread or vegetable of any kind, was consumed, than an English commissariat department would have judged necessary for six times the number, were the chief varieties in the course of the day ; though now and then a false alarm would set all on foot, when the languor of inaction disappeared in an instant, nations were forgotten (we were all Texans), muskets and rifles clutched, and the reckless daring and bold front which have ever characterised the war-parties of the young republic, was instantly manifest. Once satisfied that we had been deceived, and all sank into its primitive quiet.

It was on the fifth day of our sojourn in these wilds, after much weary time had been spent in waiting for the expected force, that Capt. Karnes, our captain—I being a volunteer from the naval force—proposed a day's fishing on the river, a canoe having been in the said time duly fabricated and prepared for use. I accepted the proffered invitation with much alacrity, as I was peculiarly anxious to see all that could be seen of the river ; and entertaining, as I and all my comrades did, very serious doubts whether the five hundred men under General Burleson would ever arrive, I thought the present as excellent an opportunity as any that could present itself, especially as Capt. Karnes, having been "out west" for several years in succession, knew the whole district better than any man I ever met while in this part of Texas. Having provided ourselves with fishing tackle, provisions, and a poncho or Mexican blanket a piece, not forgetting

our rifles and ample ammunition in case of need, we walked down to our canoe, which lay in a narrow bayou communicating with the Rio Grande. It was from this spot that we took our water; and lower down, between this stream and a larger creek above, were numerous haunts of the deer, so that our hunters had no great distance to travel, a circumstance which to your true Texan is always of vast moment. Why it is, I will not attempt to explain, but laziness and a love for listless inaction are indigenous in this land, and communicate their influence rapidly to all new comers.

Captain Karnes, as guide and cicerone, sat down in the stern sheets and assumed the paddle, which he used with singular alacrity and ease, bringing us in a very few minutes from beneath the shade of the trees which lined the bayou, into the broad muddy stream of the great river, here about a hundred and fifty yards across. Upon emerging thus suddenly from the gloom of the thickly-timbered grove which overshadows the creek, to the broad sheet of open water, I could not refrain from expressing a cry of delight. There was something noble and imposing in the sight of this magnificent but silent highway, especially when one reflects on the vast numerical force of Indians which inhabited its banks, when, in the days of Cortez's successor, a daring priest performed a journey up that river,—Indians now scattered, destroyed, forgotten.

The Rio Grande del Norte, taking its rise near the sources of the Western Colorado, which flows into the Gulf of California, has an estimated course of eighteen hundred miles, with but few tributaries, of which however one is in itself a vastly important stream—the Puerco, about five hundred miles in length, running parallel to the Rio Grande for nearly its whole length, at a distance of about five-and-twenty leagues. The two conjoined then seek an outlet into the Gulf of Mexico, where the Rio Grande is about three hundred yards across, that is, before its mixture with salt water makes it a portion of the sea. From thence up to Loredo, a town two hundred miles from the embouchure, its flow is somewhat dull, the stream being deep and smooth. Not so, however, in the part on which we had entered it; here were rapids, shallows, rocks peering above water, with here deep, there scant water—now a still, quiet spot, and there a current almost sufficient to swamp our frail bark canoe.

No sooner had we pushed into the centre of the stream, and were drifting rapidly by the mere force of the water, than Captain Karnes took occasion to remark, that it was in certain deep pools, on the edge of what is called the first ledge of rocks, that we should find fish and there indeed in an abundance amply sufficient to repay our day's journey. I nodded assent, and gazed curiously at the precipitous banks, the scanty timber, and the noble width of this remote and little-visited river, which doubtless some day, when cleared and improved, will be navigated up to Santa Fè, that most extraordinary and important of the American caravan marts, and the object of the most unfortunate of Texan military expeditions. A somewhat unusually rapid motion of our little canoe drew my attention more immediately to our own position; after rounding a point, and leaving behind us a long and noble reach, we had come suddenly upon the ledge in question, which Karnes informed me crossed the whole river in an oblique direction, from bank to bank, causing at a very low ebb a slight fall, and having on it, at the present moment, about ten or eleven inches of water. It is proposed to cut a channel through this at the western point; but of course very considerable changes in the affairs of Texas must take place ere such things be, though nothing could more tend to strengthen peace than making this river to Texas and New Mexico what the Thames is to England, the Mississippi to Louisiana and the interior states, and the Ganges and Indus to our Indian empire. A log, or "snag," as wood protruding above the water's edge is familiarly called in Texas, rose about the middle of the ledge, and to this Karnes fastened the canoe by its slight painter, and then stepping out upon the rock, proceeded to business. I had a red fish line, while he, aiming only at croakers and such small fry as were abundant, had tackle of various size and character, which he made fast in different positions along the edge of deep water, while I remained quiet in the canoe, waiting until he should capture a fish suitable for bait, and spending the interval in examining the features of the scene. Above I could see but little, since we were just past a curve in the river, which here presented rather the appearance of a lake into which a kind of narrow promontory ran from the west, than of a huge stream which had already run some sixteen hundred miles. This point was loosely covered with trees, amid the boughs of which myriads of birds sang and disported themselves. A rapid motion of the water, with here and there a bubble or a sheet of foam, marked the edge of the ledge, while below, the Rio Grande, at the distance of some half mile or less, appeared to divide and lose itself in numerous narrow and intricate channels, its character of a great river being entirely destroyed to the eye of the cursory observer. Nothing, however, can be conceived more picturesque than the wooded islands which caused this change in the outward guise of the old Rio Bravo, or Rio Grande del Norte, as it is indifferently called.

But Captain Karnes having furnished me with bait, I occupied myself in endeavouring to tempt one of the huge red fish so plentiful in all Mexican rivers to swallow my hook, which was none of the smallest. It was however in vain, for while my companion was rapidly loading the canoe with the result of his piscatory labours, I sat, the representative of patience, getting not even a bite for my pains. It was plain the monsters of the deep were too wide awake by half, and by no means to be caught napping thereabouts; thinking, however, that perchance the locality was unpropitious, I also stepped out upon the rock, being then not up to my knees; and walking towards the shore, cast my line into a pool which appeared stiller and less influenced by the current, than any I had previously happened on. A nibble, a gorge, a fierce tugging at my strong and sound tackle was the almost instant reward of my change of position; and paying out line as fast as the animal would take it, I soon had him pulling with desperate and not despicable strength at my right wrist, around which a loop, according to custom, was fastened, rendering it necessary for your victim to break the cord or be taken. Turning my back upon the animal and making for the bank, I ran as fast as possible towards the

shore, which gained, I transferred the loop to a stump, and pulling in my line, was speedily in possession of a fine red fish, weighing not less than five-and-twenty pounds. Somewhat fatigued by a struggle which had been violent and sturdy, I sat down upon a log, whence I enjoyed a view of both reaches, that in which we were fishing and that which we had previously left, which with the still animated freshwater American salmon at my feet, formed a very agreeable prospect for one whose eyes had long been fatigued with the sight of prairies, which, however sublime in reality, became monotonous from long habit. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed when the jocund and wild song of Mexican boatmen struck on my ears, and casting my eyes in an upward direction, I caught sight of a flat boat, with two masts, carrying flying topsails to catch the breeze above the trees, and pulled by eight sturdy, swarthy and merry Mexicans, and manned by as many more. Here was an *evénement*—enemies close to us, well armed, doubtless, and eight to one. The *odds* were against us, but the *oaks* on the bank, which screened me from observation, in our favour. In two minutes I was beside Karnes; in an equally small space of time we were in the canoe; our fish carefully stowed; our guns ready, and my comrade's paddle in rapid motion, as well as a spare one, which I handled with equal activity, which combined with the force of the current, carried us along with wonderful swiftness. It was a caution if we didn't work.

"We must make for *Las Islatas* I conclude," cried my friend the captain, "and hide until these rascals are passed, though it's considerable agin the grain to let them pass."

"Why, what would you do?" inquired I.

"I should much like to capture 'em,—to circumvent the varmint," replied Karnes, with an awful dig of his paddle in the water, and an anxious glance behind.

"Perhaps they would like to do the same by us," replied I, laughing, and imitating his exertions; "but at all events we can take to cover, and see how things go. Perhaps some chance may turn up."

Las Islatas are a thick cluster of islands which break up the channel of the river, in this place, after the most extraordinary fashion, and creating a very labyrinth of streams, in which any person unacquainted with the locality would lose himself to a certainty, in consequence of the vast number of false channels, bays, inlets, and bights which abound throughout, and affording, at the same time, a very excellent chance of concealment to any small craft which might stand in need of the same shelter that we sought at the present moment. They are of various size, shape, and character, some being mere points jutting out of the water, others assemblages of cane, while others again are wooded and grassy knolls, pleasing to the eye, and peculiarly so to us at this juncture. Leaving the principal channel, which to knowing and experienced pilots leads by a tortuous route through Las Islatas, to our right we entered a small opening between two islands—or what appeared two islands—which ere two minutes had elapsed proved to be a blind bight. To go back, however, was impossible, the Mexicans having turned West Point, and any outward movement of ours would have betrayed our presence. Darting under cover of certain bushes, we drew our canoe close along the shore, landed on a green and grassy bank, grasped our rifles, loosened our powder-horns and bullet-pouches, and waited until the enemy should have passed to return up the river.

"Hang them fellows," said Karnes, energetically, "if they hadn't given us sich a confounded pull up stream, I wouldn't a minded half so much. But mum, the varmint have long ears, like any other jackasses."

By crouching beneath the shelter of a live oak thicket, we could observe their motions unseen ourselves, as soon as they came within the cluster of islands; and upon the spot where we expected them to appear we kept our eyes fixed. The delay which ensued was short; a quarter of an hour or thereabouts brought the flat boat within the narrow channel, one side of which was formed by the very island on which we lay in ambush, when in came the flying topsails; the oars were shipped, the helm put hard-a-port, and the Mexicans were motionless on the banks of the Islatas. Karnes cautiously cocked his rifle—I did the same, my companion whispering, "If them fellows is up to mischief, I conclude to shoot him in the white poncho—you pick out another."

No motion, however, was made towards us, the evidently secure enemy employing themselves in taking ashore such things as were necessary for camping. Karnes' eye lighted up, and his dark brown visage was illumined with pleasurable emotions as he pressed my arm, whispering me to remain where I was in silence, and without motion, while he departed on a bold and daring errand. Knowing well both his intentions and his character, I merely nodded assent, and my companion departed, leaving his rifle beside me, as well as my own, in case I should need arms. So noiseless were his motions I heard not the canoe pushed off, but I felt that I was alone, and turned my head to watch the merry, careless crew of the Mexican flat boat, which, as I heard them plainly say, had been lifted by their united strength over the ledge. Hours passed—their fire blazed cheerfully; they eat, drank, smoked, and laughed, and wondered why a second boat they were waiting to pilot through the Islatas did not arrive. I wondered when Karnes and something eatable would make their joint appearance. Night came on; they slept, not even placing a sentinel, and still I watched, it is true somewhat weary and hungry; but by this time I was a true Texan, and did not mind trifles. It was a lovely night; my warm poncho kept out the cold, and I took my weary watch quite easy. About seven a hand was laid upon my shoulder. I started, my friend said, from a doze, but that I deny—it was Karnes. He was not alone, for twenty stout and well armed volunteers were behind him, having been forded over to the island in his canoe, after a tiresome march down the river's bank. To carry our bark round to the main channel, to ferry over two at a time until at length the whole stood upon the opposite bank, was a few minutes' work, and was done while I devoured an Indian corn cake and a lump of cold venison. We then paused—gazing upon the little knot of sleepers,—we listened to catch the least sound of their taking the alarm;—our strength was, of course, sufficient to cope with treble the number of Mexicans, but as we desired to have no

bloodshed on either side, we used the caution of serpents. Anxious to prevent a conflict, which would doubtless cost the life of friend or foe, I had informed my companions that a second prize was perhaps within hearing of our rifles, and hence, more than from any other feeling, my pugnacious comrades used discretion. A few minutes well improved sufficed to surround the camp, and to possess ourselves of the arms and accoutrements of the Mexicans, who then, rudely awoke, offered no resistance whatever to the completion of our conquest, suffering themselves to be bound two and two with the characteristic calm of men whose Indian blood was unmixed, though they spoke a rude kind of Spanish.

There was, however, an exception to this rule in the person of the old *ranchero*, a half-breed, who owned the boat and its contents. Drawing himself up to his full height, and wrapping his gay-coloured Mexican blanket around his dark form, he exclaimed :—

"*Madre de Dios*, hidalgos, what are you about to do with me? Take my life, if you take my goods."

"We want not your life, friend," replied Captain Karnes; "we are but a furraging party in advance of the Texan army, and being hungry, have concluded to chaw you up. But I reckon this is waste of words, let us take a slantindicular spy at the boat."

An examination was accordingly made, when the unwieldy flat was found to contain ample store of Indian corn, deer hams, and jerked beef in abundance, poultry and eggs, &c. intended for Matamoros, but which, under existing circumstances, and according to the maxim of—

> "Let them take who have the power,
> And let them keep who can,"

were, we felt it acutely, much more suitably bestowed upon ourselves.

"Texan thieves, robbers, pilfering vagabonds," cried the master of the boat; "do you intend to take all?"

"All," replied the imperturbable Karnes.

"And think yourself mighty lucky, my good fellow," put in a tall Kentuckian volunteer, "we don't pay our debts to Santa Anna, on the body of every catawampous Mexican we spy out in the land."

The Mexican shuddered. The ferocious and cold-blooded murders of the military despot who rules the destinies of Mexico were too fresh in the memory of all parties not to excite a fear in the minds of our prisoners, that the mere remembrance of these atrocities might stir up angry passions which blood alone would allay.

"Aye!" said Karnes, addressing the Mexican in a fierce tone, "be silent, and reckon your body in mighty tall case this night, that thim hams can pay ransom for it."

"Come, come! Karnes," interrupted I, beginning to fear the excitement of wild emotions in my companions, "the old gentleman has lost his freight and cargo, ship and crew, and I've known less make a naval officer crusty. You must excuse his temper."

I spoke in Spanish, and both Karnes and his prisoner laughed at my dubbing the latter a brother of the ocean, when the former added :—

"Oh, if you take him under your wing, cap'n—as a brother seaman, I walk my chalks, and am mum."

About an hour elapsed ere the second boat arrived; and this fell into our hands, by a little management, even more quietly than the former, and was found to be equally rich in eatables. The night was passed upon the spot; and next morning, landing our well-bound prisoners—thirty-two in number—we secured them two by two in long double file; on each side of which marched an armed party of ten men, severally commanded by Karnes and your humble servant. Our entrance into the camp was made amid uproarious applause, which, having subsided, a party of horsemen were despatched to fetch the provender, which was welcomed with great joy and goodwill, there being not a man in our company who was not heartily tired of the rude fare which had for nearly two months been the general lot.

Three days later a courier from Corpus Christi came in with despatches from General Burleson, informing us that the expedition was given up, as sufficient volunteers had not offered themselves, and warning us that General Woll was out scouring the frontier with a force far too great for us to cope with. Liberating our prisoners, and loading our horses with as much provisions as they could well carry, we were soon lost to the sight of the free and delighted Mexicans, who stood gazing at us from the hill on which our camp had stood, until the last straggler disappeared within the arches of a forest, through which a trail led to the sea.

THE SKYLARK DESCENDING.

Why dost thou quit thy pathway in the air,
And downward to the lowly vale repair?
O wherefore droop'st thou with an earthward pinion,
When the sky seemeth thine own proud dominion?
Thou king of song! art weary of thy reign,
That thus thou sinkest unto earth again?
O were it mine thine upward flight to share,
My worldly longings should be brief and rare;
I would forget all, all that doth belong
To care and sorrow, in one glorious song.
The forms of beauty, and the tones of mirth,
These should not tempt me to return to earth;
Then wherefore droop'st thou on thy glory's track?
What is the mighty power that draws thee back?
Is it the coolness of our shadowy bowers,
The lake's broad mirror, or gay-tinted flowers,
Are these thy tempters? no, on earth's green breast
Thou seekest only thine own lowly nest;
Thine *own* rude nest! and could I ask thee why
Thou leav'st thy path of brightness in the sky?
Fame, honour, praise, these greet thee up above,
But on the earth alone canst thou find *love!*

Catherine Parr.

NEW BOOKS.

THE HEIMSKRINGLA; OR, CHRONICLE OF THE KINGS OF NORWAY. By SAMUEL LAING. *Longman & Co.*

IT is some time since literature has had so valuable an addition made to its enduring stores, as this work —"a translation from the Icelandic of Snorro Sturleson." Intimately as it is connected with the development of the Anglo-Saxon character, and, therefore, a part and parcel of the early history of Englishmen, the work was, in a popular sense, wholly unknown; to Mr. LAING the British public is indebted for this most valuable, most interesting book. His previous labours in Norway and Sweden, his intimate knowledge of the characters of their people; his enthusiasm, directed and sustained by philosophical intelligence and unwearied industry, all give warranty of the fidelity of the English version of the Heimskringla (the world's circle) to its Icelandic original.

The *Preliminary Discourse* is a masterpiece of philosophical inquiry; and the new light it sheds upon our own early history will, we doubt not, surprise many a reader, to the present time wholly unconscious of the debt of intelligence which England, up to the 19th century, owes to Iceland. Mr. Laing truly observes that the Danes and Northmen of the 9th century were, in their social state and institutions, the self-same people as were the Anglo-Saxons, when in the 5th century they first landed on the Isle of Thanet:—

"Historians do not sufficiently consider the powerful moral influence of this fresh infusion, in the 10th century, of the same spirit, from the same original source, upon the character, ideas, and even forms of government and social arrangements of the whole English population in the subsequent generations, and through them upon the whole of modern society. They do not sufficiently appreciate the social effects of the settlements of these Northmen in England immediately previous to the Norman conquest, when for four generations of kings, viz. Swein, Canute, Harald, and Hardicanute, they had been sole masters of the country, and had possessed and held under their own Danish laws, for many previous generations, what was reckoned equal to one third of all England. The renovation of Anglo-Saxon institutions, the revival of principles and social spirit which were exhausted in the old Anglo-Saxon race, may be traced to this fresh infusion from the cognate northern people. This subject is very curious and important."

The moral influence of the Northmen, Mr. Laing truly observes, is in activity at the present hour in European society:—

"The history of modern civilisation resolves itself, in reality, into the history of the moral influences of these two nations. All would have been Roman in Europe at this day in principle and social arrangement,—Europe would have been, like Russia or Turkey, one vast den of slaves, with a few rows in its amphitheatre of kings, nobles, and churchmen, raised above the dark mass of humanity beneath them, if three boats from the north of the Elbe had not landed at Ebbsfleet in the Isle of Thanet fourteen hundred years ago, and been followed by a succession of similar boat expeditions of the same people, marauding, conquering, and settling, during six hundred years, viz. from 449 to 1066. All that men hope for of good government and future improvement in their physical and moral condition—all that civilised men enjoy at this day of civil, religious, and political liberty—the British constitution, representative legislature, the trial by jury, security of property, freedom of mind and person, the influence of public opinion over the conduct of public affairs, the Reformation, the liberty of the press, the spirit of the age—all that is or has been of value to man in modern times as a member of society, either in Europe or in the New World, may be traced to the spark left burning upon our shores by these northern barbarians.

"Our English writers and readers direct their attention too exclusively to the Anglo-Saxon branch of this great Teutonic race of people, and scarcely acknowledge the social influence of the admixture of their Danish conquerors,—of that fresh infusion in the 10th century, from the same original stock, of the original spirit, character, and social institutions. The schoolman and the political antiquary find it classical or scholarlike to trace up to obscure intimations, in the treatise of Tacitus on the ancient Germans, the origin of parliaments, trial by jury, and all other free institutions, assuming somewhat gratuitously that the seafaring Saxons, who four hundred years after the days of Tacitus, crossed the sea from the countries north of the Elbe, and conquered England, were identical in laws and social institution with the forest Germans on the Rhine whom Tacitus describes; and forgetting that a much nearer and more natural source of all the social elements they are tracing back to the forests of Germany in the time of Agricola, was to be found in full vigour among the people who had conquered and colonised the kingdoms of Northumberland and East Anglia, reckoned equal then to one third of England, and had held them for several generations, and who conquered and ruled over all England for nearly half a century immediately previous to its final conquest by their own Norman kinsmen. The spirit, character, and national vigour of the old Anglo-Saxon branch of this people, had evidently become extinct under the influence and pressure of the church of Rome upon the energies of the human mind. This abject state of the mass of the old Christianised Anglo-Saxons, is evident from the trifling resistance they made to the small piratical bands of Danes or Northmen who infested and settled on their coasts. It is evident that the people had neither energy to fight, nor property, laws, or institutions to defend, and were merely serfs on the land of nobles, or of the church, who had nothing to lose by a change of masters. It is to the renewal of the original institutions, social condition, and spirit of Anglo-Saxon society, by the fresh infusion of these Danish conquerors into a very large proportion of the whole population in the 11th century—and not to the social state of the forest Germans in the 1st century—that we must look for the actual origin of our national institutions, character, and principles of society, and for that check of the popular opinion and will upon arbitrary rule which grew up by degrees, showing itself even in the first generation after William the Conqueror, and which slowly but necessarily produced the English constitution, laws, institutions, and character."

The Anglo-Saxons had, observes Mr. Laing, been tamed down by the church influence and superstition of five centuries, when these Danes and Northmen revivified them with new energy. Nor was this activity of purpose confined solely to arms; they had a literature of their own when the Anglo-Saxons were trammelled by the Latin of monks:—

"It might be surmised by a philosophic reader of the history of those times, that all the vigorous action and energy of mind of these barbarous Danes or Northmen could not be showing itself only in deeds of daring enterprize abroad,—that some of it must be expending itself at home, and in other arts and uses than those of a predatory warfare. It will not, at least, surprise such a reader that some of this mental power was applied at home in attempts, however rude, at history and poetry; but he will be surprised to find that those attempts surpass, both in quality and quantity, all that can be produced of Anglo-Saxon literature during the same ages, either in the Anglo-Saxon language or in the Latin. These literary attempts also, or, to

give them their due title, this body of literature, is remarkably distinguished from that of the Anglo-Saxons, or of any other people of the same period, by being composed entirely in the native national tongue, and intended to instruct or amuse an audience of the people; and not in a dead language, and intended merely for the perusal of an educated class in the monasteries. With the exception of Theodoric the Monk, who wrote in Latin in the time of King Swerrer, viz. between 1177 and 1202, a history of the kings of Norway down to the end of the reign of Sigurd the Crusader in 1130, and who appears to have been a foreigner, all the literary attempts among this northern branch of the one great race, during the five centuries in which the other branch, the Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon, was confining all intellectual communication in history or poetry to Latin, and within the walls of the cloisters, were composed in the vernacular tongue of the country, intelligible to, and indeed altogether addressed to, the people of all classes. This singular instance in Europe of a national literature diffused among a barbarous and rude people, who had not even received the civilisation which accompanies the Christian religion under every form, before the beginning of the twelfth century, who were pagans in short fully five hundred years after every other part of Europe was, with the exception of some districts perhaps on the coasts of the Baltic, fully Christianised, has not been sufficiently considered by historians in estimating the influence of literature on national mind, character, and social arrangement. To the influence of this rude national literature we probably owe much of what we now pride ourselves upon as the noblest inheritance from our forefathers,—that national energy, activity, independence of mind, and value for civil and political freedom, which distinguish the population of England from that of all other countries, and have done so ever since the admixture of the Northmen with the old Anglo-Saxons. It may be said that the influence of sagas or songs, of the literature, such as it may be, upon the spirit and character of a people, is overstated, and that it is but a fond exaggeration, at any rate, to dignify with the title of a national, influential literature, the rude traditionary tales and ballads of a barbarous pagan population. But a nation's literature is its breath of life, without which a nation has no existence, is but a congregation of individuals. However low the literature may be in its intellectual merit, it will nationalise the living materials of a population into a mass animated with common feeling. During the five centuries in which the Northmen were riding over the seas, and conquering wheresoever they landed, the literature of the people they overcame was locked up in a dead language, and within the walls of monasteries. But the Northmen had a literature of their own, rude as it was; and the Anglo-Saxon race had none, none at least belonging to the people."

The principal Anglo-Saxon writers, down to the time of Snorro Sturleson, wrote in Latin,—not in the language of the people. What was the result? The intelligence of society was confined to the few; the mass were kept in social slavery by ignorance:—

"This separation of the mind and language, and of the intellectual influence of the upper educated classes, from the uneducated mass of the Anglo-Saxon people, on the Continent as well as in England, by the barrier of a dead language, forms the great distinctive difference between the Anglo-Saxons and the Northmen; and to it may be traced much of the difference in the social condition, spirit, and character of the two branches of the Teutonic or Saxon race at the present day. It is but about a century ago, about 1740, that this barrier was broken down in Germany, and men of genius or science began to write for the German mind in its own German language. With the exception of Luther's translation of the Bible, little or nothing had been written before the 18th century for the German people in the German tongue. That beautiful language itself had become so Latinised by the use and application of Latin in all business and intellectual production—a circumstance which both Goëthe and Jean Paul Richter, its greatest masters, deplore—that it was, and to a considerable degree remains in the present times, a different language in writing from the spoken vernacular tongue of the people of Germany. They have to acquire it, as, in some sort, a dead language to them, to understand and enter into the meaning and spirit of their own best writers. Their Plat Deutch, the spoken tongue of the mass of the people, does not merely differ as our Scotch, Yorkshire, or Somersetshire dialects differ from English, only in tone of voice, pronunciation, and in the use of a few obsolete words; but in construction and elements, from the too great admixture of foreign elements from the Latin into the cultivated German. A striking proof of this is, that no sentiment, phrase, popular idea, or expression from the writings of Lessing, Goëthe, Schiller, Richter, or any other great German writer, is ever heard among the lower classes in Germany, the peasants, labouring people, and uneducated masses; while, with us, sentiments, expressions, phrases, from Shakspeare, Pope, Burns, Swift, De Foe, Cobbett,—from Cervantes, Le Sage, Moliere,—have crept into common use and application, as proverbial sayings circulating among our totally uneducated classes, who certainly never read those authors, but have caught up from others what is good and natural, because the thought is expressed in language which they are as familiar with as the writer was himself. In our branch of the Saxon race, the intellectuality of the educated class has always worked downwards through a language common to all. The moral influence of this uninterrupted circulation of ideas from the highest to the lowest is very striking in our social condition, and in that of all the people descended from the Northmen, the younger branch of the great Anglo-Saxon race. Under every form of government, whether despotic as in Denmark, aristocratic as in Sweden, democratic as in the United States, or mixed as in England, they are, under all circumstances, distinguished from the other, the old Anglo-Saxon branch, by their strong nationality and distinct national characters. What is this but the diffusion of one mind, one spirit, one mode of thinking and doing, through the whole social body of each of these groups, by a common language and literature, such as it may be, giving one shape and tone to the mind of all?"

Of the origin and purpose of the Scalds:—

"Before the introduction or general diffusion of writing, it is evident that a class of men whose sole occupation was to commit to memory and preserve the laws, usages, precedents, and details of all those civil affairs and rights, and to whose fidelity in relating former transactions implicit confidence could be given, must of necessity have existed in society—must have been in every locality; and from the vast number and variety of details in every district, and the great interests of every community, must have been esteemed and recompensed in proportion to their importance in such a social state. This class were the scalds—the men who were the living books, to be referred to in every case of law or property in which the past had to be applied to the present. Before the introduction of Christianity, and with Christianity the use of written documents, and the diffusion, by the church establishment, of writing in every locality, the scald must have been among the pagan landowners what the parish priest and his written record were in the older Christianised countries of Europe. In these all civil affairs were in written record either of the priest or the lawyer; and the scalds, in these Christianised countries, were merely a class of wandering troubadours, poets, story-tellers, minnesingers, entertained, like the dwarfs, court-jesters, or jugglers, by the great barons at their castles, for the entertainment which their songs, music, stories, or practical jokes might afford. Here, in this pagan country, they were a necessary and most important element in the social structure. They were the registrars of events affecting property, and filled the place and duty of the lawyer and scribe in a society in which law was very complicated; the succession to property, through affinity and family connexion, very intricate, from the want of family surnames, and the equal rights of all children; and in which a priesthood like that of the church of Rome, spread over the country, and acquainted more or less with letters, the art of writing, and law, was totally wanting. The scalds of the north disappeared at once when Christian priests were established through the country. They were superseded in their utility by men of education, who knew the art of writing; and the country had no feudal barons to maintain such a class for amusement only. We hear little of the scalds after the first half of the 12th century; and they are not quoted at all in the portion of Magnus Erlingsson's reign given by Snorro Sturleson within the 12th century."

The Scalds were, almost exclusively, of Iceland; a triumphant evidence of the intellectual superiority of that country over the greater part of Christianized Europe:—

"Every person in every expedition was udal born to something at home,—to the kingdom, or to a little farm; and this class were the recorders of the vested rights of individuals, and of family alliances, feuds, or other interests, when written record was not known. For many generations after the first Northmen settled in England or Normandy, it must, from the uncertain issue of their hostilities with the indigenous inhabitants, have been matter of deep interest to every individual to know how it stood with the branch of the family in possession of the piece of udal land in the mother-country to which he also was udal born, that is, had certain eventual rights of succession; and whether to return and claim their share of any succession which may have opened up to them in Norway must have been a question with settlers in Northumberland, Normandy, or Iceland, which could only be solved by the information derived from such a class as the scalds. Before the clergy by their superior learning extinguished the vocation of this class among the Northmen, the scalds appear to have been frequently employed also as confidential messengers or ambassadors; as, for instance, in the proposal of a marriage between Olaf King of Norway and the daughter of King Olaf of Sweden, and of a peace between the two countries to be established by this alliance. The scalds, by their profession, could go from court to court without suspicion, and in comparative safety; because, being generally natives of Iceland, they had no hereditary family feuds with the people of the land, no private vengeance for family injuries to apprehend; and being usually rewarded by gifts of rings, chains, goblets, and such trinkets, they could, without exciting suspicion, carry with them the tokens by which, before the art of writing was common in courts, the messenger who had a private errand to unfold was accredited. When kings or great people met in those ages they exchanged gifts or presents with each other, and do so still in the East; and the original object of this custom was that each should have tokens known to the other, by which any bearer afterwards should be accredited to the original owner of the article sent with him in token, and even the amount of confidence to be reposed in him denoted. We, with writing at command, can scarcely perhaps conceive the shifts people must have been put to, when even the most simple communication or order had to be delivered *vivâ voce* to some agent who was to carry it, and who had to produce some credential or token that he was to be believed. Every act of importance between distant parties had to be transacted by tokens. Our wonder and incredulity cease when we consider that such a class of men as those who composed and transmitted this great mass of saga literature were evidently a necessary element in the social arrangements of the time and people, and, together with their literature or traditional songs or stories, were intimately connected with the material interests of all, and especially of those who had property and power. They were not merely a class of wandering poets, troubadours, or story-tellers, living by the amusement they afforded to a people in a state too rude to support any class for their intellectual amusement only. The scalds, who appear to have been divided into two classes,—poets, who composed or remembered verses in which events were related, or chiefs and their deeds commemorated; and saga-men, who related historical accounts of transactions past or present,—were usually, it may be said exclusively, of Iceland.

"It is usually considered a wonderful and unaccountable phenomenon in the history of the middle ages, that an island like Iceland, producing neither corn nor wood, situated in the far north, ice-bound in part even in summer, surrounded by a wild ocean, and shaken and laid waste by volcanic fire, should, instead of being an uninhabited land, or inhabited only by rude and ignorant fishermen, have been the centre of intelligence in the north, and of an extensive literature. It is wonderful: but, if we consider the causes, the phenomenon is naturally and soberly accounted for. Iceland was originally colonised by the most cultivated and peaceful of the mother country; the nobility and people of the highest civilisation then in the north flying, in the ninth century, and especially after the battle of Hafursfiord, from what they considered the tyranny of Harald Haarfager, and the oppression of the feudal system which he was attempting to establish in Norway. It was an emigration from principle. The very poor and ignorant, and those who merely sought gain without any higher motive for their emigration, could not go to Iceland; because a suitable vessel, with the necessary outfit and stock, could only be afforded by people of the highest class, and they only had to dread the jealousy and power of Haarfager. Their friends, retainers, housemen, and servants attached to their families, went with them; but the *landnammen*, the *origines gentis*, were the sons and brothers of the nobles and kings, as they were called, who from the very same cause, the dread and hatred of Haarfager's power, went out to plunder and conquer on the coasts of England and France. At the very same period that Rolf Ganger set out on his expedition, which ended in the conquest of Normandy, one of his brothers sought a peaceful asylum in the uninhabited Iceland; and the more peaceful of the higher class in those days were, we may presume, the most civilised and cultivated of their age. New England, perhaps, and Iceland, are the only modern colonies ever founded on principle, and peopled at first from higher motives than want or gain; and we see at this day a lingering spark in each of a higher mind than in populations which have set out from a lower level. The original settlers in Iceland carried with them whatever there was of civilisation or intelligence in Norway; and for some generations at least were free from the internal feuds, and always were free from the external wars and depredations on their coasts, which kept other countries in a state of barbarism."

Even at the present day, the intellectual condition of Iceland—as shown in the subjoined—will, we doubt not, surprise many a reader:—

"The Icelandic youth prepare themselves now for a learned profession, as the scalds did 800 years ago, exactly from the same intellectual impulse, although in a different field; and the movement of the public mind towards intellectual occupation appears to have remained in this small community unchanged, undiminished, and only less visible because it is not now the only community in the north with the same movement. The continued tendency of mind in Iceland to literary pursuits appears when we compare them, in numbers not exceeding at present 56,000 individuals, with any equal number of the British population. The Icelanders had a printing-press among them in the first half of the 16th century; and many works in Latin and in Icelandic have been printed at Skalholt, Holen, and other places. The counties of Orkney and Shetland, with an equal population,—of Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, with probably double the population,—have not at this day any such intellectual movement, or any press that could print a book, or any book produced within themselves to print. The whole Celtic population in Scotland, since the beginning of time, never produced in their language a tithe of the literature that has been composed and printed in Icelandic by the Icelanders for their own use within this century. The modern literature of Iceland, or even its saga literature, may not be considered by the critic of a very high class or value, or of merit in itself; but, in judging of the intellectuality of a people, the philosopher will regard its amount and diffusion as of much more importance than its quality. That belongs to the author, and measures merely the genius and talents of the individual: the amount and diffusion measure the intellectual condition of the society. Apply this measure to any town or county in Great Britain of 56,000 inhabitants, and we will find little reason to boast of a more advanced intellectual condition among us than that which the Icelanders appear to retain at this day from bygone times, when an intellectual character was impressed on the public mind in their small community by the scalds; and little reason to believe that the monkish historians of the Anglo-Saxons, in the same ages in which the scalds flourished, have left more deep or influential traces of their literature in the parts of Europe in which they were the only men engaged in those ages in intellectual occupation, than the scalds have done in the narrow circle in which alone they could have influence on posterity."

Of Odin and the two Eddas:—

"Of the doctrine, institutions, and forms of the religion o Odin, we have but few memorials. There are two Eddas. The older Edda is that which was composed or compiled by Sæmund, and of it only three fragments are extant. The one is called the 'Voluspa,' or the Prophecy of Vola. In the Scotch words 'spæ-wife,' and in the English word 'spy,' we retain words derived from the same root, and with the same meaning, as the word 'spa' of the Voluspa. The second fragment is called 'Havamal,' or the High Discourse; the third is the Magic, or Song of Odin. The Voluspa gives an account by the prophetess

of the actions and operations of the gods; a description of chaos; of the formation of the world; of giants, men, dwarfs; of a final conflagration and dissolution of all things; and of the future happiness of the good, and punishment of the wicked. The Havamal is a collection of moral and economical precepts. The Song of Odin is a collection of stanzas in celebration of his magic powers. The younger Edda, composed 120 years after the older, by Snorro Sturleson, is a commentary upon the Voluspa; illustrating it in a dialogue between Gylfe, the supposed contemporary of Odin, under the assumed name of Ganglr, and three divinities,—Har (the High), Jafnhar (equal to the High), and Thriddi (the Third),—at Asgard (the abode of the gods, or the original Asiatic seat of Odin), to which Gylfe had gone to ascertain the cause of the superiority of the Asiatics. Both the Eddas appear to have been composed as hand-books to assist in understanding the names of the gods, and the allusions to them in the poetry of the scalds: not to illustrate the doctrine of the religion of Odin. The absurd and the rational are consequently mingled. Many sublime conceptions, and many apparently borrowed by Sæmund and Snorro from Christianity,—as for instance the Trinity with which Gangler converses,—are mixed with fictions almost as puerile as those of the classical mythology. The genius of Snorro Sturleson shines even in these fables. In the grave humour with which the most extravagantly gigantic feats of Thor at Utgaard are related and explained, Swift himself is not more happy; and one would almost believe that Swift had the adventures of Thor and the giant Utgaard Loke before him when he wrote of Brobdignac. The practical forms or modes of worship in the religion of Odin are not to be discovered from the Eddas, nor from the sagas which the two Eddas were intended to illustrate. It is probable that much has been altered to suit the ideas of the age in which they were committed to writing, and of the scribes who compiled them."

We have no doubt that many of our "great English nobility" will be surprised at the following. It will, we think, be news to them:—

"Some of our great English nobility and gentry leave their own splendid seats, parks, and estates in England, to enjoy shooting and fishing in Norway for a few weeks. They are little aware that they are perhaps passing by the very estates which their own ancestors once ploughed,—sleeping on the same spot of this earth on which their forefathers, a thousand years ago, slept, and were at home; men, too, as proud then of their high birth, of their descent, through some seven-and-twenty generations, from Odin, or his followers the Godar, as their posterity are now of having 'come in with or before the Conqueror.' The common traveller visiting this land destitute of architectural remains of former magnificence, without the temples and classical ruins of Italy, or the cathedrals and giant castles of Germany, will yet feel here that the memorials of former generations may be materially insignificant, yet morally grand. These little farms and houses, as they stand at this day, were the homes of men whose rude but just and firm sense of their civil and political rights in society, is, in the present times, radiating from the spark of it they kindled in England, and working out in every country the emancipation of mankind from the thraldom of the institutions which grew up under the Roman empire, and still cover Italy and Germany, along with the decaying ruins of the splendour, taste, magnificence, power, and oppression of their rulers."

With the following picturesque description of a viking's war-ship, we close our extracts from this admirable book:—

"One of these long low war-ships of the vikings, with a gilded head representing a dragon on the stem, and a gilded representation of its tail at the stern curling over the head of the steersman, with a row of shining red and white shields hung over the rails all round from stem to stern, representing its scaly sides, and thirty oars on each side giving it motion and representing its legs, must have been no inapt representation of the ideal figure of a dragon creeping over the blue calm surface of a narrow gloomy fiord, sunk deep, like some abode for unearthly creatures, between precipices of bare black rock, which shut out the full light of day. Dragon was a name for a class or size of war-ships, but each had its own name. The Crane, the Little Serpent, the Long Serpent, the Bison, and other vessels of about thirty banks for rowers, are mentioned; and vessels of from twenty to twenty-five banks appear to have been common among the considerable bonders, and cutters of ten or fifteen banks to have been the ordinary class of vessels of all who went on sea. A vessel of thirty or thirty-four banks for rowers would have that number of oars out on each side, and not fifteen or seventeen only on each side; because the breadth of such a vessel would be sufficient to give two rowers, sitting midships, a sufficient length of lever between their hands and the fulcrum at the gunwales on either side, to wield and work any length of oar that could be advantageous; but in the smaller class of vessels of ten or fifteen oars it is likely that one oar only was worked on each bank, as in our men-of-war's boats, the whole breadth of the vessel being required for the portion of the lever or oar within the fulcrum or gunwale. Under the feet of the rowers, in the waist of the vessel, the chests of arms, stones for casting, provisions, clothing, and goods have been stowed, and protected by a deck of moveable hatches. Upon this lower deck the crew appear to have slept at night, sheltered from the weather by a tilt or awning, when not landed and under tents on the beach for the night. Ship-tents are mentioned in the outfit of vessels as being of prime necessity, as much as ship-sails."

We have confined our extracts to the Preliminary Discourse, in the hope and the belief that, by proving the great intellectual debt which the Anglo-Saxons owed to their conquerors — hitherto deemed more savage than the men they subdued—we should the more surely awaken a desire in the reader to consult the "Heimskringla"—the national work of Iceland; a work abounding with the most extraordinary evidences of the literature and the arts of a people hitherto neglected, almost wholly unknown.

CONCORDANCE TO SHAKSPERE. By Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE. *Charles Knight.*

IT is with pleasure that we call the attention of the reader to this work, which, from the specimen pages forwarded to us, promises that excellence, of which, indeed, the name of CHARLES KNIGHT, especially in all things Shaksperean, is a sufficient guarantee. To no publisher does the world owe a greater debt than to him. We quote the following from the Prospectus to this his last Shaksperean publication:—

"It is superfluous to dwell upon the immense value of a Concordance to Shakspere; it has long been a desideratum in the literary world: and no one who has hunted through five long acts, nay even through many out of the thirty-seven plays, for a passage to which he has only some vague guide in the recollection of a mere word, but will eagerly welcome a work which will enable him to turn at once to the very quotation desired.

"Were proof needful of the existing want of such a work, the bare circumstance of so many attempts having been already made sufficiently establishes the fact. Twiss's book, though a very correct index in its way, yet, from the nature of its references, gives no idea whatever of the *context* to the word which may be required; and the mere array of so many single letters and figures is formidably puzzling to a person searching for a passage. Ayscough's, on the contrary, though it gives the context, yet is so limited as to form merely what he states it to be, a *selection* of the most remarkable passages.

"The achievement of a work such as would combine every requisite of distinct reference and completeness, demanded much time and labour, and above all, much persevering enthusiasm, as it was a task which, though in its spirit delightful, yet in its detail was fatiguing."

The time, labour, and enthusiasm demanded by such an undertaking—so far as we can judge from the specimen pages before us—appear to have been devoted to the fullest by Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE,—a most familiar name, by the way, to the lovers of Chaucer and the early poets.

Biographical Illustrations of St. Paul's Cathedral. By George Lewis Smyth.—Biographical Illustrations of Westminster Abbey. By the same Author. *Whittaker & Co.*

The writer of these books has established a claim to the thanks of all who desire to make themselves acquainted with the history of those renowned persons whose monuments have suggested the subjects of the "Illustrations." Much has been written concerning Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral; but, popularly speaking, little is known respecting the origin of these noble edifices. The events which led to the foundation of the Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral—the long course of time occupied, and money expended, in completing the mighty structures—the difficulties which beset the labourers employed in the undertaking—and the various uses to which the buildings have from time to time been appropriated—are matters of which a large mass of the community are totally ignorant.

It must be admitted that Mr. Smyth has most ably accomplished his purpose; the language adopted being remarkably lucid, and the subject-matter judiciously arranged. After a description of the rise, progress, and fall of the old cathedral of St. Paul's, Mr. Smyth states that—

"The first stone of the new cathedral was laid June 21, 1675, during the reign of Charles II., and the choir was opened for divine service on the day of thanksgiving for the peace of Ryswick, December 2, 1697. So commendable an instance of public spirit and personal ability cannot be too often referred to as an example to other days. St. Peter's at Rome, which is the only compeer in the world with the metropolitan church of Great Britain, occupied 145 years in building, and twelve successive architects were required to complete it: St. Paul's was finished in forty years, under the presidency of one bishop of London, and the direction of one architect. The parliamentary grants for this purpose were increased by a tax levied on all coals imported into London, and still further enlarged by the contributions of private individuals. This liberality amply redeemed the promises held out in the instructions given to the architect at the commencement of his labours, and which enjoined him to frame a design handsome and noble, suitable to all the ends of religion, to the expectations of the city, and the reputation of the country at large; and to take it for granted that money would be provided to accomplish the purpose. The whole expense of the building, according to the estimate in Sir H. Ellis's edition of Dugdale's St. Paul's, amounted to 736,752*l.* 2*s.* 3½*d.*"

The "Biographical Illustrations" which follow the historical sketches of the two edifices (the object being the same in both books) are intended as memoirs of the lives of the more eminent persons buried or commemorated within the walls. These are given according to the order of time, so that the two books combined form a miniature cyclopædia of biography, with a chronological account of the most memorable events in English history. The writer has noted down the various immortal personages to whom the statues and monuments are dedicated, and has made the most diligent research into the history of their earthly pilgrimage, with the view of allotting to each a separate chapter in his works. The intention was a wise one; for who, passing through the aisles of a cathedral, is not willing to learn something respecting the high and ennobling deeds achieved by such great men as have won for themselves monumental tributes to their worth and excellence?

If, instead of purchasing a sixpenny catalogue of the collection of antiquities and curiosities to be seen in the exhibitions at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, (we say *exhibitions* advisedly, since we are obliged to pay for witnessing what the nation has done for itself,) the visiters to these places of resort would possess themselves of Mr. Smyth's books, they might, whilst surveying the images, hold "sweet communion" with the realities: to gaze upon a statue, and at the same time to have the means of learning why that statue has been erected, is surely "a consummation devoutly to be wished." But the works in question present a stronger recommendation than any we have mentioned—viz. that those who are fated to sedentary occupations, or are unwilling to travel for their information, may by a perusal of these pages know as much as if they spent a whole day in company with the statues. They may, at a glance, learn the exact spot where each object of notice is situated, how long it has been placed there, and the circumstances in the eventful life of every person whose name is thus immortalized. The contents of each book are arranged in methodical order, so that the reader is not compelled to look through a long succession of pages ere he can obtain information upon any particular point. The period at which the various wise men lived has been the author's guide in the compilation of his books; and he has contrived to begin with an account of the monuments of earliest date, and to end with a description of some which were erected as recently as 1834. Thus, in the "Biographical Illustrations of St. Paul's," he commences with a brief memoir of Dean Colet (who died in 1519, and whose bust is amongst the few relics of the old building), and closes the book with a mention of Behnes's statue of Dr. Babington, and an interesting account of the successful career of that eminent physician. In like manner, Mr. Smyth places the poet Chaucer at the head of a "long liner of illustrious persons" that lie buried in Westminster Abbey, and concludes with characteristic memoirs of Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Andrew Bell, William Wilberforce, and the distinguished engineer, Thomas Telford. The remarks upon the numerous specimens of sculpture are for the most part accompanied by critical notices of the skill displayed by the artist; and the descriptions of the works of art are followed by short and perspicuous narratives, treating of the more celebrated poets, philosophers, historians, painters, divines, warriors, statesmen, architects, physicians, dramatists, musicians, &c., whose social worth and mental endowments are commemorated within the walls of St. Paul's and the abbey church of St Peter's, Westminster.

In conclusion, we are bound to award to Mr. George Lewis Smyth this unqualified praise—that his Biographies have the merit of conciseness—("an excellent thing" in books,)—and that the facts he relates are never burthened by extraneous observations, nor by those one-sided views of character and conduct which, in works of this nature, are apt to compromise historical truth.

Poems. By James Russell Lowell. *C. E. Mudie.*

The Americans can already boast amongst their living bards, of Bryant and his charming freshness—of

Longfellow and his classical elegance, and refined and subdued tenderness—and of Dana and his luxuriant ancy; and here is a fresh appeal to thinking hearts on either shore of the Atlantic—James Russell Lowell, —a name, although belonging to a young man, already associated with high hopes, and a bright future, in his own country.

The present volume, which we welcome as a stray waif on our shores, is rather of promise, than of performance; but there is a thoughtful beauty, a fine humanity, and an eloquent purity of expression, which stamp it with an immediate value.

It may be remarked as a significant proof of the development of American genius, that the subjects of the principal poems have reference to the Old World, and not to the New. The "Legend of Brittany" has been evidently suggested by Beddoes' beautiful but all-but-forgotten "Bride's Tragedy," and "Prometheus" will suggest associations equally obvious. We should have thought the dark primeval forests, the green savannahs, the mouldering record of the ruined cities of a people that have left neither a name nor a language, would have been unfailing sources of inspiration to the young bards of America. But our poet himself convinces us that we are mistaken.

> "They tell us that our land was made for song,
> With its huge rivers and sky-piercing peaks,
> Its sea-like lakes and mighty cataracts,
> Its forests vast and hoar, and prairies wide,
> And mounds that tell of wondrous tribes extinct.
> But poesy springs not from rocks and woods:
> Her womb and cradle are the human heart."

Mr. Lowell is evidently a disciple of Wordsworth; and it is no small praise to the sonnets, that they frequently remind us of the great master of the Lake School. From one entitled "Sub pondere crescit," and which has reference to the new and striking development of thought and feeling which is so visible on both shores of the Atlantic, we extract the following beautiful thought:—

> "The memory of a glory past away
> Lingers in every heart, as, in the shell
> Ripples the bygone freedom of the sea;
> And every hour new signs of promise tell
> That the great soul shall once again be free.
> For high, and yet more high, the murmurs swell,
> Of inward strife for truth and liberty."

Independent of its intrinsic claims to encouragement, we may mention that this elegant volume is an enterprise of a new name in the publishing trade, and we hail the present work as a pleasing evidence of the good taste of Mr. Mudie.

LYRICAL BEAUTIES. SONGS composed by CHARLES W. GLOVER, with Illustrative Portraits, by H. C. SELOUS, T. HARLAND and F. P. STEPHANOFF. *Falkner.*

AN elegant and well-devised publication, in which the sister arts combine to please the ear and to captivate the eye. The book consists of six lyrics—written by Charles Jefferys, J. T. Haines and others; composed by Charles W. Glover, and adorned with portraits illustrative of the various subjects conveyed in the music and in the words. In each of these subjects an attempt has been made to express, in the different modes of poetry, music, and art, a particular feeling or mental quality, such as is supposed to impart grace and beauty to the gentler sex. With a view to carry out this laudable intention systematically, the songs have been arranged under the several heads —of "Melancholy," "Mirth," "Simplicity," "Coquetry," "Rusticity," "Contemplation,"—and these are embodied by the musician, the poet and the artist, in a manner which proves that a prevailing harmony of taste has presided over their labours.

The work is published in the convenient form of an ordinary sized music book, and is in every respect so well executed that it is difficult to decide which of the three arts has been studied to the best advantage. The music is of a light and graceful character, and displays a mind capable of understanding those feelings and sentiments in human nature, which may be better expressed by melody than by scientific flights.

The efforts of the artists in this undertaking have been directed to a good purpose; and albeit the subjects are not such as to engender any strong poetic feeling, or to produce any novelty of idea, the various phases of female character suggested by the poems have been most ably depicted. The drawings by Mr. Harland are perhaps the most entitled to praise as works of art, and as being more free from the conventionalities of portrait painting than the designs which accompany them. The pictorial "Beauties" are engraved by Mr. Francis Holl, who has availed himself of an opportunity of showing how much may be done towards the advancement of art, where a *knowledge* of art is not considered a matter of secondary importance.

In conclusion, we recommend this publication to the notice of all who would rather seek amusement of an intellectual character, than direct their attention to those gilded "books of beauty," &c., which are generally to be found upon the drawing-room table; and which, though calculated to please the eye of the inexperienced, are never to be spoken of as ministrant of good taste.

The Lost Husband,

or The Hole in the Stocking.

THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE

THE CHRONICLES OF CLOVERNOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

"THERE is but little story in the matter," said Cuttlefish; "it is nothing more than an incident of my goose-quill days."

"Begin," cried the Hermit of Bellyfulle; and immediately the speaker obeyed.

"It had been my ill fortune to be called a genius by my discriminating parents, who, hugging themselves in the possession of such a treasure, would constantly remark that I did nothing like any other boy. No matter what was the mischief, to their satisfaction I always contrived to give it an original turn that mightily recommended the misdoing. My brothers were dull, stupid fellows, who—I have heard my father declare it twenty times—would never make a figure in the world. No; it would be to me—his youngest and only hope—that the name of Cuttlefish would owe a lasting lustre. And this belief was as a religion to my poor mother. Dear soul! she once visited Westminster Abbey. She had not been five minutes in Poets' Corner, before she burst into tears, and was compelled to quit the place.

At the earnest entreaties of my father, she, after a time, confessed the cause of her emotion. She could not, she said, look at the statues of the great people about her, without feeling that her dear Jacky—myself—would one day stand among 'em. She couldn't help, she said, the feelings of a mother; and they had been too much for her."

"Poor soul!" cried the Hermit. "It is something, to be sure, to the small pride of fleshly man to think of standing in an attitude of eternal marble for all comers of all generations; and yet the halfpence taken for the show, do somewhat jingle a discordance. They bring the dead philosopher of the Abbey down to the living Spotted Boy of the caravan. 'Tis making Madam Fame the money-taker at a threepenny show. Perhaps," added the Hermit, with a smile, "'twas this thought that touched your mother into tears. Women jump like cats to conclusions; and the poor soul might have been shocked at the prospect of the copper fee."

"She might," said Cuttlefish, "I cannot say. It may, however, be some comfort to her spirit to know that I shall certainly escape the degradation. However, with this belief, that I should irradiate the name of Cuttlefish, my parents let me follow my own will, which, at a very early age, developed itself towards doing nothing. And, indeed, throughout my life, that, my first bent, has ever directed me. My brothers, who were so very stupid, and therefore fit for nothing, were early placed in the world, and indicated the truth of the parental opinion, by making their fortunes. They were dull blockheads, according to my father, and so became men of wealth and influence by the very force of their insensibility. Now I, who was brimfull of genius, was to do every thing by some extraordinary *hocus pocus* dreamt of by my parents, but of which I, indeed, had not the remotest knowledge. 'Leave Jack alone,' would still be my father's cry, 'he'll make his way in the world—how can it be otherwise? he has such wit!' Well, after spending my little patrimony—and in its happy mode of outlay I may be permitted to observe I showed a genius for ten thousand a year—and after losing some twelvemonth or two at bo-peep with bailiffs, you will judge of my destitution when I tell you that I found myself reduced to pen and ink. Oh, my friends! there is a condition for the human animal. Consider the outcast. The maker of matches has a business; nay, he is the possessor of a mystery. When he has made his matches, there they are—tangible wood and brimstone; their merits open to the eye of cook and housemaid. Conscious of the excellence of his ware, the match-maker may higgle gallantly for his price; matches are things wanted in the commerce of life; it is no difficult task to recommend their utility to the world, alive as it is to the worth of firelight. But books! their worth is a matter of fancy, say of weakness, to the weaker part of mankind; they have no standard value, none, at their birth. Hence, the unknown maker of a book—I speak especially of the time when I first sinned in ink—is a sort of gipsy in the social scale; a picturesque vagabond, who somehow or the other contrives to live on the sunny side of the statutes, but is nevertheless vehemently suspected of all sorts of larceny by respectable householders. Shall I ever forget the uneasiness, the look of distrust from my landlady, when first the alarming truth fell upon her, that her three-pair room sheltered an author—or rather, an author in the shell, for as then I had hatched nothing, but was only sitting upon foolscap? Good soul! in a flutter of concern, she told me that that very room had been tenanted, for three long years, by an honest journeyman tailor, whose rent was regular as the Saturday; she looked at me from head to heel, and said she hoped that all was right; though I could perceive that she spoke in the very forlornness of the feeling. And after all, the woman had truth upon her side. Her tenant tailor had an allowed business; was a recognised necessity by fallen man; was moreover one of a worshipful guild; an artificer whose cunning administered to human pride; whose handiwork was all-in-all to worldly triumphs. For instance, what would be a coronation without a tailor? What would be man, left to nothing more than sheepskins and parrots' plumes? Hence, the woman, in her strong sense of the decencies of life, acknowledged the vital use of the labourer of the needle; hence, when she learned that I only dealt in pen and ink, she looked upon me as a sort of vagabond conjuror; a white wizard, whose very money—if ever she saw it—might be of doubtful origin. Shillings got out of an inkstand, she could hardly look upon as good mint coin: and for this reason, she could not comprehend how any man, by mere pen, ink, and paper, could give value received for the ready cash. Now the tailor's work was plain: a pair of breeches was a tangible thing; and spoke as it were common sense to the common sense of man and womankind. But authorship! Alas, how small to the breeches was a tale in verse!"

"Right, very right," said the Oldest Inhabitant. "I can remember in the days of my youth that people who dealt in pen and ink were made to live in a quarter of the city by themselves, for fear the rest of the inhabitants should catch their disorder. They were set apart, like folks in a fever. And it was good policy, that—very good. Notwithstanding, the disease would now and then spread.

Indeed, a few foolish people went so far as to say that some babies were born with it." And here the Oldest Inhabitant gave a soft, flute-like chuckle, and then was silent.

"There I was, the born genius, as my begetters had averred," said Cuttlefish, "with wit enough to turn the world, destitute, penniless. Can I cease to remember the blank, hopeless look, with which, for an hour and more, I sat for the first time gazing at the blank paper! Then I rose from my wooden chair, and approached my chamber-window. I looked down into the street. There were coaches, and waggons, and drays, and carts—a thousand passing evidences of wealth and commerce. They all belong to somebody, said I. There—I would fancy—goes a physician in his carriage to sell Latin promises of health; there, the merchant to his counting-house; there, the lawyer to his office; there, too, a fellow cries rabbits; and there, at yonder corner, sits an old woman vending pippins. Look where I will, I see no one who has not a wherewithal—a something to trade upon: real chattles, speaking to the dullest sense. And my stock in trade, thought I, with a despairing fall of the heart, is words; mere syllables. Alas! in the humility of my soul, I would have exchanged my richest stock for the slippers hawked by an old Levite past my door. Man can understand the worth of shoe-leather, when the best written foolscap shall be to him as waste-paper. Humbled by these thoughts, I returned to my chair; and again gazing on the barren sheet, groaned with sorrow that I had been born the genius of my house. How I chided fate that had not made me like my brothers, dull fellows—fools!"

"Come to your story," said the Hermit, impatiently appealing to his tankard. "What were the first doings of your maiden quill?"

"You shall hear," said Cuttlefish. "I know not how long I sat with my skull clasped by my hands; trying with all my might to conjure my brains. However, I was at length aroused by a sharp knuckle rap at my door; which then opened, and a gentleman—as he appeared to me—of great dignity of manner, entered the room. Pray, Sir, I asked with growing confidence, for I saw the man could not be a bailiff, 'To whom do I owe the honour of this visit?'"

"'As for my name, Sir,' replied the stranger, with a melancholy smile, 'you know it well, though at present we will speak no further of it. You deal in pen and ink. I have a little job for you.' Saying this, the stranger laid aside his cloak, and displayed a very beautiful court-suit of black. His ruffles and cravat were of the most superb lace; and his finger bore a diamond, which shone like a little sun in the room, drawing my eye with it wherever it moved. He was in every respect most richly appointed, yet was there nothing in his bravery of the coxcomb. He must be a cabinet-minister, was my first belief; and then I thought, perhaps a quack-doctor."

"Did you not ask his name?" inquired the Hermit.

"Yes," answered Cuttlefish; "but his first reply was only a smile, and a gentle shake of the head. Then he said, 'Oh! never mind my name—you have heard of me, who shall say how many times?' Then he drew himself a chair, and took a seat by the fire, which, for lack of fuel, was fast dying in the grate. Seeing this, he took the ruin of a poker, for it was no more, in his hand, and asking, with the blandest smile—'Will you allow me?' thrust it among the dying cinders. Instantaneously they blazed up, casting a brilliant light throughout the room. 'Bless me,' I cried, 'I thought the fire was out.' Whereupon the stranger, with the same sweet yet strange smile, briefly remarked—'Nothing like poking!' Then my visitor again looked melancholy—again was silent. At length, I observed—'You said, Sir, something about a job: of what character? A piece of large history—or merely a little bit of private scandal?'

"'Not that—not that,' said the stranger, with slight emotion. 'I have suffered too much from the scandal of the world; have too keenly felt its wickedness to inflict it even upon a beggar. The truth is, I came here to hire you to pen my defence.'

"'Alas, Sir!' I cried, 'what have you done?' The stranger merely shook his head, and drew a deep, deep sigh. 'With what are you charged?' I demanded.

"'With every thing,' answered my visitor; 'that is, with every thing which the world calls wicked.'

"At these words, I leapt from my chair.

"'But, Sir,' said the stranger, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, and passing it gently across his eyes, 'but, Sir, though I do not wish to pass myself off as a pattern person, I am nevertheless cruelly slandered. Look here, Sir,' and to my astonishment, my visitor drew a large folio from his coat-pocket. 'Be good enough to run your eye along that passage.'

"I did so, and read as follows. '*Whereupon the old woman, upon being questioned, confessed that the devil had appeared to her in the shape of a black cat; that he promised her power over all things; and upon such promise, she became a witch. This happened at eleven at night, on the 24th of October, in the year*——.'

"'Now, Sir,' said the stranger, 'I am prepared to show the falsehood of every syllable of the old woman's story.'

"'*You* prove?' I cried; and then it immediately came into my mind that the unhappy

gentleman was lunatic; and that it was his peculiar disorder—dreadful malady!—to believe himself no other than the Wicked One. Or, pehaps, thought I, he may be some poor hypochondriacal creature, who *will* be Beelzebub, and nobody else. I have heard of folks thinking themselves into tea-pots—of insisting upon lowering themselves to mean and base vessels; with this man, the disease may have worked ambitiously. Hence, poor creature! he may be a demon in his own conceit; and, for a time, it may be humane to humour him. 'Then, Sir,' I said to my visitor, 'there is no truth in the old gentlewoman's story? You were not bargaining with the witch on the night of——'

"'I can prove an alibi,' cried the stranger, with some vehemence. 'On that very night, I was closeted with a certain minister of state, whose name, by the way, I must beg leave to suppress—making a bargain between him and a noble duke, for a vacant Garter. And yet, Sir, you must remark the grossness of the libel; it is therein written that I appeared as a black cat; that I visited a wretched old crone in a miserable, degrading disguise, as though ashamed of myself. Infamous scandal, Sir! I tell you, at that very time I was in my own person talking to one of the first men of the land; to a man of wealth and education; to one who had taken all sorts of honours at college; to one whose eloquence would lead away senates captive; whose keen logic would split hairs as a bill-hook would split logs. It was with him, Sir—with him, the noble and enlightened—that I was chatting the whole of the night; and yet it is set down in that folio that I was wasting precious time, and forgetting what was due to myself—by masquerading it with some mumpish haridan as a black cat. Upon my word,' said the stranger, with a look of injury—'if men affect to despise my principles, they might respect my taste. The truth is, they commit all sorts of shameful deeds, and then lay the temptation upon my shoulders. Be it murder, or be it the robbery of a hen-roost, I am called the wicked instigator of the enormity; when the assassin and the thief had nobody but themselves to thank for the evil doing. It is, Sir, upon this point that I wish the aid of your pen to set me right with the world.'

"It is clear, thought I, the man is mad. Poor fellow! But I'll hear his story out."

"'Look here, Sir,' said he, and again he dived into his coat pocket; again he pulled forth another large folio. 'Read this,' he said.

"Obediently, I took the volume, and read the passage to which the stranger's finger pointed; it ran thus—'Furthermore it was a common report that when any gentleman or lord came to see the Lord of Orne, they were entertained (as they thought) very honourably, being served with all sorts of dainty fare and exquisite dishes, as if he had not spared to make them the best cheer that might be. But at their departure they that thought themselves well refreshed found their stomachs empty, and almost pined for want of food, having neither eaten nor drank anything, save in imagination only; and it is to be thought that their horses fared no better than their masters. It happened one day that a certain lord being departed from his house, one of his men having left something behind, returned to the castle, and entering suddenly into the hall where they dined a little before, he espied a monkey beating very sorely the master of the house that had feasted them of late! And there be others that say that he hath been seen through the chink of a door lying on a table upon his belly, and a monkey scourging him very strangely; to whom he should say,—Let me alone—let me alone; wilt thou always torment me thus?

"'Now, Sir,' said the stranger, with a piteous look, 'you at once apprehend the monkey—you know for whom *he* is intended?'"

"'It is no difficult matter to guess,' said I.

"'Upon my honour,' said the stranger, rising from his seat, and speaking with difficulty from emotion, 'upon my honour, whatever may have been the parts I have acted, I never yet appeared as a monkey; never, Sir; the accusation is only one of the ten thousand falsehoods about me that men have invented to disguise the wicked deeds of their own free spirits. I ask, wherefore monkey? What should I have gained by so base, so low a disguise? Besides, why should I have taken the trouble to visit the Lord of Orne? Would it not have been more reasonable to wait until his lordship came to me?'

"Poor fellow! again I thought—he is very mad indeed!'

"'Look here, again, Sir,' said the stranger, and he took another, a smaller book, from his pocket. 'Read here: more scandal.'"

"Taking the volume from his hand, I read as follows: 'There was a conjuror at Salzburg, that vaunted that he could gather all the serpents within half a mile round about into a ditch, and feed them and bring them up there; and being about the experiment, behold the old and grand serpent came in the while, which whilst the conjuror thought by the force of his charms to make it enter into the ditch among the rest, he set upon and enclosed him round about like a girdle so strongly, that he drew the conjuror into the ditch with him, where he miserably died.'

"'The fellow's foot slipped,' said the stranger. 'May I die for ever if I had any hand in it—and then for the story of the serpent—but never mind; please to look at this.' With this the stranger took another folio from his pocket.

Opening it upon the table, he pointed to a paragraph, and in the mildest voice, said '*Lege.*' I obeyed.

"'It was, in truth, a very lamentable spectacle that happened to the Governor of Macon, a magician whom the Devil snatched up in dinner-while, and hoisted aloft, carrying him three times about the town of Macon in the presence of many beholders, to whom he cried in this manner—Help! help! my friends! so that the whole town stood amazed thereat. Yea, and the remembrance of this strange accident sticketh at this day fast in the minds of all the inhabitants of the country; and they say that this wretch, having given himself to the Devil, provided himself with store of holy bread, which he always carried about with him, thinking thereby to cheat him; but, in truth, it served him in no stead, as his end declared.'

"'What think you of that?' asked the stranger. 'Do you mark the folly, the useless labour they put upon me? Why should I have taken the trouble of carrying the Governor three times about the town, when I had but to wait patiently for him—to bide my time, as you worldly people say—and he *must* have found me? Besides, what an ass does the scandal-monger make me? Is it likely that I should so forget my own interest as to make so public an example of my victim? Was that the way, think you, to draw other folks in? But there, there is the blundering of the chroniclers. Now, they call me all sorts of names to show my cunning; and now they make me do tricks that would disgrace a fool. Why can't they be consistent?'

"Yes; the poor man is certainly mad, again and again I said to myself; though, to confess the truth, when I saw him dive his hands into his pockets, and draw from them huge folios, I did, despite of myself, feel a strange fear—a creeping terror.

"'Read here!' he cried; 'tis, I know, a well-known story; yet read it, that I may, as your law-makers have it, explain.'

"Obediently I read.

"'Cornelius Agrippa, a great student in magic, and a man both famous by his own works and others' report for his necromancy, went always accompanied with the Devil in the similitude of a black dog. But when his time of death drew near, and he was urged to repentance, he took off the enchanted collar from the dog's neck, and sent him away with these terms,—*Get thee hence, thou cursed beast, which hast utterly destroyed me.* And the dog was never after seen.'

"'What think you of that?' asked the stranger, with a slight sneer. 'Why there never was a greater flam. I knew Cornelius Agrippa very well.'

"'Indeed!' I cried, with increasing uneasiness, which nevertheless I endeavoured to conceal. 'What sort of a man may he have been?'

"'An excellent person; and for his dog—poor, faithful creature, it was the very fidelity of the animal that made him suspected by the hard-judging world: it was his very excellence that drew the scandal down upon him. The dog was incorruptible, and therefore, said men, the Devil was in him.'

"'And you knew Cornelius Agrippa?' I ventured again to ask.

"'That is,' answered the stranger, 'I wanted to know him. I knew his worldly miseries; I knew the contempt and lies that were visited upon him. I knew him, an outcast from his fellows, spurned, hated by them; yet with a stout and constant spirit working for the lasting delights of those who persecuted him. I knew all this; and then, indeed, I tempted him, as I have tempted others of his tribe, with ease, with wealth, with all the sounding, hollow music of the world; but Cornelius laughed at me and my promises; took his staff, whistled to his dog, and trudged securely about the world, though at every footstep its dwellers would have stoned him. To be sure I had this delight; I found that his dog had brought a bad name upon his master: that was something.'

"'Poor Cornelius!' cried I.

"'Nay,' said the stranger, 'not for the evil that it did to Cornelius, but to those who reviled and hunted him. Do you not see—I *know* the truth—that the malice garnered in the souls of the persecutors is of more worth to me than the suffering of the persecuted? On one hand, I have wickedness and folly working in ten thousand hearts—that is sin by wholesale. Think you, when the martyr roasts at the stake, that it is his pains I delight in? No: it is the rejoicing of the men who have doomed him to the fate; it is the ferocious happiness of the multitude that makes my delight—it is—'

"I started from the stranger, who, recalled to himself by my agitation, mildly said—'To return to Cornelius Agrippa. To the last he rejected my friendship; and though it has passed from mouth to mouth among men that he and I did business together, it is not the truth. With his stout heart he spurned me; and so, I confess it, out of pure spite I contrived to fasten a bad name upon his black dog.'

"'Poor malice, indeed,' I cried.

"'Why, yes,' said the stranger; 'but it has served its purpose: and, happily for my interest, there are few men—I mean the men in advance of the millions—who, by the beautiful falsehood of the world, have not all of them been charged with black dogs of some sort.' Saying this, the stranger lightly laughed.

"'And now, Sir, may I ask your precise bu-

siness with me,' I asked, all the while feeling that I was closeted with a madman; though at the same time not unvisited by strange thoughts, which, however thick and fast they came, I strove to master.

"'Have patience,' said the stranger, 'let me first supply you with your materials.'

"Hereupon, the stranger, fast as he could, dipped both hands into his pockets, drawing therefrom folios, quartos—in truth, books of all dimensions, dropping them upon the ground, fast as hail-stones. As volume after volume fell, my blood became colder and colder, my hair stood up like wire; I sat in my chair, motionless as though caught in a trap. With every moment, I became more and more assured that I was giving audience to something supernatural, if not to the great fiend himself. In my confused horror, I asked myself, is he a doomed bookseller?—and then there was a remarkable intelligence in his face that gave no warranty of such belief. At length, he seemed to have emptied his pockets, and stood up to the shoulders amid a heap of volumes.

"At last, I was able to stammer, 'And do all those books contain something about you?'

"'All; and ten thousand thousand more,' answered the fiend, for it was he, indeed. 'It has still been the trick, the injustice of man, to shuffle off the rascalities of his nature upon my shoulders. For thousands of years have I borne this injustice; but I will no longer endure with meekness the sins that really and truly belong to man himself. I will no longer be made the stupid, blundering hero of his fireside tales; no longer be turned into all shapes, foolish, base, and contemptible, to excuse his ends. No: though, to confess it, I hate printer's ink as I hate the glory of the sun, nevertheless I will, I must, fight man with his own dirty missiles; and will, therefore, print a book. It is, I am aware, a miserable strait to be reduced to,—a condition I little dreamt of when I was wont to dodge John Gutenburg about the streets of Mentz, and now and then stand beneath his eaves listing the first creakings of his virgin press. I little thought that I should be brought to this pass; but so it is: my best weapon is now a fine, bold type. I have chosen you'—and here the fiend gave the nod of a patron—'to do my work.'

"With much labour did I assure the fiend that I was wholly unworthy of the distinction. 'Why not take the job to some experienced quill?'

"'No,' answered the fiend, 'I would rather entrust myself to your simplicity. You are yet obscure, unknown; and will for a time be docile: I say for a time, for when the book shall have won you a reputation, you will be as insolent and as unmanageable as the rest of them. How many authors have I in my time set up! and how shamefully have they rewarded me!' Here the fiend ran over a bead-roll of names from Faustus to——but no matter, making out a strong case of thanklessness against one and all of them. 'Now you,' he said, 'will, I doubt not, finish what I want before you are quite spoiled. Here, as I said,' and he looked at the mountain of volumes, 'are a few of your materials. I will, as you proceed, bring you more.'

"I shuddered as I glanced at the crushing heap of books. 'A few of the materials!' I cried; 'why, 'twill take me a life to go through them; for, to say the truth, I am a slow reader.'

"'You'll find the labour nothing,' said the fiend, 'for I have doubled down the leaves at all the strong bits of scandal, and have pencilled my refutation in the margin. All that will be wanted from you, will be to put the matter into nice, clear English, fit even for families. I could do it myself, but truly, I am not confident as to the purity of my language. I know something of all tongues, to be sure, quite well enough to speak; but not, I fear, to write. I was once very well skilled in the dead tongues, but, for want of practice, I feel myself now and then at fault in them. My Coptic is quite gone; but I have contrived to keep up my Hebrew talking with the stock-jobbers and money-lenders.'

"'And pray,' I ventured to ask, 'what is your favourite language of all the modern?'

"'I talk a great deal of French; indeed, without vanity, I may say it—I think I have the true Parisian accent. Not that I have had cause to neglect my English—oh, dear no; I talk much English, and let me tell you, to some of the very highest people. I know, the prejudice runs that I delight in low company; that my especial haunts are alleys, cellars, filthy places that even make me stop my nose to think of them. Having an interest in all human life, I certainly do at times visit such places, but I am just as often—nay, oftener—to be found in boudoirs, in statesmen's closets, and royal drawing-rooms. But to business. You will immediately get on with your work,' and the fiend pointed to the work.

"'Upon my soul,' I cried with vehemence, 'I had rather you took it somewhere else; I shall make nothing of it; you'll only suffer in my hands.'

"'But, look here,' said the fiend; and opening a volume where a leaf was turned, he read as follows:—'The poor child, possessed by the Devil, vomited nothing but bits of glass and crooked pins, and died at midnight.' 'Observe my note upon this,' said the fiend; 'at the very time I am set down as doing this mischief upon some babe or suckling, I was—here I have written it—supping with Pope Leo the Tenth. And so throughout. You will find

that my defence consists in a round of *alibis*. You will find—and it is in such spirit that I wish you to enforce the lesson—that what men falsely, fraudfully, foolishly, call the instigation of the Devil, the temptation of the Devil, the prompting of the Devil, the work of the Devil, is no other than the antics of their own foolish, stubborn, headlong passion. It is thus the repentant pickpocket vows that 'twas I who crooked his finger for the theft—the murderer swears 'twas I who gave him his weapon—the adulterer, that 'twas I who burned in his veins and made him spirit off his neighbour's wife. All lies—all wilful hypocrisy, fathered upon me, who am determined to put up with the calumny no longer; and for this reason, I shall be just as sure of those who do a wrong, as if I bore the shame of tempting them to the iniquity. I shall have them still, with the proper credit of their coming to me unpressed, uninvited. Therefore, you will immediately, from these and from the other books I will bring you, write my defence.'

"'Will you have it in a folio?' I faintingly asked.

"'Certainly not,' said the fiend; 'a small pocket book for my money. Let me see; properly condensed 'twill make two nice volumes. I shall pay you handsomely. I will give you a hundred guineas for the work.'"

"And pray," asked the Hermit of Bellyfulle, "did you ever write the book?"

"Never," said Cuttlefish with emphasis, "never wrote a single line."

"And why not?" inquired the sage.

"Because, would you believe it," cried Cuttlefish with a roaring laugh, "because the Devil was ass enough to pay me fifty guineas for the work in advance."

IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

BY Wm. H. DIXON.

Love is immortal. 'Tis a narrow thought
To deem that Love is but a child of earth;
Vitality, from perishable things;
A sweetness, gushing from decay and death,
To lend a charm to ruin; rank unbelief!
Love is the very light of heaven, which cleaves
The thunder-cloud that darkens o'er the earth,
And brings bright promise of a better world
Unto the yearning heart: lets free
The enfranchised spirit from the thrall of clay;
Sweeps, lightning-like, through the vast chain of being;
Crowding, from all eternity, on man
The consciousness of Immortality.

Recall the feeling of thine early youth,
When Love came, like a messenger from heaven,
To robe all things in beauty: how the mind
Leapt heaven-ward with a new-born sense of power,
And thought sprang upward from the inmost soul,
Wordless, yet eloquent; for the deep sense
Of thine own greatness made thee dumb with awe.
Love makes this life a serious thing. The true—
The high-souled lover's face is veiled with thought;
Yet 'tis not sadness, but a joy, so great
Tongue cannot utter it, or words express:
Sweet hopes and feelings, budding inwardly,
Attract the spirit from the outer world,
To that which is within: remember, too,
How rich in beauty grew all common things,
In which, till then, thine *uncreating* eye
Perceived no loveliness: how the sky
Grew brighter as thine eye went piercing through
To the Eternal Presence; and the earth,
With a sad, sweet, and fascinating aspect,
Smiled ever in thy face; and then,
Thou recognisedst in the rolling surge,
And in the waving of the forest trees,
And in the bursting of the thunder-cloud,
Chords in the music of the universe.

Hast thou ne'er sat, with beauty-loving heart,
Beneath the fascination of an eye
That made thee *feel* immortal? Touched a hand,
Whose subtle influence lifted thee from earth,
And shot a deathless feeling through thy frame?
Ne'er listened to the magic of a voice,
Which music's soul enshrined, till thou,
In very luxury, hast closed thine eyes,
And dreamt that heaven and earth had passed away,
And round thee swept the bright and spiritual forms
Whose very life is music? This a dream!
This is the bright reality of things;
And what thou call'st existence is the dream;
A wild, a fiery, and a fitful dream,
From which love wakes us to a brighter world.
Existence is a still, unquickened seed,
On which Love sheds its germinating heat,
And Immortality grows out of Life.

A DEFENCE FOR POETS.

BY AGNOSTOS.

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE SUGGESTED BY THE DESIRE OF A YOUNG FRIEND TO REPLY TO THOSE WHO, WITH, DOUBTLESS THE BEST INTENTIONS, ADVISED HIM TO RELINQUISH THE PURSUIT OF POETRY.

I.

And can it be an unknown voice should find
A needful cause to advocate the part
Of those who dedicate their time and mind
To set their words to music from the heart?
Can there be those who would the taste repress
Which wells from out the deep mines of the soul?
Would they forbid the tuneful mind possess
A love which elevates and fires the whole?
In shape of *action*, poetry was bliss:
The *conduct* of the world before the time
When sin had forced avenging God dismiss
Those who destroyed His poesy by crime.
We judge what Eden was, for Nature, kind,
Has bid its fragments lovely earth yet fill;
The spirit of the first created mind
In form of poetry is with us still.
When love and virtue leave the hearts of men,
Then poetry will cease—but not till then.

II.

Yet specious are the arguments they use;
"Write politics," they urge, "they're more in vogue—
Besides, you'll get well paid for hard abuse,
And proving each you differ from a rogue.
Or Essays write, best suited to the time,
Put sober sense in sober prose," they say:
But are not finest Essays found in rhyme,
The best instruction in the smoothest lay?
"Then turn a novelist, or what you please,
But pray you write not in the measured line;
We do assure you, with much greater ease,
Readers in prose find out the thought divine.
If you're no judge, become philologist;
If you are farcical, try tragedy;
If you are dull, set up for humorist;
But, if you can, indite not poetry.
In short, make money by your pen and brain—
The test of merit is the sum you gain."

III.

Oh! those who would forbid the poet's theme,
Know not the deep enchantment they would kill.
And was it merely some light passing dream?
There is a sweet enjoyment in it still.
But 'tis no dream; the poet's shifts and turns
Call forth his heart's and mind's best energies.
And while with bright imagining one burns,
The other chastens, moulds, and modifies.
Seclusion's nursling, Contemplation—brings
A knowledge quite distinct from learning's store;
And though 'tis said it comes on Fancy's wings,
The mind gains much, the loving heart yet more.
Scholastic learning he indeed must seek,
That all his thoughts in words exact be dress'd.
Without research, his diction will be weak;
Conception good, is bad, if ill expressed.
Give him your aid, the poet needs it well:
Uphold, encourage, urge him to excel.

IV.

His destined path, I know, is often strewed
With stern impediments, as well as flowers;
And that the fairest way is oftimes rude,
That sweet and bitter are the poet's hours.
His mind, alas! too sensitive, e'er feels
Both pain and pleasure in extreme degree;
But most the latter, when his heart reveals
It's pent-up thoughts in verbal melody.
The soft Æolian lutes, their echoes pour
In strains of sweetness or discordance rude,
According to the wind which sweeps them o'er;
Now almost dissonant, now calm, subdued.
So is the poet's mind; as gently strung,
As quickly vibrates to each breath it feels;
But if with sterner blasts its chords are wrung,
Unlike the harp, its anguish it conceals.
Of sweetful tones would you deprive the lute?
Then bid the poet's minstrelsy be mute.

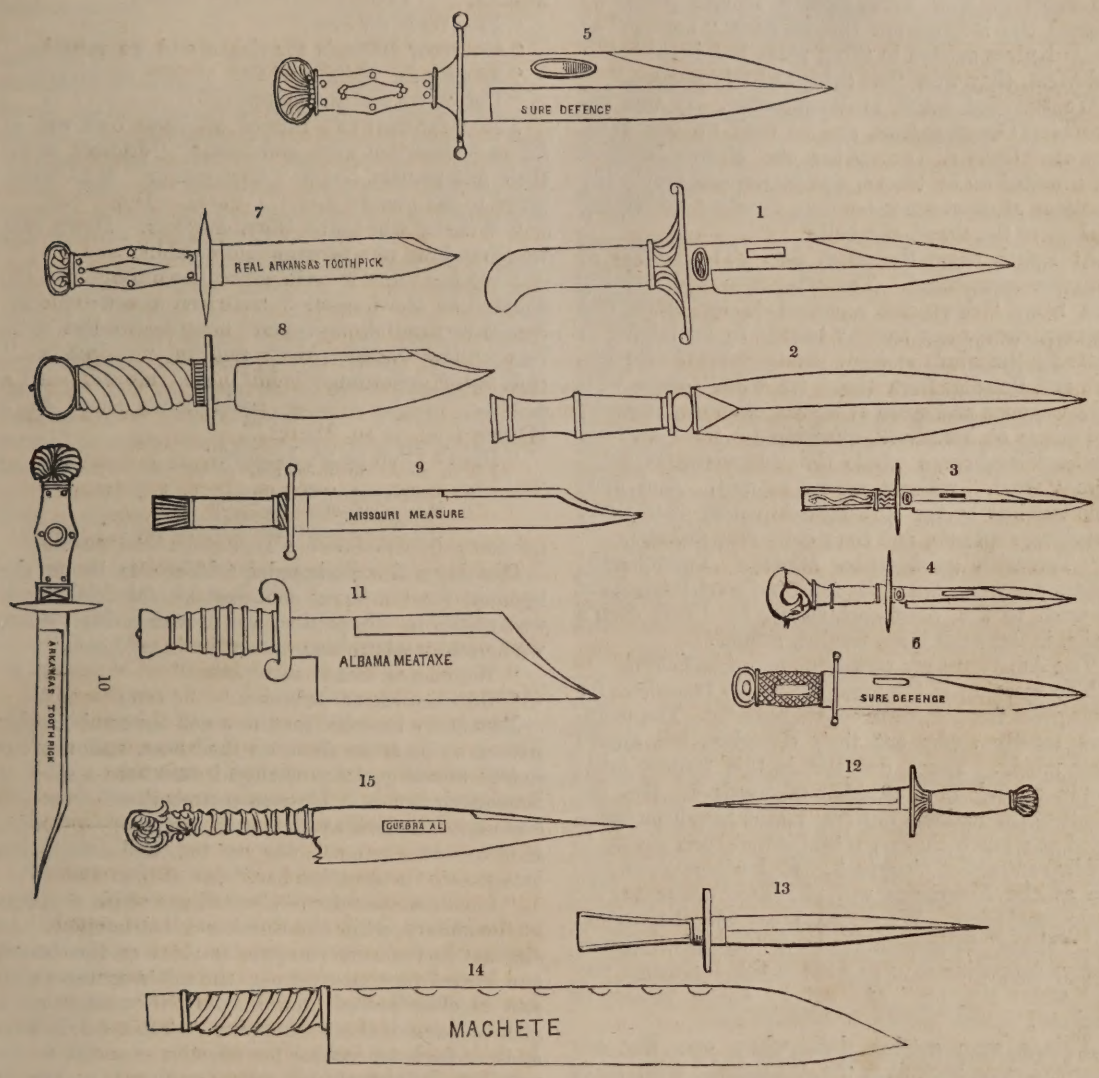
V.

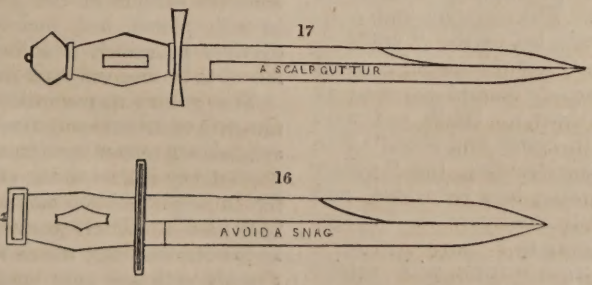
The streamlet mirrors the o'erclouded sky,
And glasses, too, the deep unspotted blue.
Had you the means, you sure would not deny,
The brook its best-loved reflex of the two?
The birds, in spring, are voluble with song,
In winter they are mute and comfortless.
You surely would not willingly prolong
The season bleak, and filch Spring's loveliness?
When air is heavy with the passing cloud,
The lark remains upon the shelt'ring ground;
But bright again, he soars and sings aloud,
And wakes the firmament with jocund sound.
But yet forbid his joyful song on high—
Forbid him soar upon his happy wing—
Forbid the streamlet to reflect the sky—
Forbid the birds their melody in spring:
Forbid it all, ere you forbid the lay—
The heart's religion is its poesy.

VI.

Thus, then, in brief wouldI to those appeal
Whose wish or will can guide the tender mind.
If you perceive its nature is to feel,
Oh! urge it not o'er paths uncouth, unkind!
If you, indeed, its qualities can kill,
Why, then, consid'ring how much this life
Will give him in return for all your skill,
'Tis well to harden him to bear its strife.
But credit me, the current stemm'd will stay
The while accumulates the needful force
To burst its trammels, then pursues its way
With strength augmented for its destined course.
Thus, as you cannot change the Poet's heart,
To you is left one solitary choice,—
Give him your help, and all you can impart,
To aid his step, and to exalt his voice.
The Poet without virtue is the shade,
By words to semblance of the substance made.

BOWIE, AND OTHER KNIVES.





Unsparingly as Brother Jonathan has been taunted by his Britisher creditors, Sydney Smith and all, on the subject of his mercantile blunder touching the doctrine of "repudiation," which "wasn't smart no how at all," neither "genu*ine* shaving" nor "Yankeying;" shewing no neat only common ignorant mercantile swindling, but filching; taunted, moreover, with his smarting reputation, which has left him without the means of "buying a sword" to avenge himself; we seriously wonder that he has not long ago called out his Britisher antagonist to a contest with the choice weapon of his national chivalry—the Bowie Knife—which has so often closed a senatorial harangue on the floor of Congress. Paragraphs have often appeared in the English papers, taken from American journals, in which this mysterious implement played the *premier rôle*, and, in the days of our ignorance, great was our awe at every fresh allusion to it. Knife spoke for itself, but Bowie? There was Anglo-Saxon antiquity in the very sound! Was it a Runic term for some heroic weapon wrought by the gnomes of the elder Northmen? We searched Wheaton's History, but the American historian made no mention of his national weapon, and our curiosity was left unsatisfied. Fresh accounts of the feats performed by this wondrous weapon served only to stimulate us still further. The fatal results frequently recorded suggested its being an admirable substitute

for the bayonet of our troops; and in an excess of ungovernable patriotism and curiosity, we resolved to cross "the cod preserves," and see with our own eyes.

Landed in New York, from a Yankee pedlar we gleaned the information that no such "notions" as Bowie Knives existed in those parts, but, in the South and West, they were "as thick as hasty pooden."

We travelled south to Washington. It was approaching Congress-time, and we took up our quarters at "Goby's," occupying one of five hundred beds, waited on by blacks, and performing our bodily functions at exact times—eating, drinking, and trying to sleep at the sound of a bell.

At length came the great day. The session of Congress commenced. The wise men and cunning men from "down-east" poured in by stage and steamer, cheapening their "board" by bargaining in knots for the whole session. And in came the Roughmen and Rowdies from the "far west," some with light waggons and spans of horses, others by steamer, and others on horseback, choosing for their quarters the boarding-houses where the "handsomest gals" were "fixed," without regard to cost. And little time was lost by the legislators in voting themselves travelling expenses, and their daily four dollars.

"Tarnation good trade, Mister. Twenty-eight dollars per week, board for four, and send home linen to wash to the down-east farms, by Uncle Sam's mails, in despatch bags, franked gratis."

The Americans are certainly men of business!

The speeches in Congress are to be remarked for their great freedom from conventionality. The members mostly spoke out their thoughts, not always their minds. Those deficient in this respect made ample amends in a quantity of words.* But the whole of the national business might have been transacted at a much cheaper rate if it had been put up to public contract at piecework. So business-like a people as the Americans will ultimately come to the same conclusion. We see no reason why they should not "shave" their members as well as their creditors, always supposing it to be done in the legitimate way of "smart shaving," and not by vulgar picking of pockets!

Things were getting dull, when one day our boarders came back from the "Capitol," with looks as keen as so many eagles. The agitation was commencing, which subsequently led to the "nullification" question, when South C'lina threatened to "call out" the Union. All tongues seemed loosened as though a new Babel had begun. South and west were for going to war with North and East. The "horse-alligators" were neigh-roaring, the "yellow flowers of the forest" burning like brimstone, and vainly trying to extinguish themselves with "slings, juleps, antifogmatics, and coblers."

"Support our home manufactures with patriot spirit," said the "down-easters," adding, in an under-tone, "or else we guess our mills will be at a discount."

"Can't support our nigger slaves without cheap clothes and stores for them," joined the "far-westers" and southrons; "patriotism and prosperity must go together."

"Compensation for our mills to be thrown out of use by the competition of the Britishers," replied the "down-easters."

"Settle that with the Union," answered the "far-westers." "Cock-a-doodle-doo! hurrah!"

"Free trade for ever."

"Governor Hayne's the ticket, and no mistake."

"Liberty for white men and slavery for niggers."

"Cotton up and stores down!"

The "far-westers" carried all their own way as far as vociferation went, and literally "crowed" down their antagonists, but a "down-easter" M.C. whispered to me privately—

"Webster will shave Clay, I guess. Down east we never brag of a bargain beforehand."

More and more intense grew the squabble, and the debates in the Capitol became very unconventional. Somehow the "down-easters" contrived to sow strife between the "southerners" and the "far-westers," and my "down-easter" M.C. said to me, with a chuckle, which nothing could have raised to a laugh—

"Didn't I tell ye so, Mister?"

> "'Wide-awake down-easters,
> No-mistake down-easters,
> Old Massachusets will carry the day!'"

One day a Rowdie boarder told me to be on the look out for "a smart scrimmage," for Mr. South was going to whup, flog, and cowskin Mr. West, who could "whup his own weight in wild cats."

"Where was this to take place?"

"On the floor of Congress."

Dreadfully crowded that day was the semi-circular gallery which looks down on the arena, and the curiosity was as great as though it had been a show of Roman gladiators. Up rose the member for ——— and made a speech at the member for ———, who, after a certain interval, was up too, and calling his antagonist "a tarnation liar."

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" shouted one of his retainers in the gallery, while the Speaker called to order. As the opponents were on opposite sides of the house, and looked very mischievous, the other members began to clear out of their line, lest they might get a chance share of the "whupping." Their hands were in their pockets, seeking for effective weapons, to the manifest delight of the gallery occupants and those in safe places, but, luckily, the authority of the Speaker prevailed, and they were overpowered and forced to be reconciled till some more convenient time.

The gallery was emptied in sullen discontent on the part of its occupants, who started up the Pennsylvanian Avenue, venting their remarks. One man particularly attracted our attention. He was over six feet in height, athletic and square shouldered, but lank in the loins. There was no lack of intellectual vigour in his countenance, which was handsome and frank, though with a savage expression about the mouth. His complexion was light, and his age about thirty years. His clothing much like a seaman's, just landed from a voyage, and wishing to cut a figure in long shore-clothes. A gilt-buttoned blue coat, new and yet ill-used, short at the cuffs and tight round the collar, a ready-made affair. A yellow waistcoat, dog's-eared at the collar, and ready to burst over his broad chest. A shirt, none of the whitest, surmounted by a muslin neckerchief, evi-

* There are members of *other* assemblies not wanting in this quality.—EDITOR.

dently an incumbrance, worn as an offering to "respectability." Trousers of drab cloth, tight and rather short, while his boots maintained a kind of struggle in their own leather as to whether they should look greased or blacked. His hat was very high-crowned, full-napped, and unbrushed. He had a considerable weight of metal hanging from his waist in the form of watch-appendages; and gloves, rather for show than use, were flapping in his brown hand. As he strode along he overtook another person, shorter but more athletic than himself, clad in a suit of black, whose externals indicated an Englishman rather than an American, perhaps a diplomatist. Gaining a sight of his countenance, the impression was instantly removed.

A dark sallow complexion, oval face, deep eyes, bold forehead, large mouth, and wiry black hair, seemed to adjudge his composition in equal portions to the Spanish, Indian, French, and English races, but assuredly no touch of the vilified nigger, indicated by any approach to mirth or hilarity. The man had never laughed in his life. Perfect coolness seemed to mark a malignant and revengeful disposition, quiet as the snake and as fatal.

"Halloo! Doctor Gordon, I guess South is saved from a tarnation flogging by the Speaker!"

"That's your opinion, Mr. Houston; but mine is, that West would have found more than his match. You'd have had to seek another member in Arkansas, and will have yet; I guess South's a better man than West; I should like to see them turned out in the streets of Savannah."

"I've a notion I'd whip him myself pretty handsome, Doctor. When was a Georgian townsman able to stand up against a real woodsman?"

"Why, whenever they have tried. There a'int a Savannah shopkeeper but would flog any woodsman amongst you, perhaps, barring rifles, at long shot and cover."

"What, man to man?"

"Yes, man to man. Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

"Do you mean to say that you, Doctor Gordon, are able to stand up against me, Jack Houston, rough and tumble?"

"Try me, if you dare," replied the Doctor; "and see whether Georgia or Missouri is the best man."

"Hurrah for Missouri!" was the reply; and throwing down his own hat, he knocked off the Doctor's hat as a challenge.

The sallow complexion of the Georgian grew deadly white as he retreated three paces, and drawing a pistol, with several barrels, from his side pocket, took deliberate aim at Houston. He jumped on one side, and the ball only grazed his arm. Seeing the Doctor re-cock his pistol, he fairly ran off the ground, telling the bystanders he would soon be back.

Ere long he returned with a rifle in his hand, and a pair of pistols in his waistband. When within a hundred paces, he took aim at the Doctor, and fired; but the latter dodged behind the trees, and escaped. Ere he could reload, the Doctor rushed towards him, and discharged a second barrel, which wounded him in the thigh. Throwing down his rifle, Houston fired a pistol at the Doctor, and missed. A third shot from the Doctor struck his side, and, rushing up, Houston fired his remaining pistol, the ball of which struck the Doctor's weapon from his hand, without wounding him. The Doctor then drew a glittering weapon from his breast, while Houston drew one from his coat pocket, and they closed.

"No mistake there!" cried one of the bystanders. "There go the tools that never miss fire!"

The arm of Houston was raised, and a huge gash, streaming with blood, marked the cheek of the Doctor, but Houston fell to rise no more. The weapon of the Doctor had severed his bowels. Tieing a handkerchief round his face, the Doctor fled from the spot, a malignant gleam from his eyes announcing that his antagonist's wound was mortal.

We rushed up to assist the wounded man, binding a handkerchief round him.

"It's no use, stranger," he said; "the varmint has finished me, as sure as though he had pisoned me with his stuff. But this is kind of you; I've enough money at the Hotel to bury me, and I'll give you my Bowie Knife as a remembrance."

A plank was procured, and the wounded man was borne to the Hotel. He lived about two hours, during which time he was visited by a great number of persons, with whom he talked as unconcernedly as though he were about to recover. The knife of the Doctor, who slew him, had been left on the ground, and was brought to him. He looked at it carefully, and called one of the lookers-on to him.

"Killed with an Injun weapon after all; not a mark on it. Now, I've a notion, that Doctor kills people in the dark, without notice. I suppose I've best claim to it, as it finished me: so I'll leave it to you, Job; and if ever you get on the tracks of that Doctor, perhaps you'll think of me some time or other. My own knife belongs to this stranger, who was the first to help me."

They were both remarkable weapons: that of Houston was a blade some seven inches in length, broad, and gradually tapering to a strong sharp point; the edge was sharp, and the back very thick; but several inches towards the point were ground away, so that it was double-edged. (*Fig.* 1.) It had a handle of common yellow horn, and a cross-guard of silver, with a sheath of red morocco garnished in silver. On the blade, near the hilt, was engraved, in an oval,

BOWIE KNIFE.

The weapon of Dr. Gordon had a blade nine inches in length and two inches broad, double-edged, and the edges curving till they met in a sharp point; the back was very strong, and it was not unlike a spear-head deprived of its angles. One of the party quaintly denominated it "a beaver tail." The haft was of black horn, very light made, and formed to a shape to fit the hand. The blade was well polished and perfectly sharp, but without any maker's name. It was altogether the most formidable weapon I ever saw for close quarters, strong enough to transpierce a rib, and sharp enough to cut through a bale of cotton; while the form was that adapted to inflict the most fatal gash with the least effort. As the legatee, Job, said, "It would go slick into a man like a sharp river steamer down a rapid slantendicular, and no friction. Guess it would be well to have a tree to dodge behind while an Injun was throwing it." (*Fig.* 2.)

Suiting the action to the word, he poised the blade in his fingers; and, looking as though he had the Doctor in his eye, he threw it against a wooden

partition opposite; the thick pine board buried the blade to the haft.

The breath of the wounded man was fast ebbing, but his courage and partizan spirit were unbroken.

"West for ever! and hurrah for old Missouri! Don't forget the Doctor, Job."

His friend grasped his hand, and pointed to the "beaver tail."

"Leave him to me, Houston; I'll 'work a button-hole in him,' and take off his scalp; and if I can't get the right grip of the 'beaver tail,' I've got a 'Missouri measure' that'll take his length and breadth, the 'tarnal black snake."

"He's a treacherous varmint, Job; keep to cover of him. I challenged him to rough and tumble, and he set too at blood-letting, without notice. I left my mark on his face; you'll know him again. Give me a sling, I feel rather fainty. Hurrah, for old Missouri!"

Before the "sling" touched his lips, the wretch's life was gone.

In our ignorance we asked if the Doctor would not be taken into custody for the murder.

"No, stranger, it was what we call a fair fight, though it does not look well for a man to carry a knife without a mark, like a cut-throat."

There was something so surprising in a man occupying a respectable station in society, carrying an Indian knife and slaughtering a fellow-man like a wild beast, that we asked many questions respecting him.

It appeared that he was the most skilful surgeon and general practitioner in ——, and had a large practice. He was haughty in his manners, and what is called a "gentleman," but very revengeful, and had slain no less than five persons in single combat—"fairly;" and, if not belied, was suspected of making away unfairly on occasions. For this reason, he was very unpopular; and it was thought he had "a smart chance of getting Lynched," if he did not look out.

"The varmint knows all about 'natomy," said Job, "and when he cuts, he cuts the life out, and no mistake."

Numerous amateurs came in to see the dead body, and to ascertain the mode of death; and the merits of rifles, pistols, Bowie, and all other knives, were scientifically discussed. Bowie, we were informed, was the name of the hunter who first invented the double-edged, strong-backed knife, that would "rip open a bear, reach an Indian's heart over his collar bone, carve meat, and cut firewood." The minutest points were dwelt upon; the proportion of double edging, length, width, thickness of back, form of guard, haft, and sheath.

While the discussion was going on, the waggon of a Yankee pedlar stopped before the door, and the owner entered the room with a box. It was nightfall, and candles had been lighted, and the effect, when the pedlar's box was opened, was startlingly lustrous. He had, with the characteristic shrewdness of his tribe, judged the time very opportune for doing business, and his box contained an assortment of many fashions of knives, fit to inflict violent death. The lustre and elegant forms of many of these weapons sufficiently accounted for the propensity to possess them. They were the very coxcombry of murder. A man might suspend them in his room as articles of vertù; an armoury of—call them "hunting" weapons, by way of conscience quieting. Could Ali Pacha have seen them, he would have bought the pedlar's whole box to adorn his harem. Not insensible was the pedlar to the effect he produced, nor slow to make the most of it.

"There now, that's what I call a complete Bowie Knife!"

"Too small in the blade," cried one of the Rowdies.

"Well, I guess it air on a small scale, but no gentleman need be ashamed to wear it. There's a lustre; look at the edge, and the stamp-mark. A cross guard in chased 'albatross' (albata) silver, and an ebony hilt, inlayed with gold marquetry. And then, a scarlet leather sheath to it. (*Fig.* 3.) Look here, Mister, at its fellow, with an 'albatross' silver guard, and an ivory hilt, carved into a head of an eagle picking its feathers, and an Injun-coloured sheath." (*Fig.* 4.)

"Where's the stamp?" cried Job.

"Here, plain enough. This is four, and the other eight dollars. Now, here's another, what I call a beauty. There's a blade eight good inches and a half long, silver guard, natural buck-horn hilt, silver inlaid, and a silver cockle-shell at top. There's a grip, no slipping in the hand. A damasked blade with 'Bowie Knife' stamped in the thick of the back, and 'Sure Defence' engraved on the flat." (*Fig.* 5.)

"That's what I call an elegant weapon," said a Rowdie; "what's the price?"

"Six dollars."

"And what allowance for this old 'un?"

"A dollar."

"It's a bargain; here's a five-dollar note. This is the tool! If Razin Bowie had drawn it the day he fought the first duel across the table at Natches, he would n't have been twenty minutes finishing off Black. *He'd have ripped him open right away.*"

"A smart man that Razin Bowie, I guess," said the pedlar; "I sent him his first samples, after he got the knife to his mind. Whereabouts is he to be found now?"

"Oh, he took to the woods west; and they say he's now down amongst the Injuns, or in the neighbourhood of Colonel Austin's settlement amongst the Mexicans, in what they call Takus, looking out for a fight amongst the Spaniards."

"Glad to hear it. I am going that way myself, to do a trade with all sorts of weepons. But look here, now; here's a knife, the same pattern as the last, only to my mind a better grip. A cross-cut lignum-vitæ haft, inlaid with silver. They ought to have engraved it 'A Surer Defence.' (*Fig.* 6.) Or what do you say to this damasked blade, nine inches long, as a self-protector. The haft ivory, inlaid with silver; the blade stamped 'Real Arkansas Toothpick.' Scarlet and silver sheath. Just look at it; there's a bear-ripper for you. Only try your hand on it. Just hang it at your girdle, Mister. I thought you would like it. The price is seven dollars." (*Fig.* 7.)

"Here's the cash," said the purchaser.

The pedlar looked at the note.

"That's a Michigan—Hunter's bank. Can't take that no how for more than three dollars. Guess it's only middlin' good."

"Then take back your Toothpick, you down-east shaver; you don't shave me."

"Couldn't presume, no how. You're the raal

crocodile that shaved two Injuns and a white Spaniard alongside Santa Fé. You're a raal squire at a scalp, and no mistake. Come, take the Toothpick on credit. I'll take your note for it, and you'll pay me in kind or plunder when I come back.

"Any gentleman wanting a real serviceable weepon, with cross-guard and silver mountings to a nigger-coloured sheath, all in albatross silver. A dark wood haft, solid rivetted. There's a blade of eight inches, as strong as a chopping axe. There's a tool to butcher a buffalo, and cut down wood to roast his hump with. Double-edged near the point, and thick backed." (*Fig.* 8.)

"No mark on it," said Job. "Bad steel! No warranty. Only fit for an Injun. Nigger-coloured sheath, and no silver mounting."

"Cheap," said the pedlar; "only two dollars."

"Can't trust one's life to that," replied Job.

"Look here, then; what say you to this? A raal good mark on it, and no mistake—'Missouri Measure.' Twelve inches long, damasked blade, skew-pointed, with two edges and thick back, carved lignum-vitæ haft, albatross silver cross-guard, and nigger-coloured sheath. What say you to this?" (*Fig.* 9.)

"Capital hunting-knife," said Job; "but most fit for the woods. Too long for the towns. Won't hang comfortably inside the waistband of a man's trousers when he sits down. It's unhandy, like. You must carry it further south or west."

"I'll carry it for him," said one of the lookers-on, "if he'll let me have it for four dollars."

"A bargain, Squire," said the pedlar; and the transfer took place.

"Now here's another Arkansas Toothpick, genu*ine* straight on the edge, thick back, skew point, two-edged, horny haft, with cockle-shell and silver cross-guard, and an embossed silver sheath. That's a raal beauty. If I were far west instead of down east, I should partly elect to be finished off with such a weepon as that. Look at that blade! Why you might shave yourself with it, and look at your face—cut and look, turn about. I wouldn't sell that no how to my own father under twenty-five dollars. No touching, Mister; you'll be doing execution on some one if you handle it, just as I'd whittle a stick if I got one handy alongside a penknife. No one offer for that? Oh, you'll have it, Squire. You've done yourself immortal honour by your choice; but for dear life don't draw it to-night, or I know you'll be a-skivering somebody. You can't resist no how. That weepon's like a rifle with too easy a lock—goes off by itself. My belief is, that if its own master was to put it into a stranger's bed, it would kill him before morning, from real oneasiness and dislike to be idle." (*Fig.* 10.)

"Hand over that little chopper, pedlar."

"Ah! I see you've an eye for the useful. There it is; not ashamed of it's name—'Alabama Meat-axe,' engraved on a damasked blade, nine inches long, and a good hand broad. There's a skew point to shear away a man's ribs. There's a back, and a carved wood haft. No slipping the grip. Albatross silver cross-guard, and nigger-coloured sheath. There's a horse-race embossed on it, and a shooting-match. Just suit you, Squire. Try it in your waistband. Seven dollars is the price." (*Fig.* 11.)

"I'll give you six, pedlar."

"The President himself shouldn't have it at less than seven, and he'd give it, too. Andrew Jackson is a judge of a wood-knife, let alone a meat-cutter. Oh, you'll take it, will you, Squire?"

"Just open that paper box, pedlar, and let's see what you've got there. I've a notion it's something special," called out a Rowdie.

"And no mistake, Mister," replied the pedlar. "Those are choice articles for the Spaniards down Mexico way."

"Is that a lancet, pedlar, for bleeding horses?"

"What! this femin*ine* beauty, only five inches long, and narrow as a grass blade, carved pearl hilt, and silver cross-guard, sheath Injun colour and silver? Why, yes, it's a lancet, but to bleed humans—and to death sometimes. This is what the Spanish girls wear sometimes in their bussoms, and sometimes in their garters. Sometimes a nigger girl offends them, and they give her a dig in the arm; and sometimes one of them Squires catches it in arnest." (*Fig.* 12.)

"Why it ain't bigger than a hornet's sting," said the Rowdie.

"But I tell yer it's death sartain, if one of them black-eyed beauties sets her mind to it. They'll wile a man out of his senses, and stop him from coming to them again. There's no name or mark on it, you see, to find out the owner by, if it's left sticking in a man."

"And what's that other for; a scantling larger in size?"

"What, this with the black horn hilt? Oh! this is for the elderly ladies, or sometimes for the callibulleroes, to wear in their riding boot. Cheap article that at three dollars, with a sheath of scarlet and albatross silver." (*Fig.* 13.)

"You don't mean to tell us that any man, even a Spaniard, would ride in the woods with such a skewer as that?"

"Why no, Squire. It's only for the ladies and those who do their chores about in the towns. They're not the chaps for a fair stand-up fight, no how. They like to stick a man in the back, and they don't like to have any mark on the weepon to be found out by. Spiteful critters are they, those Spaniards. But if you want a Spanish wood-knife, here's one, a real matchet—'tarnal thing for clearing a cane-brake in no time, I reckon. A straight-edged blade, eighteen inches long and two wide. A carved horn haft, rivetted on. Feel the weight of it. There's seven pounds of the best steel in that blade." (*Fig.* 14.)

"And what's the use of it to a hunter?" said our friend Job. "It's only fit for chopping wood, and a broad axe is better for that. What would a man do with such a thing in a bear's hug? There's no point to it to skiver his stomach away. Now, with a Bowie Knife, or a 'Beaver Tail,' I wouldn't be a bear in my hug, I tell you!"

"You're hard to please, Squire; but what do you say to *that*? There's a raal Spanish coochilly." As he spoke, he drew from a silver embossed sheath a highly-polished blade, of peculiar construction. It was about ten inches in length, nearly two inches broad at the upper part, and tapering gradually through the whole length, with slight curvature, both back and point, to an exceedingly sharp point. The blade was inlaid with silver, and the very thick back

was carved with an elaborate specimen of Moorish marquetry in alternate scollops and stripes. The hilt was of rich embossed silver. Within a few inches of the point the back was worked away to a double edge. Near the hilt was engraved in letters of an old fashion 'Fabrica de Angostura.' There it was, not a dagger, but the far-famed Spanish knife—the cuchillo of Spain—the weapon of the people; the boast of Palafox, when he proclaimed "Guerra al cuchillo," and the decimation in detail of the armies of France. The construction of the weapon was such that it was balanced in the hand, and yet was capable of a dangerous chopping blow. (*Fig.* 15.)

"Well now, Mister, I'm above prejudice," said Job, "and I'll not deny that that's a well-contrived weepon as a man could desire at close quarters."

"So you'd say if you saw it used by a Spaniard," remarked one of the crowd who had just before come in. "I've seen one of them pith a bull with just such a tool as that, and down he dropped like a flash of lightning, with all four feet quivering. And once in the streets of Mexico, I saw an officer of cavalry order a shoemaker, a sapper-tarer (zapatero), as they call them in that country, to follow him to be made a soldier of—for, you see, they make soldiers in that country as the Britishers do sailors, by pressing them. Well, sapper-tearer didn't like it no how, for soldiering's an uncommon bad trade when there's no pay and little plunder, and no shoes to wear into the bargain, so he run away up a kinder alley where officer couldn't foller him a-horseback. So officer dismounts, and draws his long crooked sword that they call a sarbley, and follers sapper-tearer. Sapper-tearer sees there's no escape, so he wraps round his left arm a kinder cloak they always carry in that country, and sticking his right hand into his bussom waits for officer to come up. Officer—he looked skeared-like, thinking sapper-tearer vicious, and was turnin' away, when the people about began to laugh right out, and sapper-tearer to cracko a bit, and so officer's dander riz, and flourishing his sarbley he goes right in slick at sapper-tearer to hit him a crack over the crown. But sapper-tearer catches the sarbley on his cloak, and with just sich a knife as that, only not near so handsome, he scores the officer under the wrist, so that down dropped the sarbley ringing on the stones, and, afore you could say 'Alligator,' with a single thrust in the heart, officer drops down dead, so that no priest could confess him."

"Hurrah for the sapper-tearer!" cried many voices in the crowd.

"That would do him no good, no how," said the narrator, "for while he was runnin' off up come the officer's men and catch him, and they put him into a chapel all night, and next morning they turned in a black friar to him, and then they tied him to a post and twenty soldiers let off their guns at him at arm's length, so as to set his clothes on fire, and he was as dead as the Britisher-General in Cypress Swamp."

"Pretty republicans *they* are," said a Rowdie. "We'll go some day and civilise them from the face of the arth."

"Wish we'd a done it before," said the narrator. "I was one of Colonel Burr's men years back, and a slick one the Colonel was to go a-head, though he's a kinder old now. If we'd only got clear away with all our men, long afore this Mexico would have been cut up into a smart chance of Southern States under the stars and stripes. Guess they'd been a kinder forced to make the flag bigger, or itw'd a made a kinder milky whey of it with sich a load a stars. But, somehow, Uncle Sam was jealous, and thought the Colonel was a going to set up for himself, so he put a grip to his collar, and Mexico was saved to the Spaniards for *that* time."

"'Twont be long, though," said Job; "we've got in the wedge, and we'll drive it home, never fear. Colonel Austin has made his settlement in Takus by agreement; and the Spaniards, like barbarians as they are, are parsecuting him. So, before he's done he'll make a revolution, and declare Takus an independent state; and wo'nt there be a handsome sprinkling of western rifles to confarm it in the hope of good squatting grounds. And when Takus is a respectable territory of its own making, Uncle Sam wo'nt be no how ashamed of taking *it* into the Union."

"But there's the pedlar at work again. Nothing like a down-easter for trade! Hark to him."

"Haft of black horn and a sheath of albatross silver. That's the ticket for the Mexicans!—only four dollars. That's right, Mister; it's yours, and it's my belief that when you once get used to it, you won't like no other knife so well. There's the name on it—'Angostura,' tarnal good — Spanish cutler. Now, here's another, a Spanish wood-knife, a twelve-inch blade, straight edge, sharp point, notched back and damasked, haft of black horn and silver; Injun-coloured sheath, silver-mounted. It's another of Angostura's make. There's some poetry on it. Here, stranger, can ye tell us what this means?" The weapon was passed, and we read—

No me saquez sin razon!
Ni me embaynez sin honor!

Draw me not without reason,
Nor sheath me without honour.

"Thank you, Mister; that's worthy almost of our country. Will you buy it, Squire? Six dollars is the price. If I were in Takus I should have twelve."

"Well, what else have you got, pedlar?" said a Rowdie.

"Well, I guess I've kept the best to the last. Here's the last that came out, and I've only two of them, with a little difference in the ornaments."

As he spoke he drew from a paper wrapper a beautiful weapon, hilted and mounted in chased silver, with a sheath of maroon leather, silver bound. The sheath removed, there appeared a blade some fourteen inches in length and two in breadth, with a central rib and partly double-edged. The damasking was very elegant. It was a Greek weapon of the olden time, and might have served Leonidas himself to hew his way through the Persian ranks. It called to memory all the olden tales of Greek heroism. As with a sudden charm, the half-assassin character of the scene vanished. The stabbing knives were forgotten on beholding the weapon of patriot warfare. (*Fig.* 16.) A second was exhibited, with a pearl hilt, still more richly ornamented, and the crowd devoured them with gaping eyes. (*Fig.* 17.)

The charm vanished to our eyes, when the pedlar opened his lips again and exhibited the mottoes engraved on the opposite sides of the blades. Greek art was desecrated by Anglo-Saxon brutality. On

the one was engraved, "Avoid a Snag;" on the other, "A Scalp Cutter."

We turned away with disgust, giving vent to our indignation to the M.C.

"Tell me no more about your country and its progress. The scene we have just witnessed is a proof of its brutal condition as to morals. It is of no use to argue that these people belong to the fringe of society, living on the borders of barbarism; you eastern people, you men of Boston, send forth your members to make a profit of the crime of murder. While such things exist, while Massachussets pedlars vend Bowie Knives, you are all alike tainted with the results. You make laws in your own states against duelling, and hypocritically encourage the most brutal kind of duelling in other states for the sake of vile pelf. This very pedlar, if he heaps up 'dollars' enough may come to be an M.C. and legislator. Till your country is purged of this accursed mammon spirit you will vainly expect to hold a high rank among the nations."

In lieu of replying, the M.C. took us by the arm back to the pedlar's box, and, peeping in, drew forth one of the papers which wrapped some of the Bowie and other knives. Pointing to one corner, he read the words "Manufactured by Messrs. ———, Sheffield!"

"We are both alike, Mister, Britishers and Americans. You make the tools to do the murders, and get a profit on the manufacture. We sell them and profit by the sale. Which is the worst?"

Ever since, whenever the *Times* extracts a paragraph reporting an affray in Congress or elsewhere with Bowie Knives, we reflect that the instruments have probably been manufactured by British mechanics, and sold by British merchants.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.

TO W. M.

The poetry of life! O never deem
This the wild vision of a poet's dream,
Or the sweet fancies of his thrilling song
Things that might never unto earth belong.
Silent, unmarked, life's under-current flows,
Fraught with its dearest joys, its sternest woes;
And O its noblest feelings, these too hide
Deep 'neath the surface of the rippling tide.
Yes, 'mid the world's unkindliness and strife,
There is, I know, sweet poetry in life.
Believ'st thou not? I know that thou hast sought
From pensive brow, and eye that spake of thought,
Love's thrilling sympathy; that thou hast found
All was as tinkling brass—an empty sound;
And shutting up the chilled heart in thy breast,
Deceived by one, distrustest all the rest!
But judge not thus; beneath the mask of pride,
Or the light veil of mirth, there ofttimes hide
Far nobler feelings, and far purer thoughts,
Than where fair seeming our affection courts.
Didst mark the maid, whose laughing glance upshone
With such arch gladness, answering thine own?
Yes, thou didst note her, and didst sadly deem
'Twas pity she must wake from youth's gay dream,
Thinking, with all the selfishness of woe,
Thou wert alone in sorrow: 'tis not so!
She whose light step was lightest in the dance,
Who 'mid bright glances wore the brightest glance,
She of the sunny smile, even then did prove
The burning pangs of injured, slighted love!
Why then the wreath and smile? thus would'st thou ask?
Alas! it was indeed a weary task:
But there was one, who, with a pensive glance,
Followed her footsteps through the mazy dance;
It was her mother, she who knew her tale,
Who sighed to see her darling's cheek grow pale,
For whose dear sake, and with a woman's pride,
The maiden strove her misery to hide;
And summoning up her energies of power,
Wore the bright smile throughout the festal hour.
O may she conquer! may she cast away
The chain that bound her to a despot's sway;
By the *true love* wherewith her soul is fraught,
May she yet learn to set *the false* at naught.
What! dost *thou* weep? striving thy tears to hide;
Did I not know thee, I had deemed 'twas pride
That led thee thus, silent to turn aside.
Lo! thine own tears condemn that creed of thine,
So cold and heartless, while confirming mine;
Lo! thine own heart unto thy mind doth tell
What wealth of feeling in our bosoms dwell.
Come, trust a purer faith; what though there be
Nought save the light foam floating on the sea;
What though upon the mountain's rugged brow
Nought save the rank grass and the lichens grow;
Deep 'neath the waves the pearl and coral rest,
And the gem hideth in the mountain's breast;
And the best feelings of our nature lie
Deep in the heart, and shroud them from the eye.
The Poetry of Life! It ever springs
Most pure and holy 'mid familiar things.
Say, hast thou friends?—*one* friend? a home?
However humble, then thou need'st not roam:
By the light step that flyeth forth to meet thee,
By the bright glance wherewith thy loved ones greet thee,
By all sweet feelings on the home hearth rife,
There is, there is, sweet Poetry in Life!

Catherine Parr.

TOKEN FLOWERS.

BY ANNA SAVAGE.

THERE'S many a whispered word of love that token flowers may tell;
For fairies in the midnight hour have o'er them thrown a spell;
And while upon some careless heart the glowing blossoms rest,
None dream, a merry elfin sprite is harboured there a guest.
A dream of April's smiles and tears the fairy spirit weaves
Within the Summer's coronal, beneath the fragrant leaves;
And gentle whisperings they bring, and vows by them are sworn,
Till buds and blossoms learn the lore, and tell of love and scorn.

A word or sigh is fondly breathed, or mingled hope, or fear,
Blend in the blushing messengers that wait on Beauty's ear,
Or from the chords of memory draw some low and plaintive strain,
Till lips of rose almost as fair, murmur them back again.
Not in his perfumed prison long the merry elf will lie,
Nor in the dew-gemmed blossom rest in fond security;
Once more his silken wings are spread, o'er land or sea to roam,
His magic spell once more he weaves, and seeks another home.

Now hid beneath a jetty fringe he will in ambush lie,
Now sparkle in the glittering tear that gems an azure eye,
Or where the glossy ringlets wave, a merry pastime seek,
Or laugh amid the roseate smiles on Beauty's dimpled cheek.
Each coy and conscious blush he hoards, each love half-speaking sigh,
For other eyes and other ears who wait the sweet reply;
Then wonder not for Love's sweet sake he leaves e'en Flora's bowers,
And lovers' lips have learnt to bless THE SPIRIT OF THE FLOWERS.

A PARTING GLIMPSE OF ST. GILES'S.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

Our knowledge and treatment of the social outcasts who have made the little triangular space between High-street, St. Giles's, Dyot (or George) street, and Bainbridge-street, as famous as the Alsatia which Scott has immortalized, and still more permanent, furnishes a fair example of the mode in which society solves many of the important difficulties that will force themselves upon its attention. As one reads of the lodging-houses of St. Giles's, with their nightly accommodations for different classes, at prices regularly descending from fourpence to a penny, we naturally remark, "What a low place!" As our sanatory inspectors describe the noxious sights and scents that prevail through the district, and the diseases to which they lead, we cry, "What a disgusting place!" We have not unfrequently—though since the establishment of the new police a beneficial outward change has taken place in this respect—heard of violent quarrels, of the excesses to which combined ignorance, passion, and brutality give rise, and who can help exclaiming, with a shudder, "What a dreadful place!" Lastly, as a finish to the picture, our courts of justice now and then show us that St. Giles's partially remains what it has been for centuries—a place of refuge for thieves and robbers —and our indignation bursts out in, "What a villanous place!" Of course, therefore, when the architectural improvers come forward with their plans, and show you how beautifully the new street which is to form a direct line of communication between Oxford-street and Bloomsbury, will cut right through this plague-spot upon our fine metropolis, everybody is delighted. Thank God! St. Giles's is going at last. But where? asks some querulous complainer. The roofs that at present cover them are bad enough, it must be owned, but before you pull them down, of course you mean to provide others. You cannot wish to drive them into a competition for lodgings with the inhabitants, miserable and unfriended as themselves, of Saffron-hill, and similar places, and so enhance with both the difficulties of living, already so formidable, that, from time to time, some will be found to give up the struggle in despair, and leave a coroner's inquest to sum up their fate—"Died of starvation." Where then are the people of St. Giles's to go? Oh! what is that to us. Would you stop the progress of improvement—would you interfere with the sacred right of these poor people to dispose of themselves as they please? Political economy forbid! No doubt all that will right itself. Thank God, St. Giles's is going.

Yes, St. Giles's *is* going; and we purpose to take a parting glance of it, before we shall be compelled to speak in the past tense, and say

St. Giles's has gone. A few words on its history may not be out of place. The foundation of the parish, the church, and of the neighbourhood, may be derived from the establishment of an hospital for lepers, upon very nearly the precise spot at present occupied by the "Rookery." The choice of the locality was probably determined by the neighbourhood of springs or streams of water. There is to this day a bath, called Queen Anne's, in one of the streets on the southern side of Broad-street, the waters of which have a decided chalybeate taste; and we know also that one of the springs from the Tye Bourne, ran past or near the hospital, on its way to London. The founder of the establishment was Matilda, the good, learned, and beautiful wife of Henry I., who, herself a Saxon, with the blood of Alfred in her veins, by marrying a Norman, set the example of that intermingling of the two hostile nations, which was so desirable after the conquest had become an irrevocable fact.

How much is there not suggested in this brief notice of the origin of St. Giles's! The leprosy has disappeared from the body, but only to enter more deeply into the soul, yet, *Where is our hospital?* And yet, perhaps, conduct that may be looked upon as a cruel interference with the poor, when our own interests or tastes are concerned, and as a disgraceful neglect, in all that appertains to theirs, may be really but a most refined species of kindness, a wisdom too exalted for ordinary apprehensions. How, according to the poet Coleridge, is the wandering and distempered child to be healed. He says—

"Thou, O! Nature, pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty."

Capital! exclaim the architectural improvers and beautifiers—Nature! Oh, come, they shall have plenty of that—in the open fields; "Melodies of woods, and winds, and waters!" What a blessing to the poor people it will be to leave them to such enjoyments, undistracted by the cares of house and home. If it be not some such reasoning as this that satisfies the many excellent men who are sweeping away the wretched habitations of the poor from the very face of the land, and making no effort to replace them with better, we should be glad to know what it is.

Whilst it must be acknowledged that St. Giles's is not altogether the place it was a few years ago, it is remarkable how essentially it still preserves its old characteristics. There is not a nook or corner of it throughout that lies above a stone's throw from respectable and crowded thoroughfares; and yet, even the very openings upon those thoroughfares seem to have hardly compromised their relations with the interior by their advances towards the exterior. Nay, St. Giles's, at this entrance here, midway between Bainbridge-street and the church, seems to give all visitors fair warning of the kind of place they are about to enter. Mark the intricate system of short bars that cross the way, how you must tack from left to right, right to left, and then again from left to right to get through them. An inhabitant understands to a hair-breadth the necessary amount of movements required, but any stranger who may desire to follow him unpleasantly close, had better not attempt the passage too impetuously. A few yards farther, and it is hard to believe in the proximity of the streets we have just quitted. Night is fast closing in, and deepening the shadows that almost always brood over the lower part of the narrow lane—tattered garments and large pieces of cloth flap to and fro, suspended on poles from the windows—here and there lights appear at the opened doors, showing the walls blacker even within than without, and reflected back from the greasy door-posts; whilst, at intervals, figures are dimly seen going down into, or rising from, the cellars, or seated in a strange silence on the pavement. Now there passes by a woman with a large hamper of flowers to be made up into the pretty "bow-pots" of to-morrow; but there is something revolting in their very sweetness—here. In a corner there is a group of lads, the oldest apparently not eighteen, the youngest cannot have passed twelve. Not a sound of enjoyment escapes them—an occasional oath, in a voice preternaturally manlike, is heard, and some brief words, that serve to show at least they are not planning a robbery, as one instinctively supposes, but gambling for pence. We should be sorry to mistake their vocation; but petty larceny does seem so stamped upon them that there is no avoiding the conclusion. There are the slouching gait, the furtive glance, the bravado air, that betoken a mingled life of idleness, cunning, and audacity; the very hands of those not engaged in the game seem to be thrust into the breeches pocket, that they may not be picking and stealing from the mere force of habit, and getting their owner into unintentional danger. But who are the pair now approaching us—the lady and gentleman of almost Quakerish gentility? Heaven knows missionaries—so that they be of the right kind—are needed here: these must surely be persons of that character. They are about to sing. A most un-missionary-like voice has the gentleman, a most un-Quakerish-like sentiment the lady, as she replies in chorus to his strain—

"I'll seek mine own blackguard all round the wide world."

Ha! we understand it now. They are sell-

ing ballads, and as it would never do to place themselves on the level of their patrons, and as to go lower is impossible, why, they e'en take the other alternative, and appeal in the genteelest fashion. This is human nature, but we confess, in a somewhat new phase, to our eyes at least.

Many listeners gather round, evidently enjoying the ballad, but true mirth there is none, and the semblance is always unpleasant—in St. Giles's it becomes almost awful. As we pass on, children gather round us begging halfpence. Here is a conversation with one:—

"Do you go to school?"

"No."

"Can you read?"

"No."

"What can you do?"

"Drink a quartern of gin standing on my head."

Poor fellow! His betters unconsciously play more fantastic tricks with him than any he can perform upon himself. They require him, in a moral sense, to stand upon his head, but take care to reduce, to the smallest possible amount, all chance of his having a head to stand upon. Would that our legislators visited the St. Giles's rather more and the St. Stephen's somewhat less. Few of them, we fancy, would then submit to, much less boldly utter, the bitter mockery, that compulsory education is against the spirit of our institutions. They would say, and rightly, we make compulsory on pain of fine, scourge, imprisonment, transportation, and death, the consequences of education—how then, as honest men, can we do otherwise than make education compulsory too, on all those who, we perceive, are not receiving its benefits? The most zealous adherents of "my church," again, would hardly, we think, after an intimate acquaintance with St. Giles's, say that education should be quietly put off till that millennium when men shall decide which of the churches shall be the universal-Mine; but would at once set to work to devise a mighty system on those principles so often taken in vain, but which are not the less the true ones—Christian. No fear of sectarianism when pious men shall rise to the height of their own argument. They will then look at the whole subject of education in the large spirit of the Founder of Christianity; they will take the grandest principle He taught, and which He was ever teaching, both in words and in acts; the principle from which all others necessary to man's spiritual or temporal welfare may be most legitimately and efficiently evolved; that principle, in short, which has been said to be but another word for the Almighty himself—God is Love. They will take this as their guiding light to teach them what are man's capacities, duties, and enjoyments; they will follow it at all hazards, wheresoever it may lead, regardless of what selfish interests, or privileges, or institutions, it may put aside. Such, to our minds, would be Christian principles; and whenever men do, in earnest, act upon them, the world will be conquered; we shall look in vain for the moral lepers of St. Giles's.

There are two indispensable requisites when a stranger visits St. Giles's. He must allow the inhabitants with whom he comes into contact to amuse themselves in their own way—at the gin-shop, and at his expense; he must also have a guide, who is not simply one of the initiated, but who enjoys a certain amount of respect and authority. We were fortunate in this respect. As our friend the artist was sketching one day, we suddenly noticed a one-legged man looking at us very attentively, and, we fancied, suspiciously. Presently he came over, and bluntly asked what we were doing. The sketch was shown to him, and he began to interest himself. The first evidence of his favour was a gracious command to sketch *him;* and if he didn't like it when done, why, he would tear it up; and so he went to what he thought an artistical distance. And thus began our acquaintance with one of the great men of St. Giles's, Slashing Jem; who, as he told us, had ceased for some years to reside in the place, but added, with engaging candour, I can't keep away from it. A lady of his acquaintance (a visitor must speak only of ladies and gentlemen in St. Giles's) accompanied us in our wanderings; she was a perfect and most painful specimen of the very lowest stage to which the class of unfortunates sometimes descend, and which here, alas! forms no inconsiderable portion of the population. A bloated form and face, the last spotted all over,—a kind of general expression that seems to denote that all the most hideous of worldly influences have been exhausted upon the unhappy creature, and that a species of calm, a kind of premature old age, has been in consequence attained at last;—such were the more striking points of the appearance of Slashing Jem's companion. There are two facts connected with her, that furnish more than ordinary material for reflection. As you looked upon her, you found it almost impossible to believe that she was not yet eighteen. What heart but should be filled with pity and indignation—pity for her, the hapless victim—indignation for those who have influence in the affairs of the nation, when you were further informed that that poor creature was born where you then beheld her. She first opened her eyes upon vice and crime; never for one hour has she been free from their influences,—she will die with the same fiends at her pillow.

Thus accompanied, we first went into one of

the cellars. A mother and her daughter were the only occupants. The latter was as yet but midway in the downward course between the life of profligacy and the life that only ceases to be profligate from the utter loss of all personal advantages. Sweet and horrible was the picture, as we looked at the surface, or penetrated to the interior; the face possessed that child-like, holy beauty, which might have given to the owner, under other circumstances, the aspect of a seraph; her form was in the highest degree graceful, as she sat by the blackened, desolate-looking hearth, loosely wrapped up, waiting for the linen that was drying at the fire; but when she spake——. In this cellar, too, were ample materials for the study of the moral philosopher. A theatrical print, some Mr. Fitz-James as Romeo, was over the fire-place. "Ah! Sir," said the mother, as she saw our eyes light upon it, "that was done by my son. He was what you call a genius, Sir, but"—here she sighed deeply—"he went wrong." Alas! he must indeed have gone wrong, when his mother said so, and when his sister's position seemed to call for no particular remark from the same parent. Yet so evident was the mother's anguish at the thoughts of her son, his genius, and his fate, that we could not venture to inquire further. We suspect he had been transported. We caught ourselves murmuring something about the blessing that might yet await her in the return of a repentant man, but fortunately we reflected in time to spare ourselves the mother's unanswerable retort, that a boy may be in danger before he goes into prison, but is irretrievably ruined after.

We were desirous of obtaining some accurate information as to the characters and vocations generally of the people of St. Giles's; but it was an awkward question to put to Slashing Jem. Nor did we know his own pursuits? But from what we learnt from him and others, and from what we saw, we should say the Holy-Landers may be divided into four classes; the aristocracy, who are in the main idlers, but follow at intervals some mysterious but lucrative employment; the hawkers, hagglers, and others of the same genus; beggars; and lastly, the permanent residents, or the lodging-house keepers, the keepers of houses of ill fame, and the publicans. The last must be a wealthy body. A magistrate of Middlesex said, in 1817, "In the early part of my life (I remember almost the time which Hogarth has pictured*) every house in St. Giles's, whatever else they sold, sold gin." Since then the taste for the spirit has evidently suffered no declension, whilst the sale must now, we should say, be chiefly confined to the public-houses; a pretty business therefore they must carry on. But the lodging-houses form the essentially distinctive feature of the district. It is the accommodation they offer to the thief and the burglar, the beggar, the dealers in lucifer boxes, flowers, and in mats, that brings so many devotees nightly to St. Giles's shrine. A few years ago there appeared a book, called "The Dens of London Exposed," which was in effect confined to an elaborate exposition of the lodging-houses in question. We happen to know that the author spent some time in one of them, living in all respects as the ordinary inhabitants lived, and thus obtained the means of presenting a faithful picture of the locality. We prefer, therefore, extracting a passage from his work, to relying upon our own hastier observations, which at the same time satisfy us of his general correctness:—

"The common lodging-house, as the reader no doubt understands, is a house of accommodation for all classes—no matter what may be their appearance or character—only provided that they can procure, when required, the necessary quantity of coins. In every considerable village in the kingdom there is a lodging-place, called the 'Beggars' House,' and in every town, more or less, according to its size or population. In London, there are hundreds and thousands of houses of this description, from the poor tenant of a room or cellar, with its two or three shake-down beds upon the floor, to the more substantial landlord with his ten and twenty houses, and two or three hundred beds. Among these, the houseless wanderer may find shelter, from a penny to three-halfpence, two-pence, three-pence, four-pence, and six-pence a night, on beds of iron, wood, and straw, or on that more lofty couch a hammock; and some (that is the penny-a-night lodger) have often no other resting-place than the hard floor This common lodging-house business is a thriving trade; only small capital is required, for an old house will do (no matter how the rain beats in, or the wind whistles through) in a back street or filthy lane, for the more wretched the neighbourhood the better; old bedsteads and beds, clothes of the coarsest description, with a few forms, and a table or so for the kitchen, are all that is necessary for the concern. The front room, or what is usually termed the parlour, is generally fitted up into a shop; or, when this is not the case, there is always some accommodating neighbour, who has the following articles for sale: viz., bacon, butter, cheese, bread, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, potatoes, red and salt herrings, smuggled liquors, and table beer. Some add the savoury profession of the cook to that of the huckster, and dish up a little roast and boiled beef, mutton, pork, vegetables, &c. The whole of these, the reader may be assured, are of very moderate quality; they are retailed to the lodgers at very profitable prices, and in the smallest quantities, such as a half-penny worth of butter, bacon, cheese, tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, &c.; and for the trifling sum of one penny, the poor epicure may gratify his palate with a taste of beef, mutton, and so on. Very little credit is given in these creditable places, and that only to those who are well-known; they who have not that advantage, often are compelled to take the handkerchief off their necks, the coat, and even the very shirt off their backs, to give to the cautious housekeeper, before they can procure a night's lodging, or a morsel of food."

Pride will thrive in the most apparently uncongenial of atmospheres, or how should we find it at St. Giles's? "I have never attempted," said Mr. John Smart, in 1817, "to collect the rate, but for the Parish of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, and St. George's, Bloomsbury, where they will not pay any person but the High Constable." A less questionable evidence of

* In his "Gin Lane."

the same trait is to be found in the funerals of the poor here. To be carried when dead to the grave as a pauper seems a frightful thing in the eyes of those who, whilst alive, think little of going to the gaol as a felon. Consequently, the neighbours on such occasions contribute each his or her little mite, to raise a sum for a decent funeral and wake. We were fortunate enough on one of our visits to be present at a wake. As we wandered along one of the streets, a howling, as of a pack of wolves, burst upon our ears. With some difficulty, we groped our way up the stairs of the house from whence the sounds proceeded, and presently found ourselves in the chamber shown in our engraving. A wake is at all times a picturesque and interesting scene; at St. Giles's, all the adjuncts are enhanced to a high degree by the strange combination of actors which the neighbourhood affords. The part where the corpse was laid out was hung all over with white sheets; the corpse was wrapped in a white shroud, richly frilled about the wrists and neck; black gloves were drawn upon the hands, perhaps for the first time; candles were burning at the feet, in richly-carved silver-plated candlesticks, a part of the stock in trade of the neighbouring public-house; a plate of salt was on the breast, and a great black crucifix towering over all. The ghastly appearance of the face of the dead man, surrounded by such drapery, and in the midst of a blaze of artificial light, was indescribable. In front of the company, which seemed to combine every variety of pursuit and every degree of destitution known even in St. Giles's, were the mourners and their leader, the Keener, the impromptu poet of the wake, a lean old woman, her grey hair floating about her head, who, in the Irish language, rehearsed the merits of the deceased; and seeing perhaps how useful to society must have been such a worthy man, not unnaturally returned continually to the same pertinent question, addressed to the body, "Why did you die?" The Keener, it may be necessary to inform some of our readers, is generally a hired personage, whilst the mourners, who form the chorus, are the relatives. Contrasted with their half-frantic appearance and exclamations, appeared all the other numerous figures in the back-ground, who evidently considered that enough for the grief were the proper mourners, and therefore enjoyed themselves each in his own way—from the pair who were engaged in love's blandishments, to the old man who sat smoking his pipe, within a few inches of all the roar of the women, a perfect and delicious picture of enjoyment and content.

The amusements of St. Giles's, whatever their slight differences of form, all in reality centre in one—Gin. The most important of the means taken to secure this end was the Club, held at the Hare and Hounds, on a certain evening in every week, where a lady presided, beneath a canopy gay with embroidery and wreaths of flowers; and where, in addition to the usual residents of the neighbourhood, it was not uncommon to see some youthful scion of nobility sharing in all the proceedings, with a gusto that showed very clearly there had been a mistake as to his true position in life. His lot should have been connected with St. Giles's rather than with St. James's. Yet the experience thus obtained might be especially valuable to such persons—these legislators in embryo; but unfortunately, though very naturally, after the ambition of the profligate, that brings them to St. Giles's, begins to wane, the ambition that takes its place is that of being, par excellence, a man of the world; that is to say, one whose knowledge extends only to all that is most intrinsically worthless in the said world. And so the poor denizens of St. Giles's derive no benefit from their quondam titled acquaintances. The profligate and the man of the world takes his hereditary place of legislation. A statute-book crowded with repressive laws, and a people sinking daily lower and lower still in the scale of comfort and true dignity, show us the results. The public-house we have mentioned is now silent and deserted, waiting but for the fiat of destruction. Time has a trick of giving a sort of respectability to places of no very respectable character; he has done so here; and one *feels* a sort of regret, that one's thoughts by no means approve of, to see the centre of the revelry of so many centuries swept away to give place to houses no doubt of the approved dashing architectural style, but for which we don't care a pin. Till the reign of Charles II., the Hare and Hounds was called by the appellation of the Beggar's Bush, a place well known to the dramatists and satirists of the seventeenth century. The change was produced by an incident natural enough in the then thinly-peopled district, but which seems curious now. A hare was hunted to the house and there caught, dressed, and eaten. Of the character of the Beggar's Bush, and of the orgies there maintained, we have preserved to us a very interesting account in a tract of the time of James I.:—

"Right pleasant was it," says the writer, "to look upon the poor decrepit creatures, when, casting away their whining, they would call about them lustily for wine, and drink the same off toss-pot like, with toasts of a lewd and laughter-moving meaning. All the while their doxies and trulls would coax and wheedle the men with abundance of sweet and seducing words, and sturdy gaberlunzies would cast into the fire, with contumelious looks, the broken victuals they had begged, and loudly and lewdly toast our lady of Holy-well and blessed Saint Giles, the patron of cripples. Whilome sundry cadgers would play upon the gittern and crowde; and sundry others, in like manner, would dance like King David with all their mightiness and vigour, showing surpassing agility for such as be quite lame, and much more pluck than their lamentable plight would give reason to hope for. Right mirthful was it, though it might awaken the mind

to melancholy contemplations, to see these merry children of idleness disporting themselves, the wine and mum abounding, and the goodly haunch smoking at the fire, footing it like mad things to the sound of the viol, and so creating an appetite for the supper that awaited them."

He then adds:—

"The tavern where I, disguised like unto one of their number, did see what is here set down, I affirm to be the Beggar's Bush, far in the field off the High-street, on the east side of the public conduit of water, somewhat inclining to the south-west of the pound, and very nigh opposite to the gallows removed from Smithfield, when the old elms were taken down [about 1413,] and the trees at the north wall of the hospital were used for the nonce."

It was on the gallows so removed from Smithfield, that our first English martyr, Lord Cobham, the early friend of Henry V., was hung in chains, and burnt by a slow fire; an act that has left an ineffaceable stain on the memory of the victor of Agincourt. As the population of London pressed more and more westward, the gallows experienced a second removal into the country; and was erected near the bourne, or river, from whence the terrible name Tybourn. And then the custom of presenting a bowl of ale to condemned persons on their way to execution, seems to have gradually arisen; the inhabitants of the hospital of St. Giles's being the donors. Directly opposite the church, stands now one of the gin palaces of our modern civilization; that we understand is the local representative of the ancient hostelry, where St. Giles's bowl continued to be offered, long after the dissolution of the hospital, to the unhappy creatures who passed that way towards the "bourne" from whence "no traveller returned."

On the last night of our visits to St. Giles's, we met with a character, not undeserving of notice, at this same gin palace. Among the medley assemblage of flower-girls, ballad-singers, and young women, whose gaudy trappings told too plainly their miserable vocation, one gentlemanly-looking man stood out in bold relief. His clothes looked fashionable, and fashionably worn, so that you hardly perceived how ragged they were, or the ineffable state of glossiness to which the wear and grease of unnumbered years had brought them. An opera tie was about his neck; and a hat of so Proteus-like a shape on his head that, according to the point of sight from which you looked upon it, did it assume the appearance of any and every variety of hat characteristic. But the most remarkable feature about the man was his hungriness of look. It was as if he had never eaten a single sufficient meal for the last ten years, and as though Nature had stored up all her unsatisfied demands, till a day of convenient payment. With a thousand apologies, which he accepted with the most perfect good breeding, did we introduce an invitation to a little refreshment; and as his body warmed with the genial influences, so did his heart expand, and throw off the accumulated weight of despair which a life of degradation had imposed. He had been educated for the church, and had actually officiated; but some "indiscretion"—we excused the word, for we saw he weighed more justly the thing—had caused him to be driven forth from society. In his own language, "I fell into a rapid stream; friends were on this side and on that, but none helped me; if they interfered at all, it was to plunge me deeper in. I am now a lost man; shunned and avoided by every one. I hate and despise myself, Sir, more than you can hate and despise me. Well! well!" The tears stood in his eyes, and we won't answer for our own, when he added that anything like kindness now almost broke his heart.

With a last sketch from the streets around St. Giles's at day-break, and which we venture to turn into a poetical form, we conclude:—

THE MASQUERADE OF LIFE.

See'st thou?—The wretched being this way crawls,
In tawdry muslin, stained with recent falls,
Tottering against the rails, to which she clings
With hands fair through the dirt, and bright with rings;
Paint on her thin, yet not unlovely face,—
Lost Innocence hath left there still its grace,
Soft, vague, and mournful, shifting to and fro,
With nought to stay for, yet most loth to go.
Thus through the fresh, invigorating morn,
Now newly breaking, comes this child of scorn;
Oaths on her lips—the blessed heavens above;
Hate in her heart—and through all nature love.

Stay; look again, 'tis but Life's Masquerade;
Strip off disguises; see the form He made.

Lo! simplest robes of spotless white reveal
The graceful shape their envy would conceal.
Upon her cheek, in warm and varying dyes,
Are seen her heart's emotions as they rise;
And if in those deep, melting orbs you trace
One wandering glance—Love seeks its resting-place.
Where are the oaths? the scorn repelling hate?
Ask not this happy being of a state
She knows not in so fair a world can be;
Pure in herself, she deems all purity.

This God's own creature, as even now she lies
Germ-like in that poor wanton's form, and cries,—
With the low voice which heard, ne'er pleads in vain,—
Scorn not my human dress, 'tis worn in pain;
And one kind look, one tone that, from the heart,
The heart best reaches, may some feeling start,
With token unto me, now torpid here,
I LIVE, to bud, leaf, blossom, in some kindlier sphere.

A FAIR DAY IN BRITTANY.

During a very agreeable residence of some months near Caen, in Normandy, we often speculated upon the wisdom and feasibility of a pedestrian tour through a part, at least, of Brittany; which portion of France, though so remarkable both in its conformation and associations, has been about the least visited of its ancient divisions. *La vielle Armorique* is certainly a curious, and, indeed, extraordinary country. Far behind the rest of the land in its civilisation, and also in scepticism and want of faith, it has many characteristics to render it worthy of minute investigation. Its highlands and lowlands, too, are widely different, as are its commercial towns and its merely agricultural communes; in all, one sees the dark, sunburnt complexion, coal-black piercing eyes, oval faces, high cheek-bones, and in most parts the coat of calfskin or sheepskin, with the hair outside, reaching to the knee, with a short cape on the shoulders, is the dress of the *paysans*. There are, however, many singular and distinctive peculiarities between the various portions of the country. The great towns are French, modern French, priggish and new; the villages and agricultural districts are Breton, real Breton, amongst whom social improvements are slow, though we doubt an assertion of certain tourists, that Paganism has been the religion of families within a hundred years. The costume of the department of Morbihan is striking and novel. Scanty square jackets of white or brown cloth, over which their long black hair, hanging down to the waist, shows to much advantage, the button-holes, edges, and pocket-facings all of crimson, and even, on occasion, the date of the making of the coat embroidered on one side, with a figure of the chalice and holy wafer on the other, loose *bragon bras*, or breeches, terminating at the knee, and tied closely, leggings and *sabots*, or wooden shoes—such is the appearance presented by the men. The women are more various in their taste, though a tight boddice of cloth, fitting close to their busts, of some bright colour, with close sleeves of another tint, both edged and ornamented with a third hue, be the prevailing dress. A hood, or cap, violet coloured or green, is worn upon the head. The coiffe, however, or head-dress of the Breton women, differs in almost every commune; the dames clinging with pertinacity to the hereditary taste of their ancestors in each locality. To an unaccustomed eye, indeed, the difference is scarcely perceptible; but still in each village, town, or district, the variety does exist. One remarkable article of furniture found in the dwelling-house of every respectable Breton peasant is the "*lit clos*," or box-bedstead, which demands a passing remark. In one corner of the room occupied by the family will be seen by the stranger a vast black oaken piece of carved upholstery, in shape like a huge chest of drawers. On one side, however, is an aperture, through which you catch a glimpse of mattress upon mattress, reaching to a height quite extraordinary to our sophisticated ideas. A slide can be drawn across even this—the only opening—and little cold need be feared by its occupants.

The owners of these luxuries are the lowlanders; in the hovels of unhewn, unmortared stone, in the mud huts of the hills, such things are not. Indeed nothing can be more marked than the difference which exists. The one is a compound of rich and fertile valleys, or the lower slopes of the hills, while the other is a wild, barren, ill-cultivated range of table-land, with here and there a stunted tree, or patch of heather. The former is well peopled and under comparatively careful cultivation, the agriculturist sometimes even rich—all comfortable. The latter is thinly inhabited, the peasants wretchedly poor, ill-fed, and miserable, though generally ruddy and healthy-looking in face,—so much for good, pure mountain air. No goodly and tempting array of bacon-sides here meets the eye, no excellent cider, but the coarse black bread of the sarazin; no huge heap of butter, no lump of cheese, but a poor *galette*, a pancake of sarazin meal. No *lit clos*, but a wretched pallet, on which the whole family huddles at night. The difference in the appearance of the population is so marked as to suggest at the first glance the idea of a separate race; the men being in the hills little and puny, the females without any of the outward charms of their sex; while the Bretons in general are of a goodly stature, well made, the women, though brown from exposure, being pretty and of tolerable figures. But, without seeking a cause so remote as that of their being another people, we may safely, we imagine, assign the hard lot of the former as the principal cause of their physical degeneration. The stunted bushmen of the Cape of Good Hope are doubtless no race of pigmies, but men arrested in their growth by starvation, and a rude, savage life. Even the animals in Brittany vary according to the locality, being in the hills small and dwarfish, if we except the pigs, which, though always ugly in France, are here

more so than usual, being a hideous breed of long-legged beasts, resembling starved wild boars in their appearance.

These facts, combined with our propinquity to the scene, determined us some time back upon a tour in the region, which fully repaid the time, toil, and physical exertion which it cost us. A strange people, the most perfectly-preserved specimen of the Celtic race, scenery wild, pretty, and charming, ancient strongholds, picturesque ruins scattered over the whole face of the country, historical recollections without end—all these were so many links to bind us to the province, of which we have retained few recollections which are not of an agreeable nature. The materials collected by us would form a ponderous volume; but we shall at present content ourselves with giving a brief account of a Brittany Fair Day, such as we saw in 183—, at Collinée, a *chef lieu du canton*, which lays claim to having one of the principal cattle-fairs in those parts. Being aware of the date of this grand occurrence—which takes place in the early days of May—we contrived to reach the spot at the proper time, and, though we had honoured many a similar exhibition in other parts of France with our presence, were never more amused and enlightened upon many points of rustic character than upon the present auspicious occasion. The strange, uncouth, yet picturesque costumes and figures of the men, their sombre gravity, so unlike the mercurial *Français*—the women, young and old, pretty and otherwise, but none fair—the ugly, stunted highland cattle—the arched, sharp back-boned pigs, with red, hungry eyes and hollow sides—the more sightly lowland breeds—were all peculiar, novel, and interesting. Several species of theatres, in which were represented those remnants of the ancient mummeries, mysteries, and moralities, so graphically described by Victor Hugo, which yet take the fancy of a simple, believing, but bigotted people, were the great attraction of the day. The "Nativity," the "Resurrection," and other scriptural subjects, were of course the groundwork. Many, various, and grand were the other booths and shows—the itinerant doctors, the dancing-rooms, carts with each their barrel of cider, from the tap of which the sharp, acid liquid was ever running, while brandy, coffee, and beer were being dispensed in more aristocratic regions—*i. e.*, beneath cover. Eating and drinking, buying and selling, were of course the principal events of the day. An old woman, with a primitive *plaque*, or oven, in the open air, sold fried *saucissons*, slices of pork or ham, and other rare tit-bits, and found abundance of customers; a travelling dentist bawled himself hoarse, vociferating in favour of the extraction of teeth as the only sure cure for the tooth-ache, which operation he offered to perform for the small sum of one halfpenny, or rather *sou*. To those who feared this violent remedy, he recommended warmly his *Creosote Pignard*. Pedlars without number tempted the young and brown beauties with their stores of lace, ribbons, and haberdashery, necklaces, holy crosses, and beads. A print-seller, well aware of the devout character of the people amid whom he now was, exhibited a vast variety of pictures, in gay, flaunting, and gaudy colours, of Saints, Virgins, Holy Families, and other Catholic subjects. A red Balaam on a yellow ass, with a blue cloud, attracted much attention; but the prints devoted to local legends were most sought after. For the more worldly-minded, the dispenser of the fruits of Gallic art, pious and profane, had Napoleons, Louis Philippes, and young Henris, to suit all tastes. Of the former, his supply was immense and varied. The eternal cocked hat and *redingote* were seen at Elba, at Fontainbleau, at St. Helena, at Waterloo, in Russia, in peace, in war, on earth, in heaven, in every attitude, position, or locality which a fertile imagination could suggest. And then the wild-beast shows—live crocodiles, sea-serpents, learned pigs, remnants of antediluvian elephants and mammoths, were scattered over the ground, each finding its knot of lookers-on and supporters.

One feature of the scene, however, which, though not new to us, and though often alluded to by tourists in other parts of France, struck our attention more than other of the many singularities around. This was the occupation of the hair-merchants. We have alluded to the black hair of the Bretons, which, both in man and woman, is often of great beauty. Accordingly, it is made an article of traffic, both sexes continually cherishing it with the avowed object of disposing of the crop to the hair merchants at the annual fair. These gentry stood in the centre of the *place*, scissors in hand; by their side a basket to receive the flowing locks of both male and female vendors. As soon as a bargain was struck, say with a pretty young Breton lass, the close cap, or hood, was removed, the long tresses were submitted to the hands of the purchaser, and in a few minutes the captivating *brunette* stood shorn of her dark locks, the very personification of a parish apprentice girl. From twelve to five-and-twenty *sous* was the price paid for the article, according to its length, beauty, and the bargaining powers of its possessor. Lest, however, our fair readers form a wrong estimate of the character of these dames, from the voluntary surrender of the most elegant of female native ornaments at the shrine of gold, or rather copper, be it recollected that the close cap worn by the girls and women of the province entirely conceals the hair, which is, therefore, rather a burden than a cherished object with the Bretonese. Still we

thought it wondrous unfeminine to behold knots of young women standing round the dealer in human hair, their long tresses combed ready for the clipping, which process was meantime going on upon some one of the party.

Towards evening even the native Breton phlegm and severity of manner gave way beneath the combined influence of eating and drinking, cider and sausages, bottled beer and ham, brandy, *café noir*, &c. The sound of voices became louder and more confused, quarrels were got up, the women said hard things one to the other, and looked at their caps, but no blows were struck. The purchasers of cattle wended their way home, driving refractory cows, oxen, and pigs before them; the vendors proceeded to spend a portion of the produce of the sales in the drinking-houses; one old lady, who had vainly striven to gain her price for a pig, sent it squeaking before her; and we, tired and hungry, with difficulty obtained a supper and a night's lodging, so crowded and busy was everything in the shape of an inn. Sleep came late, for both in and around the house the loud hum of voices was heard until past midnight, when the *chef lieu du canton* subsided into its usual peaceful state of repose, and Collinée was itself again.

SKETCHES OF PARISIAN LIFE.—No. V.

THE NATIONAL GUARD.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

Among the many ridiculous, peculiar, and amusing things to be met with in the French capital, the "Garde National," I think, ranks pre-eminent. And I could never hear their band in the streets of Paris, nor see the variety of nightcaps that were popped forth from every "cinquième" at their approach, neither could I glance for a moment over the odd figures that composed their ranks, without receiving a vivid idea of the comic, which became quite irresistible, when in a laughter-loving humour.

The National Guard being, however, a species of distillation of all the eccentric, humorous, and odd characteristics of the citizens of Paris, an introduction to this particular class is necessary for the reader, if he desire to obtain an appreciation of the drolleries attendant on the military state of the civil powers of Paris.

The Citizen, or "Bourgeois," then, of Paris, varies considerably in his classes, and is held in different estimation by almost all who speak of him.

In olden time, when aristocracy was respectable, and supported by a well-paid standing army, the military hated the civilians, and called the gentle cit a "*Pekin*," whenever they fell in with him, and when they *dared*, threatened to crop his ears, looking on him, in short, with that air of deep contempt which, when displayed by the rich man to the *useful*, becomes an injury, which has called for, unhappily, in

other lands than France, "a deep revenge." All these matters are however changed; the worthy citizen has now his ears taken especial care of by the military themselves; and if in these days, a stranger were to ask a captain in the regular army for a definition of a Bourgeois, 'tis ten to one, but he would tell him that he is a good man, who has land and "rentes," who eats excellent potage, owes not a sous, and who goes calmly down the stream of life, as a man should do who would escape its disagreeables; that is, with cotton in his ears, warm feet, and a tranquil spirit.

The greatest present hater of our unoffending citizen is the artist in his studio, and he would rather, I believe, that you called him by the title of every personified villany upon earth, than by that of "Bourgeois," which offends him beyond all endurance; while, on the contrary, the driver of the fiacre experiences a sort of sympathetic interest for the honest man, which proves that driving about Paris produces a healthy state of both mind and body.

The French citizen, oddly enough, never seems to grow from childhood to age, like other men; he is aged in manner before he can spell in two syllables, and instead of riding or running, like the son of the marquis, or climbing trees like the gamin, he walks gravely about with his hands in his pockets, with his great eyes looking intensely stupid, and his large head entirely occupied by one small flimsy idea, such as would be compressed into nonentity by the action of any other brain. At a certain age, the boy citizen learns a fable or two, "The Fox and the Crane," or the successions of the Kings and Queens of France, a little of the Classics also; but he is soon "au bout de son Latin," and, never having been taught to *think*, the learning is soon forgotten which cannot be applied; while orthography never having formed part of his education, he writes as little as possible, and is laughed at even for that little.

The great festival of the citizen of Paris is his Sunday. We Protestants of England are dull enough to consider the seventh day of the week as a day for legitimate reflection to the busy, and of rest to the weary and hardly labouring; and those who rise early, late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness, are grateful for the permission to spend the blessed hours of this holy day in quiet and repose. The Manchester cotton-spinner, for instance, whose temples throb with the noise of engines and of shuttles, and whose only idea of perfume has been for six long days the oiled wheels of the engine, and the close atmosphere of the unwholesome manufactory, sits this day perhaps on a sunny bank, or by an open window, hearing the blithe lark warble its carol forth on high, and inhaling the fragance of the violet and the primrose, the gems of God's world, and then fancies that even *he*, "the poor o'erlaboured wight," may possibly have an interest in creation, and a spirit to be soothed and blessed. The pale milliner, also, who for six nights has not closed her eyes upon her daily toils, until two hours, perhaps, after the rich, her employers, have rolled home from opera or ball, complaining as they loll upon their cushions, "how fatiguing is such pleasure!" passes this day, probably, in bed. The labourer, with pipe in mouth, rests by the sill of an open window in some dull, dark alley, believing himself at rest; while the tradesman, with his wife and children, in some small back parlour, has nothing left to wish for, if his kindly, honest-hearted neighbour, does but drop in to share his homely meal. The citizen of Paris, on the contrary, rests all the week and works upon the Sunday, absolutely *works*, in the pursuit of pleasure. The Parisians are generally late; but on this bright day, the citizen rises at four, awakes the Bonne, who is always out of humour upon these occasions, arouses his wife and children, sets forth for the Rue St. Lazaar, engages places in the diligence of the St. Cloud or Versailles train, dines at a restaurant's, and then, gratified by the appearance made by his wife, his children, his coat, and himself, he returns to Paris, sorely wearied, but greatly pleased; and having passed his Sunday without reflection, religion, or care, he yet feels that the day has been one of pleasure, and this amply recompenses him for all the rest. In fairness to the citizen, however, we must allow that all ranks of the Parisians observe Sunday as their great holiday for active pleasure, not for quiet rest; and, perhaps, of all of those who so consider it, the kind-hearted citizen is the least culpable, for he really loves nature herself better than the St. Cloud Concerts, is a simple-hearted being, and has less human wickedness about him than many who consider themselves as his superiors; but in France, as elsewhere, "the honest man's abu' them a'." The great weakness of the citizen is in the idea he has of his own appearance, and a desire to perpetuate himself and family by means of "likenesses;" and, although both himself and Madame are undeniably plain people, and their son Adolphe absolutely frightful, from his likeness to them both, yet nothing gratifies the Bourgeois so much as a reiteration of family portraits, and there is not a professor of Daguerréotype in Paris who has not made duplicate fac-similes of the trio. Such is the true citizen of Paris, a good, easy, happy man, whom the drivers of fiacres delight to call "*mon* Bourgeois," or "*notre* Bourgeois," as if he was especially their property, and who passes life doing absolutely nothing (if people *can* be active on a negative), and then sleeps quietly in Père la

Chaise, with a monument of white stone and a few geranium roots to mark the spot.

We have already observed on the vanity of the Bourgeois, in his love of portraiture; and this same weakness leads him into many other follies. If rich, he is apt to aspire to a character for connoisseurship in the fine arts, and he is always wont to pass his wife off on society as a woman of very superior intellect. He finds comfort also in small as well as large things that minister to this passion, and if he be but the first to tell his neighbours that he saw a placard on the omnibus, announcing that on the following Sunday the "Great Fountains play at Versailles," it is a species of triumph to him, and he looks important for the day.

The citizen of Paris loves his country because it is his; a position which saves a world of argument on the wisdom of the Legislature, and so on; but when violently excited by the rudeness of a rich superior, he has been heard to say, "that he will go to London to teach the English how to mix their salads, and he will then soon roll in his carriage as well as others;" but, notwithstanding this satire upon the English mania for squandering money on foreigners, he does not mean it, and would not exchange la belle France and her sunny sky, for all the charms of Regent-street and the Sablonnière cast together at his feet, leaving the Haymarket altogether out of the question.

This vanity of the citizen, while it travels far, also weaves a curious web of isolated opinion about himself; as, for instance, his watch he believes keeps time better far than the clock of Notre Dame, whatever Victor Hugo may have to say to it; his apartment is so superb that none of his friends can compete with it; the fruit-seller at the corner has imposed on many, but our citizen, "thank Heaven," knows a good melon when he sees it; and his green coat, with the gilt buttons, that looks quite as well as any that Henri Quatre ever wore at a hunting party, cost him just half what the dingy cotton velvet of his neighbour did, but the tailor knows better than to impose upon him! Such are a few of the innocent vanities of the Parisian citizen, and while they cannot injure others, they render him self-complaisant. It has been long said that vanity renders men agreeable to others, and conceit makes them insupportable. There is much of the cream of experience in such old saws, and when we apply them, we find their truth. Vanity and conceit, however, balance each other in the character of a Frenchman; we smile as we listen to the ebullitions of the first, but the impertinences of the second, one cannot away with.

Speaking generally, all that belongs to the Bourgeois is contemned in Paris; thus, "la Maison Bourgeoise" carries with its title an idea of cold staircases, stupid porters, and a hundred unbearable regulations for the conduct of tenants; "le diner Bourgeois" is always considered deficient in good taste, and every proper arrangement of the table; and even "la comédie Bourgeoise," at the Boulevard Theatres, is looked upon as a mere collection of vulgarisms, quite unworthy of being classed with such as are approved of by popular voice.

The citizen sometimes, imagining that he has a taste for pastorals, betakes himself to the country, but he finds time lag terribly. Every morning, uneasy, restless man! he rises at dawn, awakens his servants, his wife, his children, and would awaken the sun himself, if he dared. He then passes his day in doing a great deal of horticultural and botanical mischief, and in attempting to ride, a mistake however that, with much cause for lamentation, he very soon discovers. The evenings he finds long. He reads the papers, and his wife scolds her Bonne; the cat slumbers by their side; and, as the citizen comes to the end of a long question between the war party and Monsieur Guizot, he heartily wishes himself in Paris.

The citizen frequents the theatres occasionally, but not as a diurnal lounge, like the rest of the Parisians; the consequence being, that he affords the strange phenomenon of a curious and little enlightened stranger. The lounger of the Boulevards considers nothing in the world so triste and hapless as being seated next a citizen in a theatre; for the good man, according to his temperament, either considers every thing excellent, or every thing execrable, and is of course wrong in both decisions; while he teases his neighbour all night, to tell him the characters and actors, not knowing Dejazet from Rachel, or Arnal from Bouffé. This, to the habitués of the theatres, is tiresome enough; but such is the exterior civility of Frenchmen that none dare appear anything but deeply interested by the inquiries.

It will be readily seen, that of all the people of Paris, none are so simple in mind and manners as these, its citizens; and combined with these great virtues is that of a degree of domestic attachment very unusual among other ranks in France; the wife of the citizen counsels her husband in all things, she is the keeper of his purse, governor of his household, companion of his leisure hours. Unlike the rest of his countrymen, the citizen is seldom to be seen without his wife upon his arm; he dines at home; and Madame not only goes to market, but prides herself on pickling cornichons, and preserving green-gages.

Of all occupations in life, however, that which is the most perfectly delightful to a French citizen, is that of being called upon to mount guard, and perform all the military duty in his power. The Bourgeois considers the Garde National as a great, noble, and glorious insti-

tution, worthy of such a country as la belle France; while in every comrade he seems to find a father, friend, or brother. This feeling continues with the Bourgeois during all periods of his life; for even when unable to be longer active in his duties, he still never fails to listen for the morning roll-call of the guard, when, in dressing-gown and slippers, he descends to see them pass, to touch his night-cap to the officers, and to shake hands with his ancient comrades, saying for the thousandth time, as he does so, "Thank God, we can sleep well; we are well protected, we Parisians."

The Garde National has its merits, and there is no denying them. The first is, the feeling of equality that exists among its members, somewhat nominal indeed, but still acknowledged, in the same fashion that a French philosopher once said that "he considered all men as equal, allowing for the differences of wealth, birth, and talent." And it is thus that the Garde National, both officers and men, allow themselves their principle of equality. The second merit of the Garde National is, that it accustoms the human constitution to all climates; for certainly if any thing could fit men for Africa or Moscow, as the case might be, it would be parading the streets of Paris in August, or standing under the arches of the Tuileries in January. The third merit of the Garde National is, that it affords to many a poor citizen the apology for quitting the domestic hearth when the temper of Madame sometimes demands a greater degree of subordination than even the captain of his company. The fourth merit of the Garde National is, that Parisian citizens are not always handsome, not always of the finest order of fine forms; and as the uniform is wonderfully becoming, and the tight red collar, as it makes a man look exceedingly like a rosy cherubim, when he is happy enough to escape looking like the postman, the ladies who admire apoplectic visages give him credit for the first resemblance, and are charmed accordingly.

Such are a few of the chief advantages of the Garde National; but as it is a subject far too amusing to be dismissed by a mere outline, the reader must allow me to introduce him in due order through all their ranks, and if he then does not agree with me in thinking them the most absurd body in the world, let him go to Paris, and, as Galignani recommends, "attend the parade of the National Guard," and be converted.

The Sappers and Miners first demand attention. We see them as large burly men, with huge leather aprons, bear-skin caps, cross belts, and axes, and wonder what in the name of all difficulty they are for. It must suggest itself at once, that except to cut a road through all the gamins who throng forwards to see a gratuitous exhibition, or to dig a Legitimist and his cross of the legion of honour out of a dark hole in a by-street near Notre Dame, this body must be useless enough in the city of Paris; yet there they are, looking as important as if they had bored through a new Simplon, and so burly, that we consider them to be valued as melons are, by their size. And thus, in towering caps and well-pipeclayed aprons, they parade the streets of Paris, to the delight of little boys, and to the private astonishment of themselves.

The Tambour Major next demands attention; and really as we see him, in isolated grandeur, march down the streets of Paris, twisting his well-tightened body into all sorts of strange contortions, and whirling his staff in his hand, as he comes along like a dancing-master of Emperors, —when we look on the flashing crimson, the gold, the feathers, and the bravery of the Tambour Major, one closes the eyes that absolutely ache with so glittering a vision, and feel that human nature is unable to support such glories; and that we must look on him as we do at the sun —through the medium of green glasses, which should be always provided, by the way, from the Palais Royale, before becoming exposed to the dazzling trial. To the inhabitants of Paris the Tambour Major is something too brilliant to be thought of as a mere mortal; and as they gaze on him, the young milliner forgets the approaching fête; while to the gamin, the marbles and prunes of the grocer become as nought.

The Tambour Major owes his existence to the times of Louis XV., and a library would be required for the volumes that might be compiled of rare and curious anecdote, of which the Tambour Major in various times has been the hero. We are not sure, indeed, were these romances duly chronicled, how long "The Iron Mask" would hold its wonder-exciting place, or whether the diamond necklace of Marie Antoinette, would not wholly be eclipsed.

The Tambour Major is peculiar in his tastes; and, regarding one of the true origins of the beautiful and the picturesque, he delights in contrasts, and seems to carry the rule into all positions of life; thus, meet him where you will, on a fête day, in his military undress, with his boat-like cap, and closely fitting surtout, he is always accompanied by a little woman, whose figure is the just medium between the square and the oblong, and who, in the warmest weather, compounds for lack of bonnet by her enormous shawl.

The talents of the Tambour Major are extremely versatile. On great days he adorns himself with civic pomp, to attend Monsieur the Mayor to the service of the church, and handles with equal dexterity both the halberd and the cane. This over, he shines again resplendent

in scarlet cloth and gold, radiant in his military glory. Happy man! neither monotony nor the chilling sense of inferiority oppresses his spirit; but he is ever buoyed over the waves of vanity by the consciousness that he alone is the cynosure of every eye.

The National Guard has the best military band in France. Little as they know about it, the French yet affect great fondness for music; and on the principle, I suppose, of nothing being denied to well-directed labour, so do the citizens of Paris, who talk, dance, and play, through the day, do each with a facility that meets with little rivalry elsewhere.

At the head of the national band, the Drummer of course takes precedence, as well from his absolute military position, as from the peculiar and individual drollery that distinguishes him.

It has been said that had the "Figaro" of the inimitable Beaumarchais lived in the days of la Jeune France, he would, without doubt, have left his soap and razors for the short sticks of the Drummer citizen; for he it is whose habits seem those most suited to the peculiar tastes of a humorous Frenchman. The very noise of the drum pleases him, and he is quite indifferent as to whether any one listens to him or not; then he is always merry, and consequently always happy; he hears the earliest news, and repeats it speedily; with a sort of reckless vivacity he runs hither and thither as duty calls him, climbs the barriers, wins the heart of every Norman flower girl in Paris, sees the Royal Family oftener than any one else, knows every grisette by sight, looks with ineffable contempt on the garçons of the cafés, and gains as much news in an hour as they do in a week; and then, happy privilege! he is never silent, for if he does not speak, his drum does, and not a gamin but listens eagerly to both species of his oratory. Then the Drummer boasts of sentiment and patriotism, as well as the author of the Marseillaise; and as he passes by the Column of Napoleon he may be seen to bow his head, to smile knowingly as he marches by the Fountain of the Elephant, and to observe, whenever Waterloo is spoken of, that had Roget de l'Isle lived to lead the citizens of France forward with the hymn of freedom, which has immortalized his genius, matters would have ended differently for Napoleon and France! These are the sentiments which agitate the susceptibilities of the Drummer, but his happiness consists in leading the Garde National of Paris, day by day, to glory and the Palais Royale!

The Drummer willingly obeys all commands of his superior, with the sole condition of "his wife allowing it;" but he dreads the immediate authority of Madame, even more than that of the orderly room, even though he was once, when a boy, in a royal regiment, where, for two sous a day (the French army being not by any means well paid), he suffered all sorts of indignities, and got extremely tired of cleaning cross-belts, and having his ears pulled for his reward.

The Drummer of the Garde National is, perhaps, the best raconteur in Paris, even where every body talks so much; and, by prescriptive right, he enjoys the power of amusing the leisure hours of the officers and men off-guard, by anecdotes of the army of the Legitimists, in which his father and grandfather both served, and he tells the tale of the *battle* (forgetting it was the "*retreat*") of Moscow, and of Waterloo (not recollecting who won), in a manner so graphic, that the caps of his listeners are absolutely raised from their heads, by either enthusiasm or fear, it is not quite certain which, for the idea of battle and murder, with foreign service generally, is of course very terrible to a citizen of Paris, who has never been farther than to Sevres, notwithstanding his musket and cross-belts.

It is said, however, that this constant allusion to Russians and Prussians tends materially to interfere with the purity of the French language; for the Drummer, for the sake of effect, introduces their pronunciation into his narrative, and his hearers unconsciously adopt it.

In addition to his very popular talents for retailing anecdote, the Drummer increases his influence, by becoming the carrier of notes from the officers on duty to their friends, the bootmaker or grocer, in civic office behind the counters of their several "magasins." These memoranda are not of much military importance, it is true, but yet our aide-de-camp on these "express" duties, hears a great deal that is highly amusing, makes many new friends, and, during the month, collects postage francs enough to maintain him in cigars. His intelligence, also, is considerably increased, for, if sent to private hotels, or "Maisons Bourgeioses," he of course sits a little while with the concierge to watch the preparations for her dinner, or to admire the painted vases and bouquets of flowers on the chimney-piece, to compare the time of the clock, protected by a graceful nymph in or-molu, with his own chronometer, or the drapery of the little French bedstead at the side with that of Marie Antoinette's in the Palace of the Petit Trianon; by this means he soon becomes intimate, learns the names of all the lodgers from the ground floor to that upon the tiles, their private history, and many piquant little anecdotes, that afford a world of pleasant material for guard-room gossip.

But, like all other gay, happy, and glorious things, this existence of the Drummer must have an end; and thus, when our hero loses the vigour of his arm, when his voice fails, his

memory becomes weak, and his moustachios change from chinchilla colour to white, he retires to a porter's lodge, and there, with his hand upon the latch-cord of the great gates, and a handkerchief tied over his head, the ex-Drummer dozes away the long winter evenings in glorious dreams of epaulettes, patrols, and war, and how he once had himself the honour of whitening the cross-belts of two hundred chasseurs of the royal army, more or less, daily, before breakfast.

We have already said that the band of the National Guard is an excellent one; for there are many of the citizens of Paris who have good ears, and who do not affect long nights passed in a guard-room, in company with an old fowl and a cigar, neither do they find it more agreeable to patrol the close dark alleys of old Paris, at the witching hour, while the moon shines brightly forth upon happier localities; and such persons are generally to be found enrolled among the band. There the citizen shares in the glory, yet knows nothing of the disagreeables of duty. The "first trombone" fears not, like the corporal, rheumatism in his head, from standing under cold porticoes while the snow falls thick about him; nor the well-directed blow of the crouching miscreant, whose seizure in a dim alley will furnish forth dread material for the coming journal of the tribunal; but, instead of these horrors, the musician, peaceful man, takes daily his little walk upon the Place Carrousel, heading the comrades who must be on duty for the next four-and-twenty hours; and then, with an excellent appetite, he proceeds to his favourite café, to discuss "Bistecks et Pommes de terre Frites," and retail all the incidents he has met with by the way; nor do these seem few or insignificant, for the excitement of brain, the facility of invention, and the energy of manner of a Frenchman, are such, that, give him but a cutlet for his subject, and he dresses it in so many different ways that it appears in all to be equally new and piquant.

It is odd enough, yet absolutely true, that, as forming part of the Garde National, may be seen many of the sculptors, painters, singers, poets, and actors of Paris. The truth being, that many who stroll along the asphalte of the Boulevards, much as the lazzaroni do on the Quai of Naples, only with a less brilliant sunshine on their brows, find the band of the National Guard an agreeable recreation for an hour in the early morning, and, with any taste for cymbals or triangles, use all their interest to enter it. The cymbals are particularly popular with such amateurs; for, like the accordion, one may make a wonderful progress in a few weeks, and in the winter can practise them comfortably, in dressing-gown and slippers, with closed eyes and feet on the stove.

Out of Paris the effect of the band deteriorates; the difficult instruments, such as the clarionette and cornet à piston, being superseded by a vast number of fifes, played by musical gamins, or "harmonious blacksmiths'" boys, who are all taught one note, which they blow perpetually, whenever increase of force may be required; a circumstance which only produces much gratification to persons to whom that note is singularly pleasant.

The Grenadier of the National Guard, if one may judge from his habits and bearing, is, of all the Garde National, the most charmed with his own position; and this he chiefly owes to his huge bear-skin cap, which to him possesses charms that the crown of the monarch cannot give. To afford means for the greatest possible display of this adornment, the Grenadier usually lives near Mont Martre, that he may have the opportunity of walking the whole length of the Boulevards to his duty; and 'tis also said, that he parts with it not even in sleep, which may be the cause of filling the brain of the Grenadier with midsummer nights' phantasies, fit only for the dreamers of the Hartz mountains.

In his waking hours, the Grenadier, however, indulges in right cheerful pleasantry, but his remarks are chiefly directed against the mounted guard, between whom and himself an animosity exists, to the which the antipathies of Montagu and Capulet are as nought.

Then, as a contrast to the Grenadier, the soldier of the light company presents himself; a hero as broad as the other is long, and whose extraordinary bulk seems, comically enough, to misadapt him for his duties. This body are attired in yellow, and head the legion; and 'tis said in Paris, that the first time the National Guard were marched out to quell some disturbance in the city, the rebels laid down their arms, and burst into fits of laughter, at the first sight of the burly warriors.

Yellow, as a colour, pervades the whole of the "Voltigeurs'" costume; and perhaps it may be that extraordinary fatness may induce defective vision, a question for oculists to decide; but certain it is, that the soldiers of the light company frequently protect their eyes against the glare of Parisian streets, by means of huge green spectacles, which gives to these warriors a very picturesque and pastoral effect.

The Voltigeur is as proud of his bulk as the Grenadier is of his bear-skin cap, and he believes that the infatuation extends itself to his wife; he is consequently unrelaxing in his attentions to Madame, for he is a kind-hearted man, and believes firmly that should he be deficient in affection to her, the police would be called on to rescue the broken-hearted woman from the waters of the Seine, whose shelter she would seek in a paroxysm of utter despair.

It has been my wish to afford a glimpse of the general and individual peculiarities which

render the Garde National so amusing to the eye of the stranger; for those who have seen these militaires, as I have done, marching through the streets of Paris, each man as he pleased, some with spectacles and some without, some with a little pamphlet or parcel in his hand, and all without the least resemblance to any drilled body of men in the world; or those who have noted them as sentinels, with their musket over their shoulder, reading a volume of Paul de Kock's novels,—and have heard them, off duty, talk of military things as only a shoemaker or drawing-master could talk, must feel that the Garde National of France is as absurd as it has been proved to be useless. Those, also, who have heard the captain of a company requesting, as a sort of personal favour, in the politest terms possible, that the men would be so "obliging as to carry arms," —and an old general compliment a little hard-faced, round-backed man, on his magnificent carriage, "equal to that of a soldier of the line," must feel, that however this warlike pastime may amuse the citizens of Paris, the Garde National is neither more nor less than a standing caricature on the passion of the French people for war,—on all that panders to their insane notions of national glory,—on their love of vain boastings,—on powers they never can possess, and on the generally feverish excitement of all ranks. Considered as a sort of safety-valve for such feelings, the Garde National places itself, perhaps, in its most advantageous light; and the stranger who is disposed to feel annoyed, on entering a shop in the Palais Royale, to find that the bootmaker, or the tailor, cannot take his measure until he returns from parade, should still his vexations, and would do well, to go and see him there, for I can promise him entertainment; and if he have by chance the least eye in the world for the ridiculous, he will return redolent with good humour, and well satisfied, for the benefit they have done him, to "present arms," in all honour to the Garde National of Paris.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED CLUB.—No. III.

THE MAN WHO ALWAYS SPOKE THE TRUTH.

BY PIERS SHAFTON.

Gentlemen, I have listened with much attention to the narratives of the various members, who have given their histories to the sympathising bosom of this society, and although I have observed that each, with a laudable spirit of rivalry, has endeavoured to prove himself the most wretched and miserable of creation—and, therefore, the most entitled to the proud epithet of "Broken-Hearted"—yet, my beloved and unhappy brethren, I have observed, at the same time, that every one has some very justifiable cause for his misery. Mine honourable friend on the right has shown himself entitled to all your spare commiseration from the fact of his having had unexpectedly left him a fortune of ten thousand pounds—and which, from disturbing the previous even tenor of his life, and rendering him the object of the envy and cupidity of all his acquaintance, has very naturally, and I may say very properly, broken his heart. Another of our "band of brothers" attributes his woe to the fact of his being the cleverest fellow in her Majesty's dominions—a delusion, I may venture to say, for the honourable gentleman's comfort, one by no means universally shared in—and even if it were, a man who is so unconscionable as to monopolize all the wit, talent, and knowledge, that would otherwise have been distributed in homœopathic doses amongst his fellow creatures, ought, as a matter of course, to be endowed with an equal share of remorse. Others have some peculiarity to which they very reasonably and justly ascribe their misery—for instance, our brother Sadgrove, whose history you heard on the last evening, although painful, was just what might be naturally expected. A man, my dear friends, who, instead of wearing the nose of a gentleman, boasts of a red-hot cinder between his eyes, is indeed a "marked man among his fellows." Nature never intended him to be anything else, when she turned him out of her workshop. He, however, has his sources of consolation. He may commit any violation of good breeding without fearing any one will attempt to burn his fingers by pulling his nose—unless Monsieur Chabert, the fire-eater, were the party offended, or the fabled Salamander were to avenge the wrongs of insulted men. But, my unhappy friends, your griefs may arise from your misfortunes—your infirmities—your natural defects—nay, if it were possible that any member of the Broken-Hearted Club could know the existence of such—your vices. But, alas! gentlemen, in this is comprised the difference between your fates and mine—my unhappiness springs from a virtue—or rather the excess of it. But it is not my intention to assume any superiority over you on that account. The Chairman will see the punch-bowl is replenished, and that order and attention are preserved while I recite the doleful tale of my misfortunes?

"Whatever you do, my dear boy," said my father, "always tell the truth!" and, in order that I might remember this paternal injunction, he gave me a sound thrashing—and, gentlemen, moral apophthegms that find their way into your heart, by being soundly thrashed through your jacket, come, as you may have found out yourselves, like well bolted corn, in a perfectly pure and sound state. Accordingly,

the next time the gooseberry jam was abstracted, and I was asked whether I was the thief, I courageously answered "yes." I was accordingly well caned for this ingenuous disclosure, and this is impressed on my recollection as the first reward I received for telling the truth.

At school this early-inculcated habit of mine rendered me the continual object of petty tyranny and persecution; yet I persevered and was flogged, and the more truth I told of others, the more lies they told of me in return. Whenever anything particularly obnoxious was found out, I had the credit of having been the informer—although the last among them that was ever, for that particular reason, entrusted with a secret. In short, I was looked upon as a sneaking, inquisitive spy, and was oppressed, maltreated, and tyrannised over, in a way that only lubberly and vicious schoolboys can oppress, maltreat, and tyrannise.

I remember, on some boyish freak which was perpetrated on an elderly tradesman and his wife, who had the misfortune of offending some of the elder boys, being discovered, a severe investigation taking place as to the perpetrators of the offence. The unfortunate baker who had excited so much juvenile wrath, one night after he had retired to bed with the partner of his slumbers, had his bed-room window entered and the wall of the apartment ornamented with some drawings in phosphorus, representing the ancient but popular tradition of the devil flying off with the baker. At a given signal, a most fearful noise took place, which awakened the luckless baker, and he beheld in flaming character, the writing on the wall, with the same awe-stricken spirit as Belshazzar.

However well the plot was contrived and carried into execution, the perpetrators were suspected to be amongst my schoolfellows; but *which* was the guilty one was the secret. The baker had been frightened out of the very small portion of sense which Nature had blessed him with, and his wife had continued in a state of syncope ever since the memorable night. A rigid inquiry was set on foot, but the secret would have continued inviolate had not the principal of the school fixed his eyes on me.

"Vericund, my boy, *you* always tell the truth; do you know who are the boys who are guilty of this outrage."

I hesitated for a moment. Ought I to inculpate my schoolfellows, whose secret I had, with equal misfortune to myself as well as to them, become acquainted with? I knew if I divulged it they would attribute it to spiteful motives on my part, and the desire of revenging myself for many acts of persecution on theirs. But I remembered my father's injunction, "Whatever you do, always tell the truth," and I answered as boldly as I could, "Yes, Sir, I *do* know them."

"Then state their names."

"That, Sir, I decline doing; I don't want to bring them into trouble."

This response was replied to by the principal directing the ushers to flog me well, and to keep me in "the black hole" without food until I was cured of my obstinacy.

I continued, notwithstanding, true to my resolution for eight-and-forty hours—but what boyish fortitude is proof against an empty stomach, and the influence of a pedagogue's power? I could hold out no longer, and gave up the names of the aggressors.

I had now my reward to receive from the ringleaders of the frolic, and that, too, before I was well recovered from my voluntary starvation. The punishment usually bestowed by my school-fellows on such of their mates as were guilty of blabbing was called "bumping." As this is not perhaps mentioned by Beccaria, and is a species of torture, which was even unknown to those most ingenious murderers—the holy fathers of the Inquisition—I may be permitted to describe it. Four of the biggest and strongest boys in the school take the culprit, whom I need scarcely state is usually one of the smallest and weakest—each by one of his arms and legs— carrying him in this fashion, they bring him to the nearest tree whose trunk affords sufficient resisting power, and, extending his legs, take a spring of some yards, and then strike him with all their force against the tree, until insensibility comes to his aid. And this, gentlemen, was the way I was served. My reward for telling the truth was crowned by a severe illness, at the termination of which I was removed from school to my parents' residence, where I continued the pursuit of truth under, it must be admitted, very trying difficulties.

I will not narrate to you all the dilemmas my propensity led me into, and, occasionally, my relatives. You may, however, take it for granted I was always looked upon by my juvenile associates, and avoided, as a spy and informer. The misfortune of truth-telling is its eccentricity; no one but myself ever seemed to be impressed with a sense of its obligation. Even my revered parent, who had so early inculcated its beauty and necessity, told—with all respect to his memory—lies, when they answered his purpose, with as much glibness as any one else. As he had given me so much excellent advice that way, I thought, upon one occasion, I would repay him with filial gratitude by a little in return.

He had promised to take us a trip to the Highlands. On embarking with my brothers and sisters, we observed that in the passengers' fares, "Children, under twelve years, were to be taken at half-price."

"How old may be this young gem'man?" asked the steward, of my truth-loving papa.

"He," said my revered father, with the frankest look in the world, "will be twelve next birthday."

"Oh, papa!" I exclaimed, "how can you tell such a story? Didn't we keep my twelfth birthday last week?"

"That's right, young gem'man; always speak the truth, and shame the devil; no offence meant to you, Sir," (addressing my father, who did appear a little taken aback) "but please to pay full fare for this young 'un who likes the truth."

"No," said my father, with all the air of one who has been beaten on his own theory, "as Philip has thought proper to give me the lie, *he* may return home, and learn by himself his duty to his parents."

'Twas well he said so, as it was pretty evident that it wouldn't otherwise be taught me.

I will pass over swiftly my different miscarriages, in the hopeless attempt to settle myself in some profession. The TRUTH was always an obstacle not to be overcome; my inveterate habit of telling it pursued me like an evil-genius. By the advice of an excellent friend of the family, an orthodox doctor of divi-

nity, my parents were irrevocably determined not to bring me up to the Church.

"What," said the divine, "would be the consequences of that dreadful propensity he could not predicate; he must be always, whether in or out of the pulpit, candidly be telling his parishioners that they were going to the devil, where, I need scarcely add, they would soon wish him if they couldn't send him; for, alas! my beloved brethren, in these degenerate days, the truth may not, dare not, be spoken, unless it is, like a bitter tonic, first coloured with rose leaves, and sweetened by a little sugar!"

I, however, made my essay in a lawyer's office. I got my masters into all manner of scrapes during the first twelvemonth, by always telling the truth, for it did not matter to me whether it was to his opponents or his allies. As soon as I was allowed to see clients, they, by some extraordinary process, disappeared ever afterwards from the chambers. One took offence because I frankly confessed, after hearing the whole of his grievances, that he alone, and not his adversary, was in the wrong, and so he would find out to his cost if he ventured into court. Another I frightened out of the office by frankly answering the question, "Whether it was worth while to go to law under the circumstances?" that the expenses would be certainly more than the cause of dispute was worth. Another declared I had grossly insulted him, from the simple fact of my honestly assuring him that, if he carried his case into court, he would suffer equally in reputation as in fortune. I therefore came to the conclusion that truth-telling was not absolutely necessary for a lawyer's success in life.

I removed to a distant part of the country, and studied medicine, but with no better success. I found truth was universally regarded as a black dose, a very good thing in its way, but confoundedly unpleasant to the one that had to swallow it. I frightened one of the best paying patients out of the world, who, as my master declared, under what he called judicious treatment (that was by buoying him up with strong stimulants, and yet stronger delusions of hopes of recovery), might have had his miserable existence protracted, on the stretch of agony, three weeks, for the only object of adding ten pounds during that time to the doctor's bill, by answering to a solemn question, whether I really thought there was any hope, frankly and honestly,—"There was none at all."

Another fair patient, whose name usually stood in the doctor's annual book, at the head of five long folio pages of items, consulted me on what she considered her nervous symptoms, and implored me most earnestly to give an honest opinion of her case. She was a fat, florid, comfortable looking-widow of forty; and who appeared to be in the enjoyment of excellent health, but was suffering under what she called the most distressing nervous symptoms—giddiness—depression of spirits—incapacity of exertion—and painful forebodings.

Having inquired of her whether her appetite was generally good, she answered, she usually felt a little faintish in the morning, and had brought to her a new-laid egg, beat up in half-a-pint of fresh milk—and that dose she sometimes repeated—and it was all she had till she got up. Then she "owned to the soft impeachment" of breakfasting off chocolate, buttered rolls, dried salmon, eggs, and just a morsel or so—never more than half-a-pound—of rump-steak; at luncheon, she took a dozen or two of oysters, or a lobster, according to the season; and at dinner "she wasn't at all particular," but ate of soup, fish, meat, poultry, and pastry, like her neighbours, and had her wine and dessert afterwards. Tea followed; a hot supper; and brandy-and-water, to make her comfortable, after that. On making this ingenuous confession, I very innocently told her, all her complaints arose from over-feeding; that if she contented herself with two or three meals a day, instead of half-a-dozen, and took air and exercise, in place of lolling on a sofa, or in a close carriage, I would undertake to cure her of all distressing symptoms in a fortnight. Her crimson face purpled with anger, and making an impotent attempt to reach the bell-pull, she tartly told me that such treatment might do very well for a Poor-law Union, but she wondered at my audacity of proposing it to a lady of condition. The same day she sent for her bill, and, out of the amount paid, I received, with a deprecatory look, my small amount of salary from my master, accompanied with an expression of his high admiration for the truth, but that it was rather too expensive a luxury for a man that had his living to get in the world.

I accordingly abandoned the pursuit of medicine, but not my beloved virtue, which had now become a cherished principle of my existence: martyr-like, I professed it, and the more I was persecuted by its exercise, the more pertinacious was my devotion.

Although Nature, as you perceive, my dear friends, has not been niggardly in her endowments towards me—possessing as I do an engaging person—(here the eye-glasses of the worshipful fraternity were directed to the speaker, as if at the announcement of some novel intelligence)—and agreeable manners, so far from finding myself an object of attraction, I grieve to say I was, with great unanimity, shunned by the whole circle of my acquaintance; and for what reason was this unsocial cordon drawn around me? Simply because "I spoke the truth." There was one—(here Mr. Vericund summoned up, from some unseen reservoir under his waistcoat, a sigh of such a length and depth, that it appeared to possess a strong family likeness to a grunt)—indeed, whose love made amends for the coldness and distrust of the rest of the world; and she professed to love me, because I loved the truth. Once she earnestly asked me if I *could* tell *her* the truth?

I gazed on her with surprise, and wondered she could doubt it.

"Then, my darling Phil., tell me, really and truly, do you think me pretty?"

"No, my beloved Anastasia,—if it is beauty of person that you allude to—I cannot say you really are; but *I* love and adore you for a more exalted beauty—which cannot, like mere personal charm, wither by year, and decay by time—the exquisite beauty of your mind."

"What! then you really think me—not pretty?"

"Positively plain—and no mistake about it!"

"The wretch, to tell me this to my face," exclaimed the divine Anastasia, darting up, as if a crocodile had leapt from my mouth; "but every body says you are a brute, and so we part for ever!"

Thus, Gentlemen, I lost my Anastasia and twelve thousand pounds, and a reversionary interest in a tan-yard at Bermondsey, in the event of her surviving her maternal uncle. But I had the satisfaction of carrying out my darling theory—to sacrifice all to the truth.

Scholastic honours—professional emoluments—success in life—*les bonnes fortunes*—were all alike renounced as propitiatory sacrifices for this, my great idol. Be the consequences what they might, the truth I told—and had to pay for it.

I was invariably appealed to—as a man whose word *might* be depended on—and flattered by the cruel compliment that "they knew *I* would tell the truth." The truth I accordingly "out with," and was most cordially hated ever afterwards by the ungrateful recipients of it. If some sanctimonious hypocrite—whose secret vices were in direct antagonism with his public practices—was exposed and driven from society, he, as a matter of course, laid the discovery at my door, and challenged my right to interfere with his private concerns!

I found myself a suspected man; I was looked upon as an informer—a spy of some unholy inquisition; and I found, when I approached my fellow creatures, they hesitated in their speech, and looked at one another, as much as to say "mind now, we are overheard." I made up my mind to leave the world, and to seek the truth where, on my conscience, I believe it can only be spoken with safety—on an uninhabited island, or in the Great Desert. But I loved my species too much; I clung to them with too strong a sympathy, to cut myself off from all living. —(Gentlemen, your very good health.)—Besides, the great object of my existence was the elevation and promulgation of truth, and the detection and punishment of its cowardly opponent, falsehood.

That truth, however, bids me to declare—for one of the unpleasant consequences of telling the truth is to confess that you are often in the wrong, and your most cherished convictions erroneous and fallacious—that truth, although a jewel of the purest water, and the most costly value, is like other inestimable gems —much safer when locked up in a cabinet, than when exposed to the gaze of admiration or envy. Although I laboured for the truth, to bring peace and good will to the world, I found, by some wilful perversion of their understanding, by publishing the truth I was only encouraging slander, uncharitableness, ill-will and dissension. Alas! Gentlemen, if we are to live in this world, we are to take it as we find it, and not attempt to make it any better!

I loved the truth, and I scorned the mean treachery of a lie! Yet for that—my devotion to the purest attribute of heaven or earth—I was shunned, persecuted, and all but driven from society. The few friends that yet bear with me, look at the cherished object of my existence as a sort of monomania; and charitably put up with what they are pleased to call my unfortunate infirmity, because they think I mean "no harm by it."

For speaking the truth, I have been mulcted in one-half of my fortune, by three actions of defamation that have been brought against me. For writing the truth, I have been twice indicted, and suffered imprisonment, and the infinitely worse congratulation of the judge who passed sentence on me—that I might consider myself lucky that the pillory was abolished, and that I escaped with my ears; and for the same grievous offences, I have been, although a man of peace, the principal in five duels.

And now, Gentlemen, I will, to adopt a phrase from the Bench, give a general summing up. In obedience to the parental advice, "always to speak the truth," I have been divided from my family—hated and tyrannized over at school—excluded from following a profession—deprived of the object of my affections—cut in society—damaged in reputation—ruined in fortune—and perilled my life itself—and yet, what is most extraordinary, I am yet alive to tell the truth!

I have nothing further to add, and I dare say most of you are not sorry to hear that announcement—for the truth, as I have before observed, is seldom pleasant to hear; and yet I will, in conclusion, propose, with permission of our honourable Chairman, one toast—"The Truth, Gentlemen, and may we never have occasion to regret speaking or hearing it!"

SONNET.

When I perceive what heart of man has done,
Building high temples on earth's lowly sod,
Wherein his human pride may worship God,
I can but meditate if there be none
Who surely know that He, the Eternal One,
Loves not to dwell where war-torn banners nod
O'er marble monuments of men who trod
Through human blood ere those proud tombs they won.

O not alone in temples made by hands
Should man lift up to Heaven his humble prayer!
His body is a shrine, Time-built on sands,
Around a soul rock-founded, that it there,
In a God's-temple always, in all lands,
May worship Him in all things everywhere.

C. H. W.

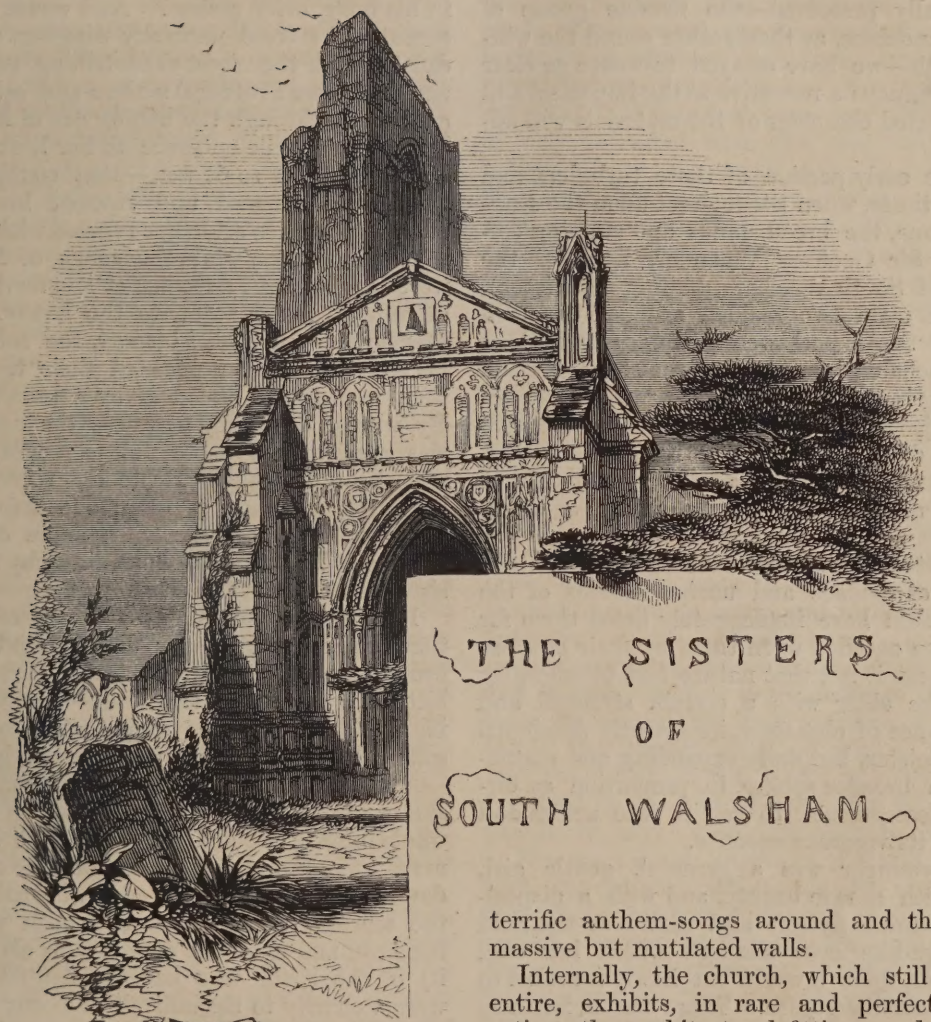
SONNET.

TO LIFE.

What art thou, Life?—A soul without its wings;
An earth-imprisoned, heaven-descended bird;
Unable here to sing the songs it heard
Amid the groves beside the living springs?—
No heaven-song, but earth-tune, now it sings!
Expelled its azure home by one strong word
That bound it here to earth!—Say, hadst thou err'd?
Wert thou cast down for proud imaginings?

Thou angel clad in darkness! changeful Life!
Actor in Tragedy and Pantomime!
Strange essence! having being in the strife
Of devil-whispers and of thoughts sublime!
Pervading all things! of all wonders rife!
Thou conqueror of Death, and Sire of Time!

C. H. W.



THE SISTERS OF SOUTH WALSHAM

AMONG the diminutive and obscure villages so plentifully strewn around the Mere, on which provincial sponsors have bestowed the name of "Ranworth Broad," the pedestrian tourist will encounter one as diminutive and obscure as the rest, but notable, by reason of the two fair churches which tower sublimely from the same green, lawny burial-ground. Coeval in antiquity, but differing in outward structure, while the warfare of the elements and the strife of man have left the one unscathed, the nobler of the two lifts up a riven and dismantled tower, grey and giant-like, and bravely battles with the fierce blasts that ever and anon peal their terrific anthem-songs around and through its massive but mutilated walls.

Internally, the church, which still survives entire, exhibits, in rare and perfect preservation, the architectural fittings and appointments which the munificence of its gentle founder originally lavished on its picturesque interior. The oaken altar-screen still retains its lace-like tracery, its shadowless and saintly effigies, its gilded and pictorial decorations. Ranges of open benches fill the central aisle, their bulkheads carved in curious guise, crested by *fleur-de-lys*, with godly Latin mottoes graven in church-text underneath. A rudely-sculptured font, bespread with uncouth bas-reliefs, yet occupies its ancient standing at the entrance of the church. Within the worn and hollow-sounding pavement, the embedded monumental brasses, with their Norman-French inscriptions, rest undisturbed, partially defaced, but not illegible; while desk and pulpit, the table at the altar, and the rails contiguous, appear the rude

and primitive manipulations of an Anglo-Norman artificer.

Dedicated respectively to St. Mary and St. Margaret, tradition has deduced the origin of these two churches from the piety and wealth of two fair sisters similarly named. Out of the scattered fragments referring to their history thus orally preserved—the fireside gossip of aged grandames, as they gather round the winter hearth—we have essayed to weave as clear and continuous a narrative as the imperfect and disconnected character of the materials will admit of.

In the early portion of those turbulent and stirring times, when Stephen sat upon the English throne, the broad lands and swelling coffers of Sir Geoffrey Wyander, Lord of the Manor of South Walsham, (failing male issue), devolved upon two maiden sisters, Mary and Margaret. As both were young, and both of unimpeachable descent—the true Norman blood mantling in every vein—the heiresses early became objects of absorbing interest in the eyes of such of the surrounding Knights, Thanes, and Aldermen, as could advance pretensions to as clear a shield and pure a lineage as themselves.

Educated within a convent's walls, the sisters' limited experience and unripe notions of the world would have inadequately fitted them for the duties entailed upon them by their new position, were it not that nature had beneficently gifted the elder with a certain strength and self-reliance of character, imperfectly developed in the cloister, but daily expanding and maturing in a broader sphere, in proportion as circumstances seemed to call it into action and demand its vigorous exercise.

The younger was a graceful, gentle girl, gifted with a rare beauty, and with a disposition as femininely soft and placid as the mild and dove-like eyes through which her soul looked out upon a world but newly revealed to her enfranchised gaze. There was a loftiness and majesty in the beauty of the elder that exacted homage; while the countenance of the gentle Margaret, beaming with happy light, involuntarily won esteem.

How was it that, thus differing—thus unlike in mind and feature—the high-souled Mary, and the shrinking, soft-eyed Margaret, should almost simultaneously have set their hearts upon one object? Was it that, under the handsome exterior of her soldier-cousin, Erfurth Holditch, the elder sister recognised a spirit kindred to her own? And was it that the pliant mind of Margaret, putting forth a host of tendrils—impulses, affections, sympathies—craving some object for support—something to cling to, and weave themselves around, enriching what they garlanded—was it that, in the hardier nature of the soldier, these budding tendrils found, as it were, a massive trunk, wooing their embrace, and strengthening their growth? Was it that the elder loved him for the perils he had undergone — the exciting scenes in which he had conspicuously borne a brave man's part, and for the spirit of daring and adventure by which he had been influenced in his busy, brief career? And was it that the accents of a voice naturally winning, and modulated with the nicest skill, trilling sweet lays acquired from Provençal *makers* and *minnesingers*, found, through the willing ear of Margaret Wyander, a facile entrance to her heart? We only know that so it was,—that continued intercourse confirmed and ripened love,—that Mary's ears were seldomer regaled with tales of war and chivalry, while the songs of Provençe were carolled with a frequency and fervour most grateful, it would seem, to the happy, hopeful Margaret; and that, in short, the soldier and his soft-eyed cousin plighted their troth, and then irrevocably sealed it by a secret union. By whom, or when, or where the ceremonial was performed it boots not to record, if even record could be had. Haste and secrecy could be purchased then as now; and Erfurth and his bride were on the wing hours ere their lengthened absence had been noted by the elder sister as an unwonted circumstance.

How fierce and violent a storm of passion then swelled within the disappointed sister's breast—how from her heart she cursed them bitterly, bridegroom and bride—how vowed an immitigable hatred to them both—how every soft and womanly feeling seemed utterly extinct—how, in their stead, arose an intense, consuming thirst to be avenged—how, in fact, her whole nature seemed changed—and how she moodily immured herself within her chamber, day after day, week after week, brooding upon the scornful slight which had been put upon her love, and upon the cunning (as she deemed it) of the sister who had supplanted her—it were a charity to the infirmities of our common nature to touch upon but lightly, and so pass on to after incidents.

A year had scarcely run its course, before the civil war broke out between the unpopular possessor of the throne and his fair relative and competitor. Margaret's husband was among the first to fling himself within the ranks of those who upheld Stephen. Alas! he was among the first to fall a victim to that sanguinary strife—slain in a mere chance skirmish, which his own precipitate and desperate zeal had unhappily provoked.

Poor Margaret—the plaything of that fickle ingrate, fortune—might well be overwhelmed by such a fearful and unlooked-for casualty. Reason itself gave way awhile; and during the time that strong delirium held her faculties enthralled, her husband's kinsmen mercifully

consigned the gashed and ghastly corpse to its last home, that the widow's eye might never look with agony upon the livid and distorted features of the slaughtered soldier.

When the elder sister heard of this sudden, sharp calamity, her heart melted within her. In the presence of death, anger and hate and jealousy and wounded love and baffled hope stood solemnly rebuked. The cause of their disunion no longer found a place within her memory; but a more unclouded past—childhood and girlhood—the recollections of an era teeming with thoughts and images of love and tenderness—of a time when they two nestled their soft cheeks upon the same pillow, wove the same woof, shared the same rambles, loved the same pet fawn, cherished the same dear rose-tree, wept and laughed, grew pale or crimson, sad or merry, as the same cause swayed the hearts of both—came thronging on her mind. And as the past brought with it such gentle, humanising influences, why should they not renew it in the future? They had, too long, been widely and unwisely severed; henceforth, they would have, as they had had of yore, but one home and one heart.

Borne down, indeed, still almost distraught with grief, the younger yet could find a solace and a mitigation of her sorrow in her reunion with her elder sister. And when the latter fell upon the widow's bosom, and brokenly sobbed out her sorrow for the past, her grief for this last heavy stroke of evil fortune, and spoke of hope of better days, when suffering should be softened down by time, and submission soothe regret, her dark eyes kindled through her tears, and a faint smile, like a ray of fleeting sunshine gilding the blackness of the storm, played momentarily upon her compressed and pallid lips.

So the old house received them once again, linked together by a closer tie, wiser and sadder both—the joyousness of youth displaced by thoughts of a graver, if not gloomier, texture, as though a few short months had done the work of years, and prematurely stamped the feelings of a later epoch upon their youthful minds. Perhaps the solitude in which they lived, disposing them to ponder on the pre-existence and the after-destination of the soul, or perhaps the subtle converse of a priestly adviser, anxious to aggrandise the church of which he was a member; or perhaps that natural revulsion of the mind from matters of momentary to matters of imperishable importance, which results from worldly disappointment, influenced them in coming to the determination which they did. Tradition does, indeed, hint vaguely at visionary influences, but it is too apocryphal to be relied on, and this alone *is* certain, that the sisters mutually resolved to found two churches, and dedicate them to the service of the Almighty, in token of their reconciliation, purposing, likewise, to endow them at their decease with the wealth of which they were possessed.

At that time, the whole tract of country bordering on the Broad was little better than a leafy wilderness, intersected by numerous bridle-ways, with here and there a broader track, offering a passage for the slow and cumbrous wains of those rude days. At scattered intervals large clearances had been made; and out of the old primeval trees, and with the aid of clay extracted from the soil, and rushes gathered from the margin of the Broad, groups of cottages were framed, windowless and chimneyless—a miserable shelter for the miserable serfs who tenanted them. A franklin's more commodious abode, a smithy, and perhaps a huckster's store, were the only tenements that varied the otherwise uniform aspect of these primitive hamlets. Wherever the ground swelled into anything like a reasonable eminence, the stronghold of a Thane might be observed perched on its summit, while the circumjacent hollow would exhibit its irregularly-clustered hovels, overlooked by the more massive and enduring residence of the rural magnate. Such churches, too, as then existed, were built invariably upon a rising ground, and seemed to serve as landmarks in that wild, untravelled breadth of forest-land. It may be readily conceived, therefore, that at such a time, and in such a region, the rumour of the meditated erection, in the first instance, and, afterwards, the commencement, continued progress, and completion of the sacred structures, were regarded as the gradual devolution of an event peculiarly, nay, almost marvellously important.

It was an event, moreover, that was regarded with the utmost satisfaction by the Romish Church, upon whose dignitaries in due time devolved the task of formally consecrating both the edifices to the sacred objects for which they were intended. The proximity of Walsham to the bishop's residence at Norwich—a city which even then teemed with ecclesiastics of every grade—enabled that exalted functionary and his reverend coadjutors to lavish on the ceremonial all those adventitious aids by which the Church of Rome imparted a character of such imposing grandeur to every rite and ceremonial to which she lent her countenance, or in which she bore a part. And hence the consecration of the Walsham churches, followed, or rather accompanied (as the churchmen suggested it should be), by a solemn presentation of the sisters at the altar, in token of compunction for dissensions past, and thankfulness for love restored, was marked by features of such rare magnificence, by such impressive pomp and such processional display, and witnessed by such a multitude of wondering spectators,

gathered from far and near, that both the solemnity itself and its strange issue lived in the memories of succeeding generations for centuries afterwards.

On that solemnity we need not tarry to comment—our legend has reference to its issue only. As the sisters knelt before the altar, thus, by a formal act, to ratify their reconciliation in the sight of God and man, and the venerable bishop bent down to give his benediction on them both, a burst of dazzling sunshine on a sudden filled the edifice with golden light; a rosy cloud, fragrant and warm, unseen before, floated along the vaulted roof, and from its invisible heart swelled out a gush of music, faint and low, as though it were the distant echo of some dulcet sound, rather than the melodious sound itself, pinions rustled and fluttered, and angel voices (they could have been no other) seemed presently to mingle with the music's swell, and then, again, sunk gradually away as the flutter of the wings subsided, and the sunshine waned, and the rosy cloud waxed dim, and the soft music died upon the ear.

There was a hush—a silence that was almost audible—a deep, dead calm, reigning for a space in every portion of the holy pile. Most of the congregation lay prostrate on the pavement—the sisters knelt upon the altar steps, with bowed heads and clasped hands—the old ecclesiastic stood alone erect, and folding his hands upon his breast, with eyes uplifted and serene, at length emphatically said, "THY will be done!" A thousand voices, as by one impulse, blended into one deep chorus, made response, "Amen, Amen!"

And then the old man, gently touching the kneeling sisters, bade them rise; but neither speech nor motion answered him, for still they knelt with heads bowed low and fingers intertwined, with mute lips and eyelids drooping heavily. Again, and yet again, he would have raised them from their kneeling posture; but there was neither word nor sign; and then awe fell upon the hearts of all present, for they knew that DEATH was there! The spirits of the sisters—forgiving and forgiven—had passed away unseen, and angel voices and solemn symphonies had heralded them to Heaven!

J. S.

MY QUARTER'S SALARY.

ON the seventh of July, 18—, Ned Mayny, or, to give him his full and proper designation, Edward Molyneux Maynwaring received his Quarter's Salary,—the first payment due to him as a junior clerk in a Government office. Ned's father, old Arthur Maynwaring, was a Staffordshire Squire of some standing, who, at the last contested election for ——, gave the whole weight of his name and influence to bring in the Government candidate, pretty considerably, as he expressed it, above that d—d sneaking son of a —— who stood to oppose him, the d—d fellow who refused to subscribe to their hunt, and at the last county ball put down his name but paid nothing,—grave and serious offences, best understood in the eyes of Arthur. Well, the Government candidate got returned, and the first thing he did was to offer his interest in obtaining a clerkship in a Government office for the Squire's second son; just to give him a little employment beyond running a steeple chase to endanger his own neck and his father's horses; and as Master Ned was a little matrimonially inclined, to put all ideas of Hymen out of his head (for a time at least), to let him see the world and learn a little of writing and arithmetic, at that cheap school for learning to write and cipher at, called a Government-office, where you pay nothing for what you learn, but get pretty well paid for condescending to undertake to learn.

Ned was nineteen at this time, and a good-looking young fellow; full of fun and devilry, a little fresh, however, in the ways of the world, with brown cloth gaiters over Oxonian shoes, a green rounded-at-the-corner dress-coat, and a prodigious liking for that remarkably nice-looking-girl, little Miss Naylor. The news of his appointment was broken very gently to him by his father, and Ned, we must own, was somewhat taken aback at the announcement. This he soon got over; the idea of going *up* to London, where he had never been before; to live there, moreover; to draw one's own salary for doing nothing, and receive the Squire's allowance to boot;—all these thoughts, so near reality, constituted one grand reason, and Ned was glad to hear of the change in his condition. True it is, he had some struggle about little Miss Naylor; how he should bid her good-bye; if he should kiss her or not; say good-bye for ever, and bid her forget or not forget; with a long train of attendant *et ceteras*, easily guessed at by readers who have been placed in early life in similar trying situations.

We are not inclined to reveal, for the present at least, in what way Ned parted from little Miss Naylor; but in one week after the appointment was obtained, Ned was domiciled in a neat first floor in Green-street, Grosvenor-square,—was regularly *chaired*, and *tabled*, and *desked*, at his office,—tried his hand at a com-

putation,—worked a single rule-of-three sum five times over with five different answers, and made a very rough copy of a fair written out letter.

Ned was on probation for some six months before the head-clerk of the department he was in pronounced him fit for his situation. It *is* confidently told that the aforesaid head-clerk was moved to pronounce on Ned's competency by a very handsome present of game, from the old buck in the country; it *was* said, moreover, that Ned actually dined with the head-clerk of the office, off a brace of birds, a present from his papa. We give these rumours more as the idle conversation of Mr. Maynwaring's office, than with any intention of throwing a doubt on Ned's qualifications for the office, or the propriety of the decision the head-clerk came to, so very near the time that a hamper of game was spied in the hall addressed to a clerk who was never known to have had any game given him before.

Ned Mayny was soon initiated into all the mysteries of a London life, and wonderfully enamoured he was of our modern Babel. He talked sometimes of the country—of leaping five-barred gates on a little three-year-old got by Eclipse out of Hark-away-Bess—he talked of shooting a good deal—longed for a month's holidays—but never said a word about little Miss Naylor, unless you could construe two or three references to a *female party* he happened to know, into anything like an allusion to little Miss N. He had become, in less than a week, marvellously intimate with two or three of his fellow-clerks, incipients like himself, with little to do in six hours, and doing that little in less than two, or not doing it at all. He had a good Staffordshire tongue in his head, and made a good luncheon at one, as if he had been previously acquainted with that very necessary part of a young gentleman's qualifications for a Government appointment.

Ned Mayny knew nothing about Quarter-day. He know anything? He had never paid a tax, or received a rent in his life; so that when Quarter-day actually did come (too long in coming for our receipts, and far too quick for our expenditure), Ned was quite unconscious of its *being*. He had actually arrived at his office in time, and had sat an hour or so at his desk, before he knew, and then he was told of it, that the 7th of July was the day on which he was to receive his salary for the quarter ending the 5th of July. The fact was made known to him in a very peculiar way—

"I say, Ned, my boy, do you know that this is mend-the-pen day?"

"No, I don't," said Ned; "what do you mean by that?"

"Why," said his friend, "this is one of the four best days in the year—this is the day we get the *rhino* on for condescending to become clerks."

At the word *rhino* Ned jumped from his chair.

"What?" he cried, "do I get *rhino* too? Eh? eh? Am I to have a salary, too, and to-day of all the days in the year?"

"Of course," said his companion clerk; "we are all of us qualified to receive our salaries. You must mend your pen (that Scotch M'Culloch allows no new pens now), and give a good receipt for the tin, because the signing a fair receipt is one of our especial duties. If we are deficient in that, why our qualifications are very low, and we may be said not to deserve our salaries."

Here he gave a significant smile, and put his right fore-finger to the side of his nose, which said position of the finger we intend explaining some day in a chapter on signs, which we have had for some time in our mind's-eye, Horatio.

While Ned's friend was explaining to him how this happened to be one of the four great festival-days in the year (ignorantly omitted by Nelson in his book on "Fasts and Festivals"), the pay-clerk of the office entered the room, and asked Mr. Maynwaring how he would have his salary. His reply was curious:—

"I'll have it all in gold and silver, with as many half-sovereigns and sixpences as you can give me without distressing the currency."

"But before I pay you the amount," said the pay-clerk, "you must give me a claim of exemption from the Income Tax. *I suppose* you do not wish to pay, unless you wish to contribute to the exigencies of the state."

"Not I," said Ned; "I am not to pay—I am exempt—I will sign any paper."

"Not you," said his friend. "For God's sake pay, Ned, and do not give the Chancellor of the Exchequer the trouble of acknowledging the sum of £10 odd received from E. M. M. by way of conscience-money."

Ned laughed, for he had no idea of refunding gratuitously.

"It is time to refund," he said, "when the law compels you to do so, but not till then. I have a caoutchouc conscience in all such matters."

Ned Mayny's next employment was to sign a receipt in full for the amount he was to receive. Before he could do this there were several preliminaries to go through. He had to ask the senior clerk to mend him a *'nation hard pen*, as he called it, for he had no idea of how a pen was made, high-shoulders or low-shoulders, long-slits or short-slits, broad nebs or pointed nebs. Then he had to ask how much he had to acknowledge, for what period, what month it was, and what day of the month, with many other *et ceteras*, too numerous to mention. His first receipt began: Received of

her Majesty's Ministers; then, Received of the Tories; then the word Tories was scored out, and the word Government put in; till at last the wording grew into a full and proper receipt for a Quarter's-salary.

It is not too much to say that our Government Offices abound in a race of young gentlemen fresh from Eton or from Harrow, who have half-a-dozen of Horace's Odes, and sundry lines out of Ovid on their tongue-tips, but who are perfectly unfitted for the duties they undertake: young gentlemen, quite unacquainted with Cocker or Roger Ascham—mere novices as clerks: young men to whom our City bankers and City merchants would not give common school-room. A brigade of clerks from the Bank would do the duties of the several Government Offices in half the time, for less money, and infinitely better.

Ned Mayny's next difficulty was to tell what to do with his money—to look through the morning papers for the amusements of the evening; for money is never well spent with bits of blood unless there is a real good lark or two included in the outlay. No advertisement seemed particularly to attract him. There was a sad want, as his friend called it, of spicy goings-on. While in the dilemma of what to do with his money, he found a ready outlet for six of his half-sovereigns in putting into sundry Sweepstakes for races yet to come. A hot luncheon (good things abound about Quarter-day) ran off with four-and-ninepence, and a young sporting gentleman of a clerk, who pulled a dice-box and its usual contents from out his coat-pocket, reduced the salary a figure or two lower, and the £21 18*s.* 9*d.* began to look a degree less in its importance. If every day in the year was Quarter-day, Government would have lots of play and plenty to pay—for on pay-day nothing is done. The old clerks, after placing each individual note between them and the light, make their own mystic marks on their customary corners, and then putting the whole leisurely and carefully into a carefully buttoned-up trousers-pocket, they draw out a string of bills (unpaid), over which they sigh and ruminate for the remainder of the day. If the old ones are silent, the young ones are noisy; and while the senior clerk is thinking where he can get a new coat made at the lowest price, for ready money, the junior is thinking where he can get the best cut suit with the longest credit—to what fresh tailor he can fly to open a new account, unknown to the snip who has trusted him already. While the old clerk is trying to give the go-by to a want, the young one is creating wants. The old fellow, in jockey language, is all bit and bridle, and the young fellow all whip and spur.

When four o'clock came (the official hour for closing), Ned Mayny walked off, arm-in-arm, with two of his fellow-clerks—his friend, Dick Sankey, and his diceing friend, Mr. Newbury. These young fellows, gentlemen by birth, fond of dress and fond of gaiety, and each with twenty pounds to spend, are three young pigeons just fit to be plucked in a place like London. Yet these, when they keep together, and avoid roulette and similar attractions, are not easily imposed upon; and, in sober truth, our three friends had determined, as far as juvenile determination can exist, on spending their salaries in what they called a very fit and proper way. They were first to saunter up and down Bond-street, and its fashionable localities; to give Mr. Newbury's tailor a turn; to dine together, and then to go *anywhere*. That was one night's work. They were then to absent themselves from the office the next day (shirk the d—d place as they called it), hire a britzska, and dine at *the devil knows where*. They were, on the third day, to have a handsome pic-nic up the river. Sankey's sister was to ask all her d—d good-looking female acquaintance, and they were to have two full days of *regular* enjoyment. Mr. Newbury was to take a week's holidays, and send in a sick certificate; and Ned Mayny and Dick Sankey were to plead the best excuses they could concoct, to account to the Commissioners for their two days' absence.

In Piccadilly, these three young gentlemen, "all of the modern time," stopped unconsciously at Ludlam's, and surveyed the scarfs so tastefully set out in that very correct-looking window. The scarfs were all so handsome, that they soon found they were all three of them in want of scarfs: so they went in and bought three of the very best, each indulging his fancy at the same time in a pair of handsome braces. This was on Sankey's suggestion—"For we shall be obliged, you know, when rowing," said Sankey, "to expose ourselves, *in some measure*, to the ladies."

After a turn or two in Bond-street, they sauntered in to see Mr. Newbury's tailor, and pass judgment on a coat, which Mr. Poole had building on the stocks, for Mr. Newbury's own person. Mr. N. tried it on; Mr. Sankey turned him round and round, and nodded approbation—suggesting, at the same time, a *leetle* letting out here; and a *leetle, very leetle* taking in there. After a very learned survey of the whole coat, Mr. Newbury informed Mr. Poole that he would give him an order for a similar erection, with six pairs of white appendages, and two waistcoats of a pattern he would look in and talk about another day; and, so saying, he threw down his card, Mr. Newbury exclaiming in a rapture of excitement, "I knew I'd make a convert of you. Poole, Sir, is, in some respects, the first *artist* in London." Here Mr. Newbury took Mr. Poole aside—

whispered great things about Sankey, and intimated, by nods, a great deal more. This agreeably settled, Mr. Newbury drew the tailor's attention to Mr. Maynwaring's nether garments; but Ned, as arranged, approved of everything, but would not give an order *this time;* indeed, he would rather not; besides, on principle, he *wished* to pay for every thing he had, *at once,* in hard cash. The tailor hereupon solicited—Mr. Newbury urged—and Mr. Sankey gave it as his unprejudiced opinion, that, to see three such particular friends, as they were, all *habilimented up* by Mr. Poole, would be something peculiarly classic and correct. Ned fired up at this fine idea of his friends, threw back his coat, and surrendered his waist to the measurement of Mr. Poole. The whole arrangement was now complete; no money had been expended, while an extensive *tick* for three had been opened on the strength of a single account. Dick Sankey declared, on going out, that Mr. Newbury was a kind of Rothschild in *his* way.

Watches and appetites were now compared, and the successful trio adjourned to the Blue Posts, in Cork-street, where they dined and enjoyed themselves. Their bill, from the accounts of that establishment (vol. 109, fol. 142,) would seem to have been as follows:—

Salmon and Lobster Sauce
Boiled Fowl and Asparagus
Bottle of Sherry
Ditto Champagne
Pot of Pale Ale
Cheese
Bowl of Punch
½ Bowl ditto

The bill occasioned a toss up of who should pay; and after sundry clever evolutions in the air with half-a-crown, all adroitly performed by Mr. Newbury, the task and expense of paying devolved upon Mr. Sankey.

In Clifford-street they *chartered* a cab, as Mr. Newbury called it, to take them to the d——d Gardens, meaning Vauxhall Gardens—all three of them forgetting that the Gardens were then closed; but the cabman, seeing that they were all three *elevated,* drove them the distance, and enjoyed the fun when they got there, thinking it a jolly distance, and, touching his hat, to be allowed to take them back again.

But it is not our intention in this short paper to dodge our money-spending clerks through the whole round of their festive goings-on; nor are we going to describe at present the neat two-horse turn-out and the capital dinner they had the next day, with all their hair-breadth escapes from shaving of stumps and running too hard upon panels a-head; nor shall we attempt to describe the fun on the Thames the day after; tell how they took water at Battersea-bridge—rowed in good style up to the meadows at Ham House—how they ate, and how they drank, and how the second Miss Sankey drilled a fresh hole in the heart of Ned Mayny and put an eclipse on little Miss Naylor, for a time at least:—we say we shall shirk these descriptions, and carry our heroic clerks, after two days and a half of pleasuring, back to their chairs and desks in a Government office.

Well, at half-past ten, two days after the salaries were paid, Ned Mayny and Dick Sankey *showed up*—that is, they were at the office; and, more wonderful still, in time. The head clerk shook his very bald head at Mr. Maynwaring, thrust his nankeen legs beneath the table, and got buried in the *Morning Post.* Ned set to work, and nailed himself to the oar of business for the day, as if he had a disturbed conscience and a long arrear of work to get up. He wrote so fast that his head at last fairly fell asleep on the sloping desk before him, and no efforts of Dick Sankey or his kicks beneath the table could keep him awake. He showed symptoms, however, of returning wakefulness in the way he grasped a pewter pot of the best heavy; but with the drain he gave it, his old Morphean propensity returned, and he nodded with a snore over a mutton-chop. As yet there was no written excuse to the Board for two days being away without leave. Newbury had kept away, fortifying his return with a sick undated certificate, which he had for some time by him to meet an emergency; but Sankey and Ned had no such palliatives, and each had now to frame a letter of excuse. Now, Ned was not in the writing mood, and Dick Sankey was no dab at literary composition; so a steady senior clerk was called in to frame an excuse for the two sleepy absentees. It so happened that the said senior clerk, though a great pretender to polite literature, was nothing more than the son of a gentleman's butler, made a Government clerk by his old M.P. master. He concocted the common excuse for Sankey of continued indisposition, attended with slight symptoms of expected fever; but for Ned he got up a story about his aunt, and the letter, it is said, actually ran in this way:—

GENTLEMEN,

I beg you will overlook my absence on Thursday and Friday, the 8th and 9th inst., and all *on account of my aunt.*

I have the honour, &c.,
E, MOLYNEUX MAYNWARING.

On account of my aunt was underlined, as if to give it all its due importance, and the letter being first duly folded and sealed, was sent up to the heads of the office for their consideration. Lucky it was for Ned that the letter was laid by for that day, and unlucky it was for Ned that it was read at all. Well, the day of reading, like the day of reckoning, came at last, and a most contagious laugh was followed by looks and words of most expressive surprise. Let us ring for Mr. Maynwaring, was at last

the cry, and Ned was rung for. Now Ned had never been before the Board, and the summons struck a note of surprise within his heart. He entered the room with a tremulous step, and was spoken very politely to by the assembled gentlemen. After some little interval, the Chairman was heard to say, "Oh! Mr. Maynwaring, we have sent for you, to learn if that letter (and here he put a letter into his hands) is or is not your composition and letter." Ned bowed and read the letter, looked unutterable surprise, and said "*Most certainly not*, gentlemen. I was, it is true, absent on those days, but equally true is it that I had nothing to do with this letter."

Here the letter-clerk entering the room, he was asked to look at the letter and say whose writing it was.

"O," said the letter-clerk, "that, Sir, is Mr. Enderby's."

"Enderby's! Enderby's! indeed!" said the head Commissioner; "we'll have Mr. Enderby here."

So Mr. Enderby was rung for, and Mr. E. entered. The letter was shown him, and he was asked if it was or was not his composition and writing. He hummed and ha'ed at this a good deal, and after some short survey of his shoe strings, at last admitted that he had written it to please Mr. Maynwaring.

This Mr. Maynwaring respectfully doubted; at least he said he had no recollection of asking Mr. Enderby to write any letter for him; whereupon Mr. Enderby had entered into some explanation of Ned's *condition* on the day he wrote it, but for the lucky turn the conversation took in finding fault with the composition of the letter. Mr. Enderby fired at this, and, raising himself up as he spoke, said—

"Under correction, gentlemen;—I think the composition is quite correct—perfectly correct."

"Indeed;" said the Chairman, with a sneer, "perhaps then you can tell us what is meant in this precious piece of composition by the words—*on account of my aunt*.

Here Mr. Enderby looked imploringly at Ned. Now, said Ned, I can give the poor fellow a lift.

"Why, gentlemen," said Ned, "I have but newly lost my aunt—an old and much-esteemed aunt, and it is perhaps to her loss that Mr. Enderby has here alluded. Perhaps, gentlemen, you will very kindly make my recent loss an excuse on this occasion?"

The Board, both astonished and amused, consented, but not without some words of reproof and exhortation—very excellent for every-day perusal—whereupon Mr. Enderby slunk down to his own desk, and Ned ran down with a long story to his friends about his interview with the Board, and the getting rid of his First Quarter's Salary.

LOVE LOST NOT.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

Love on! nor heed what men shall say
Of love neglected or forgot—
Of friendship, thriftless, cast away,
And plighted vows remembered not.
Love on, through life's uncertain hours,
With opening heart, each gentle thing—
The human spirit teems with flowers,
That only ask the cherishing—
The world is full of things to love—
Things lovely in their Maker's eye—
Beneath, around us, and above—
The tenants of the earth and sky—
And to our hearts there shall be given
All earthly love we prized—in Heaven.

Love on! though thou should'st love in vain,
And meet on earth no fond reply;
Thou shalt have all thy love again
In brighter homes above the sky.
The falsest soul that ever woke
The saddest minstrel's plaintive string
Shall there, to bless the heart it broke,
In fondest love around it cling;
For God commends the gentle heart,
And will not leave that heart unblest:
He sees the bitter teardrop start—
And every sigh that rends the breast;
And hath ordained all love be given,
We prized on earth, to us in Heaven.

Love on! Love on!! 'Tis God's decree,
We love all creatures he hath made;
And though their lives all fleeting be,
He will not let their memory fade.
Love still the hearts that will not hear
The offered vow.—Love on! I say—
And angels in their arms shall bear
That love upon their Heavenward way.
Love still the roses, though they die—
They shall return in happier time—
The zephyr, though it pass thee by,
'Twill meet thee in a holier clime;
For, be thou sure, all love is given,
We prized on earth, to us in Heaven.

Nothing could exceed the prettiness of the suburban cottage to which Mark Pringle took home his newly-married wife, except (and such a comparison is indeed odious) the prettiness of the lady herself. What a picture she was! with her dark sparkling eyes, sharp, clear, regular features, and "wee bit mou'," fresh as a rosebud, but thin as its leaf, and her skin so silken in texture, and lucid in complexion. Oh! those English women! What a debt of amiability they owe nature for her favouritism — then her neatness was exquisite—such hair-breadth nicety — such unrumpled placitude in cuffs and collars—always looking, as the vulgar say (the term is a very apt one), as if she was in print. How she managed I know not, for she was by no means one of those persons who sit in a room, like waxen ladies in a glass-case, merely to be looked at; on the contrary, she was a very active, bustling little person (even in her father's house); but, exert herself as she would, no soil was ever contracted—no crease incurred—she was still perfect—still in *print;* every fold falling just as it should do, every plait precise, as if laid so, with the fixiture that kept unmoved the glossy bands of her hair.

Everybody has seen Mark Pringle's place, or its ditto, so great a likeness exists in all suburban cottages — the stuccoed front, Swiss roof, Elizabethan chimneys, and Gothic windows; the always-green, trimly-kept grass-plot, with its pretty flower-beds, whereof the mould looks rich-coloured and smooth as the dust in our grandmother's agate snuff-box, the park-wire-fence, the polished door, the shining knocker, the glittering windows, with their exterior *jalousies,* and muslin relief curtains; the scrupulously pipe-clayed path, with the locked gate at the end of it; these things are as familiar to my readers as the figure of Achilles to the keepers of Hyde Park.

And now fancy Mrs. Pringle "at home," the newness of wifehood a little worn off, and a natural disposition for setting to rights beginning to develop itself. Poor Mark! how happy he was watching her move hither and thither, like a very incarnation of order, putting in form the chaos of a month's bachelor's housekeeping; how good-naturedly he stood by to see odd gloves, song-books, bits of string, segars, old letters—the rogue had taken good care not a single line in a feminine hand should be amongst them—thrown out from the well-filled drawers, to make room for the snowy linen and delicately-scented sachets of Mrs. Pringle's régime; and what a world of importance was in the arched eyebrows and compressed lips of the new wife—the queen despotic in her little empire of housewifery. Order certainly looks very pretty in a week-old bridal cap and white peignoir, and so Mark Pringle fancied; by-and-by, however, he began to think a little rest would be as well—she was *always setting to rights!*

There are some women (and Mrs. Pringle was one of them) who start in life with the idea that the golden rule of domestic comfort is comprised in two words, cleanliness and economy. Instead of considering them as mere appliances, they put them in the

place of the principal, and believe themselves exceedingly ill-used when their practice is found unproductive of the expected effect. If one be neat and thrifty, they say, what excuse can a man have for leaving his home and neglecting his wife? Alas! will these cold characteristics, wanting the sweet and simple influences of a loving and intelligent nature, satisfy the heart, or make a man's home happy? I am certain not; but let Mrs. Pringle's story tell for itself.

It was a love match on Mark's side, one of interest on the lady's; her pretty face and nette person, joined to her character for notableness, had arrayed her in his eyes with all the attributes one wishes in the being he loves; and, blinded by her preference (for Rose Cottage and the adjuncts) into a belief of her affection for him, he conceived himself on the day of his marriage fairly started on the high road to domestic happiness, "fireside enjoyments," &c. &c. On the other hand, Mrs. Pringle laboured under no such poetical hallucinations. She entered upon her *duties* as if they were such *only;* determined, however, to be faultless in the fulfilment of them—to be the most correct, most economical, most cleanly—in fact, the model-wife of the neighbourhood! To the working out of these principles she brought a most extensive knowledge of abstergents—no end of receipts for furniture-polish, and the concoction of family dishes upon a system of frugality that might make Mrs. Child's young housewife blush for her extravagance. Thus, with cleanliness on one side, and ecomony on the other, she took the seat of honour at her husband's hearth. And from such supporters much might be expected; but she overworked them to opposite ends from those they were intended to produce.

The wedding visits received and paid, Mrs. Pringle felt herself at liberty to commence her alterations and emendations *ad libitum*. The drawing-room (as of most importance) was attacked first; and, with the physical aid of her one servant, a rapid revolution was effected. Talk of rule and compass regularity, here it was developed to its utmost practicableness. Mirrors were moved, pictures transposed from an artistical light to the very worst, because they wanted an azimuth of her nice perception of uniformity, the cozy fire-side couches decorously drawn back to the walls, the scattered chairs called to order, and made to fall in side by side, with regimental precision, while the ottoman force was disposed of altogether as being too irregular; and, lastly, having lavished no end of drugget on the carpet, and brown holland on the chairs and sofas, the curtains were bagged, the blinds drawn down, and Mrs. Pringle, taking one bland view of the subdued twilight interior, turned the key in the door, and withdrew it to be placed in one of those undiscoverable repositories that somehow mistresses of families contrive, unknown to every one else.

Then, her out-door touches were upon the same equable principles. Plants were tied up, and branches pruned, into patterns of floral propriety, and not even a straggling pensée (things that are so hard to be restrained) could be found peeping its iris eye over the boundary of the harebell bordering. Morning after morning, with a little basket on her arm, and scissors in her carefully-gloved hand, might Mrs. Pringle be seen threading the little knots of flowers, decolating the drooping blossoms before they had time to die, and cutting off decayed leaves as if there was no bleeding sap to follow. I have strange fancies with regard to vegetable life. They have sexes and sympathies; are childless when separated; instincts, too, approaching almost to intelligence; they sleep. Who shall say they are not sentient? By my word, in these days of discovery, 'tis worthy the attention of scientific societies, and the magnifier at the Polytechnic! Let gardeners look to it—there may be more in cutting off the head of a cabbage than has hitherto come between "Heaven and their philosophy."

"Sally," said Mr. Pringle (he had just returned by omnibus from his office in the City), to the maid who ran down to unlock his own gate to him, "Sally, isn't your mistress well?"

"Law! yes Sir," answered the girl, perfectly astonished at the question.

"I thought," said Mr. Pringle, "from seeing the drawing-room blinds drawn, she might have had a headache and laid down."

"Oh! no, sir, only missus was afraid of the sun's taking the damask curtains."

"Oh!" said Mark, walking on, pondering, in all likelihood, the capabilities of the sun for petty larceny, and not altogether sceptical on the point himself—though he added, in an undertone, "It has a cold, uncomfortable look from the road, but a wife cannot be too careful!"

It happened that Mark Pringle had left his home on this morning at an earlier hour than he had ever done since their marriage. Business required his presence some distance from town, and the hours of absence had appeared really long to him; and, as he crossed the threshold of his home, his heart seemed bounding in to meet his wife; but Mrs. Pringle had not yet finished the adjustment of a supernumerary cover for the sitting-room sofa, and, instead of going forward to meet and welcome him as she had hitherto done, she continued to pin and unpin the difficult affair, in a vain endeavour to make it sit like upholsterer's work; but Pringle was neither an exacting, nor a very sensitive man; and, seeing

her so busy, he was going to take the kiss she was too engaged to give him, when she suddenly exclaimed, wholly unheeding his affectionate intention, and with a look and tone of absolute distress—

"Oh! Pringle, do look at your feet-marks; you are so careless in walking, and have actually come in without wiping your boots!"

Mark very quietly slipped into the hall, and relieved his soles of the power of making unpleasant impressions; but he made no further effort to carry off the intended caress —though this circumstance proved no bar to his lady's intensity of application in finishing before dinner her task of covering the sofa squabs.

That day, for the first time, Mark Pringle analyzed the dishes; and, highly creditable as the investigation must have turned out for the invention and economy of the contriver, it said but little for the state of the larder, and less for the skill of the cook; and Pringle, who was rather curious in his *cuisine* in the days of his bachelorship, ventured to hint that the sum allowed for housekeeping ought to afford better dinners. Mrs. Pringle laid down her knife and fork, took them up again, looked earnestly at her husband, and burst into tears.

"She was sure she did the best she could with the money—she had laid none out that he did not know of—nothing for herself—it was all in the house, and intended for his comfort."

And the lady pushed away her plate, sat back in her chair, her bosom heaving, her brow gathered up with every evidence of marital affliction, and her little foot beating the floor, with a rapidity an Edgeware turner might have envied.

Mr. Pringle, in his turn, was greatly moved; he rose from his seat, assured her that for a moment he never doubted *that*, but that such a continuation of stews did not do for him; he thought a soup and joint, with a variation of fish and poultry, could be afforded; and he seconded the amendment by wiping away these first tears from the smooth cheek of his young wife with his own cambric, and pressing her very reassuringly to his breast. "It was but a word—he meant not to find fault with her management—it was really wonderful in one so new to all that sort of thing, but his ride had made him peckish, and there was little or nothing to eat."

N'importe, Mrs. Pringle felt that she had conquered—she played with her pocket-handkerchief—looked down at her little fingers, and up in her husband's face, and finally finished her dinner, and took wine with him as usual. And though, for a day or two, the bill of fare was altered, it soon returned to its primal two joints a week, with certain dishes of the genus "hotch-potch," but of what particular species Mark Pringle never satisfactorily ascertained.

Time wore on, and the mistress of Rose Cottage fully established her reputation as the most notable person in the neighbourhood. "As particular as Mrs. Pringle," became a sort of domestic by-word; and "Look how beautifully Mrs. Pringle's windows are kept," or, "Just see the way in which the Pringles' path is cleaned," the daily charge of mistresses to their maids.

But, in the meantime, poor Pringle began to grow sceptical as to the reality of "Cleanliness being next to Godliness," an axiom on which Mrs. Pringle worked in the most literal way imaginable. It filled the place of every other virtue, and purified, in her self-loving eyes, many an actual vice. Old friends (who serve by association to keep awake old affections and human sympathies) were soon banished from their hearth. Who would visit where the drawing of a chair from its accustomed place, or the putting down your hat or parasol on one forbidden, so discomposed the hostess that she scarcely restrained herself from removing them in your presence, and looked unhappy till your departure gave her an opportunity of putting things straight again? Of course, hospitality was out of the question; and, as for *twice blessed* charity, in keeping the entrance-gate locked she boasted of having shut out the annoyance of beggars, and had, at the same time, closed her ears to the appealings of want, and her heart from the sweet exercise of benevolence.

Her husband's comfort was as nothing to the ridiculous exactions of her whitewashed and polished Penates; every appliance of enjoyment was turned into a source of discontent, and that quality that can make rags decent, and the meanest cot respectable, became (by being carried to the extreme) the bane of a home replete with every means for domestic happiness. Upon the principle of a "place for everything, and everything in its place," china and plate, &c., were locked up for show, and common articles substituted for their own use. Willow-pattern delf did duty for a double service of china, and the worst specimens of pottery-ware for the elegant equipage of Mark's bachelor tea-table; the house was sheeted from the attics to the hall, for fear of soiling or wearing the carpets; the mahogany polished to such a specimen of perfection, that it became too fine for use, and poor Mark dined on water-zeuetchy, served on a deal table; if he threw himself on a sofa, a look, like a *pang* of uneasiness, spread over Mrs. Pringle's face, lest he should put the cushions out of shape or disarrange the false cover; he scarcely dared approach farther than the scraper in his boots, and had only the pri-

vilege of one peg in his own hall where he might unobstructedly hang up his hat. As for books, it was a treason to disturb them. There they stood, like the artificial volumes in the hiatus of a library; to all appearance books; but no one ever saw a gap in their closely-marshalled array. It disturbed Mrs. Pringle for the day to see a chasm between them, and whenever Mark did "*inwardly read*," no sooner was the book out of his hand than the regulating fingers of Mrs. Pringle were upon it, and, in an instant, it was restored to its *place*.

"A wife cannot be *too* careful," Mark would whisper to himself, as the only solace under this "iron rule," but even this comforting belief by degrees wore itself out, and he felt that the extreme of carefulness for a man's property frequently involves carelessness for himself.

Poor Mrs. Pringle! if ever the elements of housewifery were embodied in human form, it was in thine! Nothing else seemed to have any interest for her—she went to bed tired of the doings of to-day, to dream of the doings of to-morrow; and yet, you would fancy, that, like the Belides, her task was a hopeless and a never-ending one; for, I need not tell my readers, that a disposition for setting to rights is not contented with one great radical change, and an after-continuance of its principles. No, no! every morrow brought its alterations and improvements; there was a genius of ambition even in the housemaid's pail; and, having set the example, Mrs. Pringle knew it required continual exertion to keep in advance; but, as unremitting attention (whatever be its object) is always rewarded with success, Mrs. Pringle soon distanced all competitors, and was left without a single rival; but something more than notableness is necessary in woman to give her that place in an intelligent man's estimation that shall make her, in every sense of the term, a help meet for him. And Mark, no longer under the thraldom of passion, began to wonder at his own want of discernment in the choice he had made. Your martinets in ultra-cleanliness have seldom much of the dove in their disposition, and have much the same idea in scolding their maids that sea-captains entertain in swearing at their seamen, viz., "duty is not to be done without it;" and, therefore, Mark had frequently to listen to the rehearsal of the day's grievances—Sally's pert answers and provoking ways, how she was found rubbing the table the wrong way of the grain, and had used the plate-leather for the fire-irons. Poor man! What could he do in such business? His common-places were soon worn threadbare by frequent using, and his wife pronounced him the most apathetic and indifferent person, because, in the midst of these diurnal details, he frequently fell asleep.

They had children, specimens of needlework and neatness, looking for ever like the wax models in a baby-linen warehouse, the wonder and admiration of all the mothers in the vicinity. Poor Mark! he fancied that in them he should have something on which to lavish the fondness of his nature, unchecked by the fear of disarranging the *cheveux*, or coming in collision with clear-starched collars, "but 'he was such a bear!' he hugged the little things so close that their lace borders were crumpled, and their long robes, or short frocks (as the case might be), rendered altogether unfit to be seen; besides, he made them so wild and noisy, she really wished he would not give her more trouble than was necessary with them."

So Mark grew later in coming home of an evening; his quiet good temper became irascible and peevish; and frequent altercations widened (as a matter of course) the breach in their domestic comfort; the lady upbraiding her husband with change, and he retaliating that she had but herself to blame, having, by her extravagant notions of cleanliness, made his comfortable home a purgatory to him, and everything in it a source of fault-finding. And when she, upon this, grew pathetic and hysterical, assuring him of her never-ending exertions to make his house the "observed of all observers," the envy of husbands with untidy wives, and compared her self-imposed continuousness of action to the unrest of a galley-slave, a horse in a wheel, a toad under a harrow, and several other touching assimilations of enduring exertion, Mark Pringle put on his hat, consigning cleanliness to dark places, and her ideas of comfort to the—(we may not write it), and then sought, in the parlour of an inn, the enjoyments denied him in his own.

Years passed away. Mrs. Pringle's eyes were bright as ever, but her cheeks were thinned, and the lines upon her brow repeated till they had become indelible. She had tasted real vexations, had grown intimate with many bitter cares; and these things always exercise one of two effects—they either humanize or harden the heart. She thought of Mark's abounding love for her (a tithe of which she had not deserved) in the early days of their marriage, of his long endurance of her wilfulness, and even violence; she looked around (to do justice to her system) at the well preserved comforts, aye, even luxuries, with which her rooms were filled; she thought of her husband's respectability, of his naturally kind disposition, his irreproachable character, slowly falling away into negligence, moroseness, and, alas! it was to be feared, dissipation, and she felt how unutterly worthless of such a sacrifice had been the imbecile vanity that had induced it.

Self-reproach, in reviewing the blessings we have lost, wears magnifying-glasses; and poor Mrs. Pringle at once saw that she

had trifled away happiness for a profitless pre-eminence, a comfortless distinction, affecting rather her qualifications for an upper housemaid than her duties as a wife and mother; and here a pang (if possible more sharp than those occasioned by her husband's frequent absences) pierced her heart as she recalled to herself how, in the midst of their pleasant play, the sound of her coming footsteps fell like the fore-shadowing of some dreaded thing, stilling the laughing voices of her children into timed whispers, and throwing an invisible chain over their free steps and graceful motions! Alas! could it be otherwise. When a thread dropped on the carpet, the print of a warm little finger on the shining tables, a soiled frock, an accidental foot-tread on the flower-beds, or a bud broken in their play, was visited with such outpourings of wrath as only real vice should have elicited! Poor children! in their *mother's* presence they moved in fear and trembling, and escaped from it with rejoicing, to seek, in the indulgence of servants, and the privilege of their apartments, that freedom that the young of all created things delight in. Something must be wrong! Mark was scarcely an evening at home. She had no friends to comfort her, not even her children's affection to fall back upon, and the neatness of their dress, the order of her flower-garden, the unapproachable precision of her household arrangements (those three feathers "par excellence" wherewith she had hitherto plumed her cap of self-approval) began to have a weight and weariness in them, and the vacuum in her woman's heart to yearn for something more than the fame of notableness,—in fact, to want the approbation of her own family, and affection where now she awakened fear; and, hard as was the task, where the subduing was all on her own side, Mrs. Pringle at length achieved it. The desolation of a heart, in its own *home,* is a fearful thing, and has but one real resource—a resource that involuntarily it turns to—the secret tears of affliction have in them the aspirations of a wounded spirit, and when were these unheard? She began to see clearly her path of duty—to feel that with her it rested to make home the nucleus of her family's happiness or discomfort; and silently her work of reform began; her system of cleanliness was unaltered, but it began to set like the frill of cheerfulness, instead of the stiff collar of particularity; she insensibly drew close to her the hearts of her children, and unobtrusively recalled her husband's affection; her pretty face, worn by petty annoyances, and latterly (as we have seen) by some real cares, once more regained its loveliness, with the improvement of amiable expression; and there is not now a happier couple than Mark Pringle and his wife—her only regret, the years lost in pattern housekeeping.

Some may probably fancy Mrs. Pringle a pen-and-ink caricature, but the character is a real one, and not even drawn at full length. I knew her in both phases of it, as the "particular Mrs. Pringle;" and—after the abjuration of her false creed, "Cleanliness next to Godliness,"—as one of the most agreeable, kind-hearted persons imaginable; and from herself did I have these confessions.

If I remember, the immediate cause of her self-awakening, was a conversation she accidentally overheard between her children—those simple reasoners, whose arguments, though deep-rooted as truth or the water-lily, must be as pure and apparent as its floating petals.

C. W.

ADDRESS OF A BRAZILIAN CHILD TO THE HUMMING BIRD.

Oh leave, sweet bird, the citron tree—
Flutter thy little wing to me,—
And whilst I mark its golden hue,
Soft-tinted with a heavenly blue,
I'll cull each blossom fair for thee:
Then come, thou lovely bird, to me.

The bright pomegranate's flower I'll bring,
And orange of perpetual spring,
The jessamine odorous as the gale
That breathes o'er yonder spicy vale,
And every nectar'd drop that gleams
All brilliant in the morning beams,
I'll sprinkle from the foliage round
On the verandah's marble ground,
Where thou may'st sip all light and free,
If, little bird, thou'lt come to me.

I love thy busy hum to hear,
So soft, so soothing, and so clear,—
And wilt thou not, then, let me peep
Where revelling in the flower cup deep,
Like jewel of unrivall'd dye,
Thy glittering form attracts the eye,
On bending stamen as you dip
The flowret's honied dew to sip?
Ah! he is gone; so pleasure brings
Her joys on evanescent wings,—
Brilliant awhile, if sorrow sigh,
Like yonder humming-bird they fly.

L. B. H.

AN IRISH RUBBER AT WHIST.

Few events are fraught with greater pleasure than the unexpected re-union of friends. It was my good fortune, before the days of January, 1828, had reached their teens, to meet an old military associate and his lady-like wife. After mutual expressions of pleasurable surprise, it was arranged that I should pass the evening with Major and Mrs. Simcox, at their lodgings in Buckingham-street.

In my anxiety to join such estimable persons I miscalculated the time, and arrived a quarter of an hour before my hosts were prepared to receive me; the servant, however, bade me walk up to the drawing-room. The candles were not yet lit; a taper, which had been used for sealing letters, afforded sufficient light to prevent my stumbling over chairs and tables as I made my way to the hearth. Conceiving that I had a right, according to the statute of limitations enacted regarding the term of years before a man is privileged to stir his neighbour's fire, I applied the poker, and by the aid of the additional glare discovered, at the extreme end of the room, a tall figure, apparently engaged in watching something from the window, the curtain being drawn back for the *reconnoisance*. I could not, in the dim obscure, define the outline of the stranger, but I felt assured that it was one of my own sex, by the hat which still covered the head. I was more than half tempted to light the candles in order to satisfy my curiosity; still I paused, and again applied the poker. Hardly had I replaced it, when a gruff voice and powerful Irish accent issued from the figure.

"By my honor you're right to set that burnin', for it's mighty cold."

"It is, Sir," I assented.

"Ah, then! I wish them Simcoxes would make haste. I'm starving for my tea."

As this was said, the speaker advanced with a slow pace towards me, and I could not fail to observe that no attempt was made to remove the beaver covering; many a measured tread had fallen upon the Brussels ere the taper's light enabled me to detect a large black ostrich feather nodding from the mysterious head-tire.

"This should belong to female gear," I mentally observed; "but surely that voice was masculine."

My doubts were quickly ended. The ample folds of a dark green riding habit, held up by the left hand in flowing drapery, and a silver-mounted whip, which ever and anon was applied to the other side of the petticoat with a slap sufficient to urge on a dilatory animal, now became distinctly visible.

The French denominate this style of costume *en Amazon*, and the lady's face now before me would have well become the monarch of those pugnacious females. A profusion of dark ringlets, confined to the cheeks by a chin-stay, strongly resembled whiskers, whilst the stiff collar of a habit-shirt appearing above an ample pink silk cravat, all aided in unfeminizing the expression of this "oss vipping oman."

"Is it a large party they to-night, Sir?" demanded the lady, as she joined me on the hearth-rug, still cracking her whip, as though she would enforce an answer.

"I believe not, Ma'am," I replied in a subdued tone, thinking it just possible that the querist might have escaped from some lunatic asylum.

"I have sent my repatur to Grayhurst and Harvey's to be repaired, and I'm entirely without the least notion of the time. What hour did they say on your card?"

"It was a verbal invitation, Ma'am, to an early cup of tea."

"Did they say nothing of sandwiches or supper, Sir? for, to say truth, I'm near fainting at this moment, and will give a right good welcome to toast, dry or buttered, whenever it makes its appearance."

"Did you find it cold in the park to-day, Ma'am?" I said, anxious to divert her thoughts from the ravenous notions that seemed to occupy them.

"It couldn't fail to be cold there, Sir; though I was not in it meself."

"The roads were slippery for your ride, Ma'am," I ventured to add.

"And is it meself that would be in the saddle such a day as this? I give you my honour I've not been on the outside of a horse since I lost the General; while he lived, dear creature! I made it a point to attend all the field-days and reviews. I was an elegant horse-rider when in practice, and wouldn't be long, I'll engage, before I got back my seat and bridle-hand."

How many more accomplishments of this sort would have been named to me I can hardly presume to guess, our *tête-à-tête* being interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Simcox, accompanied by a bevy of lovely girls, and an old lady, whose scrupulous attention to the attire befitting her age, set off the charms of her younger companions, and formed a strong contrast to the strangely inappropriate dress of my new acquaintance.

"A thousand pardons, my dear Mrs. Rear-

don," said Mrs. Simcox, "for having kept you so long alone and in the dark."

"In the dark I have been, 'tis true, Ma'am," replied the lady, "but by no manner of means alone, thanks to this gentleman, to whom I must beg you to introduce me."

"So, so, Hill, you've been flirting with my friend the widow, have you?" and Mrs. Simcox looked as though she wished me much joy of such an occupation.

Taking me by the hand, she led me with great gravity towards the living semblance of the Empress Rustifusti, and formally announced our names to each other. I bowed, and, on bringing my eyes to their accustomed level, perceived that the young folks were enjoying the scene of my presentation.

The important ceremony had scarcely concluded, when the Major made his appearance, followed by two or three military friends; he welcomed his visitors most cordially, and asked, with a malicious grin upon his good-natured face, if I had "ever met Mrs. Reardon before." On my replying that Mrs. Simcox had that moment made me acquainted with the lady, he said with a chuckle,

"Ah well! you'll be capital friends before the night's over."

Tea and coffee were speedily served. Mrs. General Reardon took her seat at the table, avowedly to "save the gentlemen the trouble of waiting upon her;" but really to be as close as possible to the Sally Lun, toast, bread and butter, and muffins. It was really amusing to watch how rapidly slice after slice disappeared; to enumerate the number of cups of both coffee and tea she required to aid her work of demolition would hardly be believed; but as the platefuls vanished, and the demand for liquid continued, the youngsters could with difficulty restrain their mirth within the bounds of good breeding.

Simcox, who was an inveterate card-player, now began to inquire who were for a rubber, or a round game. I should have more enjoyed the latter with my juniors, but the Major overruled my inclination, and I made one at his table; the nice old lady, who looked as though long devoted to the charms of whist, claimed my host as her partner, and Mrs. General Reardon, with a bland smile and a knowing nod of the head, that set the sable plume in motion, honoured me by saying—

"You and I—the battle try!"

The fate of the first game was speedily decided in our favour. The Major remarking upon the extraordinary cards held by his female adversary, said—

"Why, my dear Mrs. Reardon, you must have taken up seven muffins—trumps I mean—the last deal."

This observation, reaching the players at the round game, was received with loud and continued laughter; but the best of the joke was, that the origin of the mirth appeared unconscious and unconcerned.

Fortune smiled again; we were the conquerors. Instead of changing partners, it was arranged that the losers should have their revenge. Mrs. Reardon continued to hold vast numbers of trumps, and this, I presume, induced my friend Simcox to try what effect the introduction of a favourite topic would have in distracting the lady's attention.

"How do you contrive to exist in this bitter weather?" he asked the widow. "You who have been so long accustomed to warm climates?"

"Then, upon my honour and conscience, 'tis hard to bear; and many and often is the time that I wish myself safe and snug again in my bungylow at Ganjam. Them were the days of my glory! The General had the command of the fort, the garrison was full of young blades fresh from Europe, and our table was open to all comers. We had half a dozen of the best whitey-brown cooks you ever met with, so that there was an elegant supply of pilaus, curries, mulligatawneys, and other nice eatables; and as for the drink, there's no telling the ship loads of pale ale, and Madeira, and claret, that was consumed. I was looked upon by the natives, let alone the King's troops and Company's, as the Queen of the place."

"And a mighty good figure for the part!" said the Major, with a smile and a sly wink. "But your Majesty refused spades just now, and have favoured us with one at this moment."

"Ah, then, did I play that card?—sure 'twas my partner's, was it not, Sir?" and the widow looked at me, expecting that I should help her out of the dilemma.

"*You* played it, Madam," calmly observed the old lady, "and of course must pay the penalty; a clearer case of revoke I never witnessed."

Simcox, enjoying the success of his plan, lost no time in following it up, so inquired, "Were you ever out on a tiger hunt, Mrs. Reardon?"

"*A* tiger hunt, did you say?—Hundreds! I've seen more slaughter of them beasts than any woman alive at this moment. I brought home with me skins enough to cover Merrion-square."

"It's nervous work, though, for a lady," continued the Major.

"It may be to them as is frightened at trifles, but I give you my honour I've been more put out of the way by bandycoots than ever I was with tigers or leopards, or other murthering beasts."

"Pray Ma'am," I asked, during a deal, "to what animal do you allude?"

"Did you never see a bandycoot? Well, that's mighty odd; they are a sort of a creature something of the nature of a rat, only bigger than a cat, and they swarm like ants in every house in India; there's no earthly possibility of escaping them. Many's the night I've had a whole regiment of the impudent varmint gallop over my bed, and me woke out of my beauty sleep, as they call that you get before twelve o'clock. Well, I declare, luck's turned any way; I can't win a single trick."

"Except when you trump your partner's best card, as you have just done," drily observed the ancient stickler for the rules of the game.

"It's no matter at all how I play, Ma'am; your partner and self are carrying all before ye."

Mrs. Reardon stated the fact; her mind was so full of Oriental reminiscences, that she scarcely knew one suit from another.

"But you had other things to terrify you beside rats?" persevered Simcox. "How did you manage with the snakes?"

"Ah, then, don't put me in a fever! I never shall forget the narrow squeak I had at Fumboo from a cobra capella, the deadliest sarpent in the known world. It was in my garden I was walking, and as I stooped down to pick a beauteous flower, just as I put my hand upon the stalk, out pops from under the bush the big devil of a cobra; his head was puffed out as large as my clenched fist, and I knew he was in a terrible rage by the blackness of his spectacles. Ah, then, didn't I scream? I pledge you my honour they say that my cries were heard at Parummalleegorum, and that's a hill-fort good fifty miles off. But the creature didn't regard the noise I set up, but looked me full in the face, in the most impertinent and unbecoming manner you can conceive, as though he was making up his mind what part of me he'd bite first. What would have happened 'tis not for me to guess, but one of the Coolies came up with a big stick in his hand, and made short work with mister snake, for he smashed him to shatters before the monster could beat a retreat."

The rubber terminated as I anticipated; the "bandycoots and sarpents" had thrown the victory into the hands of our opponents; and I felt relieved when I heard the General's widow declare, on being pressed to continue playing—

"I'll not touch another card this night, if I *know* it."

"Nor I either, with you at the table," exclaimed the old lady in an under tone, not intended to reach the person to whom she alluded.

I joined the merry party at the round game, who had not suffered the fascinations of *vingt-un* to prevent their attentive listening to the widow's Indian adventures.

Sandwiches, a broiled bone, oysters, and sweets were served about eleven o'clock. Mrs. Reardon, apparently oblivious as to the existence of muffins, eyed the shell-fish most wistfully, observing, "Them's the finest oysters I have seen since I've lived in London. Oh, Major, joy be with the days when I could get the real Poldoodies, let alone Carlingfords. Ah, then, don't pile my plate! I'll may be come again." And she kept her word, though the young folks had some difficulty in keeping their countenances.

"What wine will you take, my dear Mrs. Reardon?" inquired Simcox.

"And is it a countryman of my own that's for naming such cold drink as wine with oysters? If you love me, brew me a tumbler of punch, that's the proper stuff, against the world."

He obeyed, and whilst mixing the materials, hummed a fragment of an old Irish song, the burthen of which ran—

"And every bird upon the spray sang
'Give us a jug of punch!'"

"I'll engage you'll find that to your liking, widow. What other *bird* shall I help now? Hill, take care of yourself; you know the art and mystery of making a capital glass of punch."

We drew round the fire, and St. Martin's clock struck two, before even the senior of the party suggested the propriety of retiring. The rising of the old lady was a signal for a general move. Mrs. Reardon appeared reluctant to leave the good cheer, but, draining her third tumbler to the bottom, exclaimed, "Major, I hope you have provided me with an escort. I couldn't think of walking the streets alone: are any of your party going my way?"

Without inquiring which *way* she meant to go, the gentlemen pleaded prior promises made to the young ladies. To escape the chance of *my* being the widow's companion, I offered my arm to the old lady, but learned that she resided close by, and that her maid and lanthorn were in the hall; as, however, she was pleased to express her thanks for my proposal, they were unfortunately overheard by Mrs. Reardon, who came sailing up to me with a blandishing smile, saying, "My partner at whist shall be be my companion to-night."

This singular speech set all the folks tittering. Simcox, who laughed louder than the rest, observed, "I told you you'd be good friends before the night was over."

Adieus were exchanged; and as I handed my charge down stairs her movements were so slow and stately, I trembled lest she might reside at some distance, and determined to ascertain the fact at once. "To what part of

town shall I have the pleasure of attending you?"

"Oh, hardly a step—a little beyond Poets' Corner. I like to live on classic ground. I wish you were a thrifle taller, Sir, for I can hardly reach your arm."

Despite her plume, the lady's weight was not a feather one. At slow march she proceeded down Whitehall; passing the Horse Guards she became suddenly sentimental.

"Ah, the dear defunct! if the General had lived he would have been Commander-in-Chief, and I in snug quarters in that identical building. Well, 'tis folly to grieve; we've had a nice little party, though them Simcoxes might have given us something more in the way of refreshments. I made but a poor tea, and a few oysters can hardly be called supper. Oh! if you'd seen our table in India; that was a sight for the hungry and the dry. Ah! well, well, I mustn't think of them days."

She drew her handkerchief from the side pocket, and in so doing contrived to disarrange the flowing drapery of her petticoat, so that it was with some difficulty I could afford her sufficient support. I shall pass over the observations made by the few persons we encountered; those of the softer sex would not bear repeating; but, fortunately, the lady to whom they were addressed appeared unconscious that her gait and singular costume attracted attention.

Truly rejoiced was I when we arrived at the widow's lodgings, at the door of which she knocked loud enough to wake the illustrious dead in her neighbourhood. As the servant appeared, Mrs. Reardon inquired if the tray was on table, adding, "Step in, my dear Sir, and take the least taste in life of punch or wine after your cold walk. I shall do that same before I think of bed; for, as I said before I've hardly tasted anything since I left my home."

I declined the offer, took her proffered hand, and received so hearty a shake as almost to threaten dislocation. Once free from her grasp I ran home as fast as I could, by no means desirous of re-encountering a lady whose habit and habits were so truly unfeminine.

THE LOST HUSBAND; AN IRISH STORY.

BY J. W. LANGTREE.

THE FOLLOWING IS FOUNDED ON A CIRCUMSTANCE WHICH REALLY OCCURRED NEAR THE TOWN OF ATHY, ON THE PROPERTY OF SIR ANTHONY NELDON, BART., QUEEN'S COUNTY.

Mary Muldoon was an Irish girl,
And as fine a one
As you'd look upon
In the cot of a peasant or hall of an earl.
Her teeth were white, but not of pearl;
And dark was her hair, but it did not curl;
Yet few who gazed on her teeth and her hair,
But owned that a "power" of beauty was there,
Which would make a man, whether he would or not, stare,
Till a longing would come, and a longing so "quare,"
To touch either or both—if he only dare.
Now many and many a rattling gossoon,
When this longing had tickled his heart into tune,
Had thrown his right wing around Mary Muldoon,
But for *that* in her eye,
Which made most of them shy,
And look so ashamed, though they couldn't tell why.
It wasn't a frown, nor was it a leer,
Nor the stoney stare
That some great folk wear,
When they wish by their looks their own pomp to declare—
Though her glance had such power,
'Twas not "hatchet" or sour,
Nor the terrible glare of a spinster austere.
'Twas a piercing look, though mild the orb
From which the rays that made it flowed,
You'd swear it was such as would quite absorb
Whatever of thought in your own abode.
Her eyes were large, and dark, and clear,
And *heart* and *mind* seemed in them blended;
If *intellect* sent you one look severe,
Love instantly leaped in the next to mend it.
Her's was the eye to check the rude,
And her's the eye to stir emotion,
To move the sense, yet make you good,
And calm desire into devotion.
As the boys after supper would sit by her side,
And gaze on her neck,
Without freckle or speck,
Whose white not the dust of a cabin could fleck;
And her glossy black hair—
Sure the like of it wasn't from Cork to Kildare—
That flowed to her own purty shoulders in pride.
Each felt—such a what! sure he couldn't quite say,

But each felt he was just in a terrible way
Of stealing a kiss if the rest were away.
But many were there,
And great was their fun;
So nobody dare
Steal a kiss—not one.
Stories, humour, jest, and glee,
Circled round right merrily;
And the joyous Irish heart
Turned up its brightest part,
And the merry Irish eye
Looked more wit than gold could buy;
And each roguish rival strove
By his wit to win his love,
While the baffled strove to screen
Bile, by smoking his "dudeen."
Now, though each had a jest or a story to tell
For the company's sake and the good of them all,
I'm sure each had a glance to bestow, too, as well;
And that glance wasn't spent on the boys or the wall.
'Twas given on the sly
To as bright a black eye
As e'er vollied its lustre to humble or high;
And was met by that eye
With a beam which not I,
If sworn against love, would be willing to try;
And it *was* such a look,
So full and so sweet,
That one's heart-strings would beat
Till one's brain in a heat
Wouldn't deem't indiscreet
To fall down at her feet,
On the dirtiest day in the dirtiest street,
One's very frame shook
When *her* did open and *his* eye did see't.

What marvel if beauty like this would arouse
The electric in hearts that are always on fire?
The broad breast of earth in the summer avows
To bright Heaven the sweets that its shinings inspire.

Now more than one
Felt his heart thump on,
Till himself grew as weak as a "barley scon;"
Whilst one or two more
Tried their toes on the floor,
Till themselves and the company fell in a roar;
And each felt his spirit as light and as bright,
And as full of delight
As a fairy or sprite
Upon Auld Hallow's night;
Or to quote Paddy just in his own native phrase, he
Felt his whole soul quite as gay as a daisy.
But if any would prove in his gladness unwary,
And made rather free with the sweet colleen Mary,
One full look of her eye
Made the rough one "fight shy,"
And all-bashfully try
Just to slink to a corner, and keep himself "aisy."

There was Jemmy O'Hare,
Who was always there,
And as fine a lad as you'd see in a fair.
His face was round and his build was square,
And he sported as rare
And as tight a pair
Of legs, to be sure, as are found anywhere.
And Jemmy would wear
His "caubeen" and hair
With such a peculiar and rollicking air,
And so coaxingly leer, that I'd venture to swear,
Not a girl in Kildare—
Or Victoria, perhaps, if she chanced to be there—
Could resist the wild way they call "Devil may care."

Not a boy in the parish could beat him for fun;
Nor wrestle, nor leap, nor hurl, nor run
With Jemmy. No gossoon could equal him—none.
At wake or at wedding, at feast or at fight,
At throwing the stone, or at flying the kite,
He was the envy of men and the women's delight.
Och! you couldn't discover, from Howth to Kinsale, a
Handier fist at his native shilelah.

Now Mary Muldoon *did* like Jemmy O'Hare
And in troth Jemmy loved in his heart Miss Muldoon;
And I b'lieve, in my conscience, a "purtier pair"
Never danced in a tent at a "patron" in June.
There they dance in a tent
To a bagpipe or fiddle
On the rough cabin-door
That is placed in the middle.
No "Polka," no waltz, nor *pas seul* or quadrille,
No "Prince," or "Mechi," or "Dupois," or "Jonquille,"
Is there to teach toes how to caper with skill.
Yet talk as ye will,
There's a grace in the limbs of the peasantry there
With which many at "Almack's" would dread to compare.
And Mary and Jemmy were counted the two
That could keep up the longest and go the best through
All the jigs and the reels
That have occupied heels
Since the reigns of the "Murtaghs" or wars of "Borhu."
Thus old ones would whisper to Mary's old mother—
"Orra, Mistress Muldoon,
Sure I'm thinking aroon,
That weddins are first settled up in the moon;
For, begor, that gossoon
And your Mol, Missus Doon,
Will be *one* very soon.
And well they loved—
And many a day
Sat on a green knoll side by side;
But neither just then had much to say;
Their hearts were so full that they only tried
To do anything foolish, just to hide
What *both* of them felt, but what Mary denied.

They pluck'd the innocent daisies that grew
Close by their elbows, then tore them too;
And the bright little leaves that they tore from the stalk
They threw at each other, for want of talk;
While the heart-lit look, and the arch, arch smile
Of each was to each most delicious the while;
And every time Mary sighed or smiled,
Jem felt himself grow as soft as a child;
And he fancied the sky never looked so bright
Or the grass so green, or the daisies so white:
Everything looked so improved in his sight,
That he thought he'd be glad just to watch them till night;
And Mary herself believed each little bird,
Whose warble the notes in her own soul stirred,
Of course only sang by herself to be heard.
Thus the heart where true love lies
Makes everywhere a Paradise.

Now, sneer not, ye great, at the loves of the poor,
Though their manners be rude their affections are sure:
They look not by art, and they like not by rule,
For their souls are not tempered in fashion's cold school.

Oh! give me the love that will own no control
But the delicate instinct that pilots the soul,
As the mountain stream gushes, all freshness and force,
But obedient, wherever it flows, to its source.

Yes, give me the love that but nature has taught,
By rank unallured, and by riches unbought;
Whose very simplicity keeps it secure—
The love that illumines the hearts of the poor.

An Irish courtship's short and sweet:
When their hearts are lit,
Their hands are knit,
And sorra bit
Does Paddy delay when the first fierce fit
Urges the venture—miss or hit.
It's neither wise nor yet discreet;
But who is wise when his passion's heat
Whips the pulse to a galloping beat,
Ties up his judgment neck and feet,
Makes him the fool of a blind conceit,
And, where he is foolish, won't let him see't.
Full of love and fond of fight,
Paddy's into both "at sight"—
Where love or glory
Shines before, he
Rushes, hurroo! to be smitten—to smite.

Mary blushed, or looked shy at least,
As one week after Lent
Jem procured her consent
To go the next Sunday and "spake to the priest."

His "Riv'rince" joked, then lectured Jem;
Jem looked down with pious awe,
And began to draw
The "dues" from his pocket, which, when the priest saw,
He gave two little coughs and one long "Ahem,"
Rubbed his knees with one hand,
Took a pinch with the other,
And, exceedingly bland,
Said to Jem, "How's your mother?
Augh, she was the wife to your father, so kind;
When she's gone, sure, the likes of her won't be behind
For making 'scaltheen,' or attending a 'station.'
By the powers of delf,
Jem, St. Bridget herself
Couldn't bate her in mixing the 'clargy's' potation.
May Mary and you,
When I 'solder' ye two,
Be as fond of the priest and as sure of salvation."

His "Riv'rince" buttoned a pocket flap;
But first had he put in that pocket the "dues;"
Smiled he at Jem, saying, "Surely, my chap,
I'll buckle yees both now whenever yees choose."

The morn of the day
That the wedding was to be
Had dawned as bright and gay
As a bride could wish to see,
And Jemmy was up at the day's first peep;
Not a wink could Jem sleep—
One vigorous leap
Placed him on the floor and the clothes in a heap—
And a brand new coat, with a bright big button,
He took from a "chist," after shaving, and put on,
And brogues as well "lampblacked" as ever went foot on,
And greased with the fat of the finest of mutton;
And his new "corduroys,"
Bought in Dandy Molloy's,
Were an "iligant" fit, and looked well, by the boys.

A tidier gossoon couldn't be seen
Treading the emerald sod so green.
Light was his step and bright was his eye
As he walked through the "clobbery" streets of Athy;
And each lass that he passed bid "God bless him," and sighed,
While she wished in her soul that herself was the bride.

The wedding-party are all together,
Laughing and talking of "Dan" and the "weather;"
Each heart in the company light as a feather,
Allowed no cold form its gushings to "tether:"
Stories were told by each gay old wife
Of the sweethearts she had in her early life;
Of the pranks she played, and how little she thought
She was going to be married the day she was brought
To Father O'Shane's at a deuce of a trot,
Where "the words" were said and herself was caught.
Of crops and politics talked the men,
With a joke to the women now and then,
Who made it rebound with effect agen,

Till the laugh grew loud,
And the women so proud
That their witty replies had the men quite
"cowed."

Hush! here's the priest—let not the least
Whisper be heard till the father has ceased.
"Come, bridegroom and bride,
That the knot may be tied
Which no power upon earth can hereafter divide."
Up rose the bride and the bridegroom too,
And a passage was made for them both to walk
through;
And his "Riv'rince" stood with a sanctified face,
Which spread its infection all round the place.
The bridesmaid bustled and whispered the bride,
Who felt so confused that she almost cried,
But at last bore up and walked forward, where
The "father" was standing with sanctified air;
The bridegroom was following after with pride,
When his piercing grey eye something awful
espied;
He stopped and sighed,
Looked round and tried
To tell what he saw, but his tongue denied:
With a spang and a roar
He jumped to the door,
And the bride "laid her eyes" on the bridegroom
no more.

Some years sped on,
Yet heard no one
Of Jemmy O'Hara, or where he had gone.
After four summers, or three, at least,
An American letter was brought to the priest,
Telling of Jemmy O'Hara, deceased,
Who, ere his death,
With his latest breath,
To a spiritual father unburdened his breast,
And the cause of his sudden departure confest.—
"Oh! Father," says he, "I've not long to live,
So I'll freely confess, if you freely forgive—
That same Mary Muldoon, sure I loved her indeed;
Ay, as well as the creed
That was never forsaken by one of my breed;
But I couldn't have married her after I saw"—
"Saw what?" cried the father, impatient to
hear,
And the chair that he sat in impatiently rocking—
"Not in her 'karàcther,' yer Riv'rince, a flaw"—
The sick man here dropped a significant tear,
And expired as he breathed in the clergyman's
ear—
"But I saw a TREMENDOUS BIG HOLE IN
HER STOCKING!"

THE MORAL.

Lady readers, love may be
Fixed in hearts immovably,
May be strong, and may be pure;
Faith may lean on faith secure,
Knowing adverse fate's endeavour
Makes that faith more firm than ever:
But the purest love and strongest,
Love that has endured the longest,
Braving cross, and blight, and trial,
Fortune's bar, or pride's denial,
Would—no matter what its trust—
Be uprooted by DISGUST:—
Yes, the love that might for years
Spring in suffering, grow in tears,
Parent's frigid counsel mocking,
Might be—where's the use in talking?—
Upset by a BROKEN STOCKING!

TO LOVE, TO WOO, TO WED.

WHEN blossoms are upon the tree,
And budding leaves begin t' appear—
And limpid springs, from bondage free,
With gentle gush assail the ear—
And beauty glows, around, above—
Oh! is not that a time to love?

When birds upon the dewy spray
Their carols to the twilight raise,
And Nature in her green array
The brightest of her charms displays—
And love hath done all he can do—
Oh! is not that a time to woo?

When flowers exhale their sweet perfume,
And gem the earth, as stars the sky—
And youth hath reached his ripest bloom,
And lives but in his lady's eye—
And from his heart all rest hath fled—
Oh! is not that the time to wed?

G. B. K.

The Union Workhouse of the ancient parish of Herne—how calm and pastoral is that little nook of Kent!—has two outward windows. The fabric, built by the inspiration of the New Poor-law, was a blind, eyeless piece of brick-work; a gaol for the iniquity and perverseness of poverty; a Newgate for the felony of want. The chiefs and elders of Parliament had said, "Let us make abiding-places for the poor; let us separate them, lepers as they are, from the clean; let us shut them up from the sight of the green earth; let them not behold the work of the season in the budding trees, in their leafy branches, in their red and golden robes of autumn, in the gaunt bareness of solemn winter. Let the grass spring and the field flower blossom; but let not the poor, the unclean of the land, look upon the work of God." After this resolve the Union was built; with inner windows looking upon walls, and walls turned blank upon the outward world. No crevice, no loop-hole permitted captive poverty a look, a glimpse of the fresh face of nature; his soul, like his body, was bricked up according to the statute; he had by the insolence of destitution offended the niceness of the world, and he was doomed by his judges to a divorce from the commonest sights of earth. Hence, the Union Workhouse turned its sullen, unbroken wall of brick upon the fields and trees, and the pauper was made to look only upon pauperism. The freshness and luxuriance of nature—her prodigal loveliness was not for his eyes; he was poor, and even to behold the plenteousness of the teeming earth was an enjoyment beyond his state—a banned delight—a luxury which those who paid for his food, could not properly vouchsafe him!

At length—for when they themselves know it not, men's hearts will work, a sense of right will sometimes steal upon their sleep—an instinct of goodness will, like silver water from the rock, gush forth,—at length it was resolved by the guardians of the poor—guardians of the

poor! what a holiness of purpose should inform those well-worn syllables—that the dull, blind, squalid workhouse should have light; that its brick walls should be pierced with two windows; that the fields and trees should gladden pauper eyes, appealing to old recollections, childhood thoughts, daily, customary feelings. It was determined that the pauper prisoner should, through the iron bars of penury, have comforting glimpses of God's goodness without; that he should, though all unconsciously, make offerings upon the green altar of the earth; that his heart should commune in its own unknowing way, with those sweet influences which, coming from God, discourse in some manner to all men.

And so it was determined that the Union Workhouse should have two outward windows. The guardians of the poor appeared with the labourers. "Here," said the guardians, "break through the wall; here, pierce one window—here, another." Then, turning to the paupers, some few age-stricken folk, they said, with smug complacency, "We are going to give you some light." And this, reader, is not a goose-quill fiction; it is a thing of truth.

"We are going to give you some light." We cannot help it, if this liberal goodness—this gentle philanthropy, drive back thought to the first gift of light; if it call up, as with an iron tongue, the memory of the holy birth of light, word-begotten for all men. And the nature of man, solemnised by such memories—kindled and uplifted, skies beyond expression, by the sublime inheritance,—is it not a hard task to consider with composure even the compunction of a guardian of the poor, who pierces with two windows the prison-house of the pauper to let God's light in? May not the small authority of man be sometimes as a blaspheming burlesque of Almighty Beneficence?

Let us, for a time forgetful of state philosophy—forgetful of the plausibilities of social prosperity that set the poor apart from the rich and well-to-do, as creatures somewhat different in the real drama of life, although on certain occasions, as it were for form's sake, for Christian ceremony, allowed to be made from the clay of the same Eden as their masters—let us behold the earth in its freshness, and man its owner in the vigour of his new birth, the heir of an impartial Providence, and the receiver of its glories;—and then consider him as the task-master of his fellow, as the grudging churl that metes out light and air to his helpless brother; and for this sole cause—this one bitter reason—he *is* helpless.

A miserable sight—a hideous testimony of the thanklessness of prosperous man—is the rural Union, with its blank dead wall of brick; a cold, blind thing, the work of human perversity and human selfishness, amidst ten thousand thousand evidences of Eternal Bounty. How beautiful is the beauty of God around it! There is not a sapling waving its green tresses of June that does not make the heart yearn with kindliness; not a field-flower that does not, with its speaking eye, tell of abundant goodness; the brook is musical with the same sweet truth; all sights and sounds declare it. The liberal loveliness of nature, turn where we will, looks upon and whispers to us. We are made the heirs of wealth inexhaustible, of pleasures deep as the sea and pure as the joys of Paradise. And our return for this, our offering to the wretchedness of our fellow-creatures, is yonder prison, with its dead wall turned upon the pleasant aspects of nature, lest the pauper captives within should behold what God has done for that world, in which, according to the world's justice, they have nothing. Hence is the pauper treated, in his blind dungeon, as though there was felonious purpose in his eyesight; as though, a prisoner in the Union, he would commit larceny on the meads and trees, and all the rural objects that from babyhood have been familiar to him; doing such wrong to the exceeding injury and loss of the free folks, who, by the blessing of skill and good luck, have "land and beeves."

We know not a more fantastic tyranny, a more wilful assertion of the arrogance of man, than this needless shutting up of his poorer brother in a gaol of poverty—barring his eyes of every comforting object, compelling him to look only upon that which at every look speaks to his soul of his miserable dependence upon his richer fellow; which denies to him the innocent, unbought glimpse of out-door nature, as though the scene was a land of promise from which his beggary had made him alien. Is human want so wicked that it should be unblessed with even a glance at the pleasant things of creation? Has the pauper, because pauper, no further claim upon the earth, save for his final bed—the grave? The rustic Unions, with their forlorn blank walls, cry yes!

If God punish man for crime, as man punishes man for poverty, woe to the sons of Adam!

THE EXAMINER OF PLAYS AND "RICHELIEU IN LOVE."

MR. JOHN KEMBLE, the Chamberlain's Deputy, has refused to license "Richelieu in Love, or the Youth of Charles I.," for this strong state reason—the comedy was mischievous, was dangerous. Mr. John Kemble might as wisely and as justly have labelled a bottle of soda-water with the word "poison." Great, however, is the virtue of printer's ink; what would be treasonous to the Government, and mischievous to morals, if represented with all the blandishments which the Haymarket Theatre could have bestowed upon it, becomes, when sent to press, wholly innocuous. Public opinion purifies the press: we have had of late triumphant evidence of its potency in the gradual decline and death of the foul spirit which in two or three notorious instances made its loathsome food of slander and gross personality. A very few years back, and how many people looked with fear and trembling towards the Sunday—dreading to be "cut up" by the pen-and-ink assassin? How many, again, lovers of the sport, welcomed the return of the Sabbath, even as the dog-fighters of Copenhagen-fields rejoiced at the seventh day; a day set apart, devoted to their brutalizing pastime. What difference, indeed, was there between the dashing club-man, the sleek "respectable" tradesman, and the correct "father of a family," who subscribed their sixpence for the Sunday iniquity in print, and the costermonger, the cabman, and the vagabond, of any or of no pursuit, who staked their money—for good sport—upon fighting brutes? Why, there was this difference: the respectable people paid for the pastime of seeing human creatures worried; of enjoying the foulest attacks upon all the sanctities of human life; they beheld men and women tormented—the "lower orders" tortured only dogs. Public opinion, however, has abolished this pastime of the "better" classes; punishment and exposure have engendered contempt; if the adder be not killed it is "scotched;" and bites in vain at Newgate bars.

The acted drama cannot, however, be left to the wholesome influence of public opinion; and therefore does the State, in its tenderness towards the loyalty and morals of the people, appoint a searcher of plays. (Lord Chatham's eloquent denunciation of this unconstitutional appointment is familiar to most readers of theatrical history.) Hence, have we Mr. Kemble authorised by the Lord Chamberlain, to search for smuggled wickedness of any and every kind in the manuscript of the dramatist. Turning over "Richelieu," he has somewhere—where we know not—nosed danger, and the result of his sagacity is a *veto* on the representation of the comedy.

The author publishes his work, prefixing thereto a "Preface" of much point and cleverness; from which we shall allow him to make his own defence. He says:—

> In the first place, people in office are always right; secondly, they ought to be; thirdly and triumphantly, if they are not, it is very strange.
>
> These premises based, the inevitable conclusion follows that the author of "Richelieu in Love" is in the wrong, because he has been so adjudged by a tribunal which includes in itself all the essentials of justice,—as beef is said to be the quintessence of "quail, and venison, and pheasant, and plum-pudding, and custard,"—being at once accuser, judge, jury, and executioner.
>
> In this summary it is possible that some *un*enlightened reader may wonder at the omission of an accused person, or criminal,—as, to spare the expense of thought, we generally account any one at the bar. But when it is considered that, at the tribunal eulogised, the accused has no voice and no business, except to suffer the penalties, this is of very slight consequence. Indeed, it has often been a subject of surprise to the author, that so obvious a means of simplifying the operations of justice should have struck no lawgivers but those illustrious sages who established the tribunal of the Holy Office, and that of Examiner of Plays. By merely exonerating the defendant from all share in the proceedings (with the exception hinted above), the majestic stream of justice flows on without impediment or delay, unchafed and unthwarted, on its downward course, and, like a Peruvian torrent, sweeps sand and gold alike, in its impartial and undistinguishing rush.
>
> Human opinions, however, depend so much on time, place, and circumstance; frequently even on so slight a matter as the state of the biliary secretion, or the quality of a man's dinner, or the temper his wife may be in; that the decrees of secret tribunals, such as the Inquisition, and the literary Star Chamber in question, are not always so unaccountable as, from ignorance, people sometimes imagine. Very often are they based on the most authentic principles of indigestion, the most logical, though somewhat hasty, conclusions of a temper fretted by some "private grief," or on considerations of a still more recondite nature, which include all the passions, meannesses, prejudices, whims, ignorance, insolence, folly and frivolity which make up the strange compound of humanity."

The Church was in danger—the State liable to fall into contempt by the representation of the comedy. We remember when Scribe's "Bertrand et Raton" was about to be played at Drury Lane, a report met the Chamberlain's ears that it was the audacious intention of Mr. Farren to wear a wig, imitative of the locks of Talleyrand; whereupon, after much correspondence, the wig was, we believe, sent to the Chamberlain, who, perceiving that it bore no resemblance to the head-furniture of the French Ambassador, immediately licensed every hair of it.

The present piece is pronounced by the invisible but oracular bar at which it was condemned and found guilty (the peculiar form of trial at it), unfit to be represented, because it is calculated to bring "Church and State into contempt." How this result was to be effected by delineating the brilliant vagaries of a court two hundred years gone into dust, in colours taken from the pallet of history,—what church was to be damaged by any aberrations from the beau-ideal of the priestly character in Cardinal Richelieu,—what advantage was to accrue to the author from the completion of this ungodly purpose of his,—the judges, or rather sentencers, have not had the generosity to explain.

The author truly says:—

> An attempt, however feeble, to quit the worn-out sheep-walks of the Drama, to enter a pasture which, overrun with furze and weeds as it may be, abounds in savoury herbs, is very properly met by a prohibition! The guilty effort at originality is but too evident, in a play in which a screen is not once used. There needs no other evidence. The writer is evidently young and daring; he may, therefore do better! Crush him then just as he pops out of his egg-shell, at once. When he has wings to soar with, it may not be so easy to bring him down! The reins may hang loose on the necks of old jaded hacks, but the young hot-blooded steeds must be bridled and martingaled till they can only rear and paw air. The only point of consequence is, that the rider should take care not to pull the steed backward over him.
>
> Most gentle reader, you have now fair warning. If you read on, it will be at your peril, and to the great diminution of your allegiance to all things constituted. "Steel traps and spring guns!" is legibly written upon my premises, and signed by the town-clerk. If, therefore, you venture into those flowery meads in which my deadly weapons couch in ambush, and should happen to walk through without having your leg snapped off, or your brains scattered, remember—it is not for want of due notice. But for this warning, you might imagine you were going to take a pleasant noon-day stroll in a woodland preserve, gathering wild nuts and raspberries at your pleasure, and enjoying their tart flavour more than the refined namby-pambyism of their bloated hot-house kindred. As it is, you will have to pick your way with extreme caution,—to walk with the agonized scrupulosity of one who, for the first time, ventures on ice in a pair of skates; and not only ice, but ice

which the Humane Society has labelled "Dangerous!" Every wind will make you start!—the rustle of the green leaves, the sweet liquid chirrup of a blackbird, even the distant musical laugh of women in a hay-field, will bristle your hair upright on your head. If you observe poppies flaunting it redly in the sun, if the lily tosses her white cap scornfully at the dallying breeze, you will mark the omen, turn pale, and stop short!

The author invites the reader to "study treason" in his pages; and if he find it in "Richelieu" he will, to our way of thinking, have a quicker nose for the iniquity than had Judge Jefferys.

Come hither, then, inexperienced youth, and study treason in the pages of one to whom it came so naturally, that until the moment he was condemned, he had not the faintest idea he had committed any offence. Of a jocund and laughing nature to begin with, it chances that he lights on one of the very few mirthful traditions which Dame History keeps in her musty cupboards. Aimless and purposeless, except for enjoyment, as a nautilus floating in its silvery car on a summer sea, he embodies the tradition in a fanciful form; gives it a voice, a costume, an outward presentment; and of these merry materials composes, by some strange fatality, a work which appears, *to the dullest comprehensions*, capable of bringing Church and State into contempt. Is it not thus that the spider extracts her poisonous essences from the sweetest roses and violets?

The life of a dramatic author is typified in the eastern apologue of the ant which a sage one day observed trailing a millet-seed up a wall, in a cleft of which she had a local habitation. The persevering insect fell eleven times, at various points, in the effort to accomplish this task. On the twelfth attempt, she triumphantly reached the top of the wall, and was immediately devoured by a sparrow which had condescendingly waited her arrival. Therefore, all you young Shakspeares who intend to repolish the mirror of humanity—for such the stage was once—*take warning from my sad example*, and turn Scotts instead.

The author was very young when he first had the misfortune to think he could write a drama. He was neither "forced by hunger nor request of friends," but took to it as naturally as a hawthorn takes to blossoming, and on as scientific principles. When a mere schoolboy, the romantic but historical tradition of Charles the First's love-match with Henriette Marie, had vividly interested his fancy. The same pages recorded the flirtation between the gay and beautiful Anne d'Autriche, and the witty Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. To this affair, and to the jealousy of Louis XIII., a grave historian, Hume, ascribes Buckingham's subsequent hatred of France, and the war which he intended to wage against her, if the knife of Felton had not interposed its veto. The king-cardinal, with his passion for the same fascinating sovereign, naturally glided into the puppet-show. Whatever troubles have come upon it since, most pleasantly did it amuse the author's young imagination, to set his phantoms in a drama which, though perhaps as rude a specimen as any enacted by Thespis in his cart, contains all the germs of the subsequent attempt.

The Comedy is accepted—is about to be rehearsed—even Mr. Farren is pleased with his part!—when swoop comes down the official Examiner:

Preparations are commenced to put the piece on the stage with splendour. The chief actors are all pleased with their parts; *Farren especially; for I cannot deny myself the honour of recording his approbation.* Apparently, every one is pleased who has a right to be consulted in the matter. But,

"O ciechi, il tanto affaticar, che giova!"

If all mankind were in ecstacies with a play, that is of no consequence, unless it hits every caprice of one of its units, dignified with the title of "Examiner of Plays." First, arrived an admonition to proceed no further without orders; next, an absolute prohibition to proceed at all!

People in irresponsible authority exercise it with a graceful ease, a decision, a brevity, which must excite admiration in all who have not witnessed the administration of justice in Turkey. So deeply founded were the objections of the officials, that nothing but the total ruin of the drama could remove them. Not even mangling—a favourite operation, when it is equally inconvenient to prohibit a work and to allow it to appear—could do it any good. Lamed, disfigured, ragged, idiotic, as it might have been made, like a battered soldier of the wars, still it would have been dangerous. The shattered musket, the rusty sword, the broken bayonet, tell, at least, what the man has been. Persuasion and argument were equally in vain; irresponsible office has armour against both. And so vanished the whole phantasmagoria, like the

"Aërial palaces and lakes of gold,
And silvery mountains, shaped of sunset hues
Which in fantastic chaos melt away."

As to the reasons assigned for this stretch of prerogative, the Author received them with gratitude. The judges in this august court are not bound by law, to give any reasons at all; which, indeed, would be always inconvenient, and sometimes impossible.

The author is aware that all real property is in mud. He, therefore, finds no fault with being deprived of one purely intellectual, by the decrees of a tribunal which violates every principle of natural equity and constitutional right in its arbitrary procedure. As the situation of "Examiner of Plays," is a good one, he knows—but too well—that it is always and inevitably filled by a man of education and manners, a first-rate critic, who judges by the rules of an enlightened and generous criticism, and not by those of narrow sectarian prejudices, caprice, personal or political animosity, mean truckling to authority, or mere insolence of domination. The "Examiner of Plays" is, in truth, the sentinel of a powder magazine; as such, the lurid language of the passions, their lightning revealings, terrify him out of his senses, while other men merely admire the splendour and beauty of the celestial flames. With him, despair raves blasphemy, love murmurs licentiousness; Cato talks treason, Tiberius brings government into contempt, Sejanus is an allusion to the minister of the day, the Gracchi mean to raise a tumult against the Corn-laws. A mark for all the aimless shafts of satire can he find, when all men else imagine them showered at random.

The author, however, must not—in his pleasant self-complacency—insinuate that one of the sins of "Richelieu" in the eyes of the Examiner, could by any possibility be the perfection of its plot or the strength of its character; plot, in sooth, it has very, very little; and original character even less. *Charles the First* is a mere staid walking-gentleman; *Anne of Austria* a vivacious, rattling hoyden, seen in five-hundred vaudevilles, and *Richelieu* only a doting monk. *Buckingham* has all the conventional stage flashiness of the time-honoured libertine.

Let no future dramatist be deterred by the fate of him who hath been thus generously gibbeted by way of example to all, except to shun his errors. Let him write a play without plot, character, or language appropriate, and he may write it as finely as he thinks proper, and receive an eulogy along with his permit. Thus shall he avoid Charybdis. It is true that the town has seldom the good taste and deference to be delighted with what pleases the authorities, and thus he rushes on Scylla. But Charybdis never regorges her prey, whereas Scylla sends it roaring up half-a-dozen times before she sucks it down for ever!

It is too late for the author to take his own advice; he is hardened like steel in the fire he has been cast into. But let not the reader misunderstand him so far as to imagine he complains of any peculiar hardship in his case. If Shakspere himself had not flourished before "Examiners" were invented, the author is constrained to admit that he could not have flourished after. Under the system in action, he acknowledges that a great dramatist is as impossible as an eagle soaring in all his pride and sublimity in a zoological cage. Who can complain of being placed under a despotism from which, if that superhuman genius now existed, he would not be exempt?

Yes, if Shakspere himself, if the man whose unbounded genius mirrors the universe, who has fathomed all the depths of the human heart, given all its passions an echo distinct as their own voices, made the language of England imperishable, were she herself, her power and her glory passed away like a cloud on the rack of the winds—if this man, or rather this demi-god, were now in being, would he not be placed under the absolute control of an "Examiner of Plays"? The imagination faints in the descent. Who then shall complain when he recollects that the transcendent flame which the Almighty only once breathed into humanity, would have run just the same risk of being puffed out as his own poor farthing twinkle!

For which of Shakspere's masterpieces deem you, Reader, would have escaped the blasting mildew of the Licenser's red ink? Is it Hamlet with his guilty kings, his grand scepticism, his melancholy musings which lay bare the aching heart of humanity, and strip it alike of its rags and tinsel? Would not this phrase alone "the insolence of office" condemn it? Is it Macbeth—Macbeth that teaches lessons of usurpation and murder, and may be meant to frighten the Queen from going near Tamworth? Is it Richard III., or King John? Can any one doubt that Shakspere meant, by delineating those flagitious sovereigns, to bring royalty into hatred, *let alone* contempt. Is it meet the people should learn in "Othello" what a "cogging" knave can do at the elbow of a nature too noble to understand him.

Coriolanus—let us see—ahem! There seems to be a great deal of violent language in it, frenzied invective, scorn and hatred and contempt of the—well, well, only of the common people, to be sure! It must then be prohibited, to spare the feelings of the shilling gallery? Or if they have not sufficient influence at Court to obtain that favour, there is still another good reason. In Coriolanus, aristocracy and democracy are represented at war; and in all well-regulated commonwealths, especially in England, they have always agreed—like man and wife. The people must not learn such turbulent matters—"prohibited." Shall the Merry Wives pass, merry though they be to tears of

laughter? If we do license it, you must at least expunge that gross old sensual satyr, that Falstaff; else will he bring the whole order of knighthood into contempt, he, with his huge paunch and vulgar wit, which "splits the sides of the groundlings." Twelfth Night may, perhaps, with some thousand improvements, pass muster. But no: it violates decorum! In it, a woman, to preserve her honour, puts on the attire of a "skirted page"—an attire differing but little from that worn by our ladies a few years ago, when short petticoats were in vogue. The same objection is fatal to Portia, to Rosalind and Imogen; above all to the latter, for she is the daughter of a British King! What matters it that, thus disguised, these characters have always been considered the sweetest, the chastest, the most feminine of Shakspere's characters? People of nice ideas know better.

A similar indecorum is one of the overt acts of the author of "Richelieu in Love." In the original draught, Anne d'Autriche was represented as detecting Le Dragon in a female disguise. This scene was subsequently altered as in the text, in order that no occasion for scandal or misapprehension might remain. The author had no idea that he had exceeded the privileges of the modern drama. He had seen "As You Like It" performed, by command, in the august presence of the Queen of England. "Fidelio" is sung in all the courts of Europe, before empresses, queens, princesses, and ladies of high degree, without scandal. How then was he to know that a taste so much more refined presided in the Licenser's office?

The following is unanswerable, and meets the injustice of the case:—

Confirm or cancel the condemnation of the piece as you will, judicious reader, still stands the question firmly on its own basis. Is it just or unjust to put any citizen out of the pale of the constitution, and into the power of an irresponsible and arbitrary tribunal? The sovereign himself is not trusted with any authority at all equal to that which is exercised by one of his servants' servant. Why should the drama be the only species of literature still marked with the brand of slavery? What argument supports its vassalage which would not restore the censorship to the press, and the base imprimatur? In the present state of public morals and manners, it is but an insolent and tyrannical stigma. If the author of "Richelieu" has offended against either, he would doubtless have learned the fact from his only proper tribunal—the public. Freedom alone gives to nations the qualities which render them valuable, even to tyrants; and is it possible that dramatic literature can flourish, chained and languishing at the feet of a private despotism? The question may be answered by calcuating how many great dramatists have sprung up under its Upas shade?

The author pointedly observes:—

I would give to the dramatic author what is not denied even to a felon—a fair trial *before* judgment. Or if that be too great a privilege, however agreeable to natural equity, and in all other cases essential to English law, let him have a right of appeal to a jury, from the judgment of the secret tribunal at which he is condemned. Let it even be conceded, though far from acknowledged, that considerations of public decorum or morality require that some public officer should be appointed to see that neither is outraged, in works which must have received the approbation of so many honourable and enlightened men before it can even reach his bar; men who are aware of a present and overwhelming responsibility to a public which, whatever individually, is collectively the most severely moral and refined of censors. A right of appeal conferred on the author would make this official aware that he too is responsible, and remove the withering brand of slavery from a noble art. The great heart of the Drama would beat freely once again; let but the daylight and the free air penetrate the dungeon in which she languishes, and the life-blood will glow again in her pallid cheeks, the fire sparkle in her eye, the ancient strength and beauty return to her free-born but now shackled, manacled, fettered limbs. Why should the exercise of any English authority lurk in darkness, and only dart out on its victim from ambush? If it be good that these serpent-folds should environ the drama, let its bones be crushed, and its flesh mangled in sight of the sun.

It will be immediately acknowledged by the reader of the above extracts, that the writer of "Richelieu" has considerable vivacity of pen. His play has in it little originality of any kind, but it has animal spirits that would, we are convinced, have carried it to a sprightly close, and have obtained possibly as much success as, in the present miserable condition of theatres, with their besetting want—the want of actors—can be hoped for by the sanguine dramatist. We have in vain sought for the justification of the Examiner's *veto;* for he could not have seen an indirect affront upon the Queen of England in the costume of a Queen of France dressed *en cavalier.* If we except a few foolish pruriences of language—and such small sins have never yet prevented the Examiner taking his ordinary fee—we see nothing in "Richelieu in Love" worthy the censure of even the most thin-skinned Jesuit.

These antics of Deputy Licensers induce us to reflect on the personal character of a few of the late functionaries; together with their individual claims to an office of emolument, condemning it as we nevertheless do as often mischievous, and at the best unnecessary. Some twenty years since the post was held by a gentleman of strict sectarian principles; a man who hated plays, albeit he took the defiling lucre of the fees produced by them. To him succeeded George Colman, with certainly a good dramatic claim to the office; although we have no doubt that his sometime cup-companionship with King George the Fourth, pleaded more for him than his comedies of the "Heir at Law" and "John Bull." Installed in office, Colman, in the name of morality, played such fantastic tricks that even *Mawworms* might have wept at the new hypocrisy. Colman died, and then Charles Kemble—with men like Knowles, Kenny, Poole, and Dibdin, veteran dramatists with no Theatrical Fund to repose upon in their old age—Charles Kemble, by virtue of influence at Sunderland House, obtains the post, to the wrong of the elder living play-writers, who certainly have a right beyond that of every player to the appointment. This was not enough: the job was not yet completed. Mr. Charles Kemble, whilst his interest with the Whigs was yet strong, retired from the office in favour of his son!

And Mr. John Kemble is now the Examiner of Plays. He "sheds o'er the page his purity of soul," and very adroitly fits his official morality to his fees. For instance, he can license dramas in which the ingenuous youth of England may be edified and animated by the example of a *Jack Sheppard,* but fears for public decency if shown a "Richelieu in Love!"

Mr. John Kemble, too—we speak it not profanely—comports himself very gingerly with the "Devil." Within these last few months dramas and ballets, with the fiend's name for the hero, shocked certain people as they gazed at the playbills. A correspondent of the *Times* complained of this familiarity with the author of all mischief: whereupon, the sensibilities of Mr. John Kemble were touched, and in this way he reformed the evil. A piece to be called "The Night Devil" was to be produced at the Haymarket: the Licenser demurred to the name, whereupon, it was put into German, and thus gemmed the playbill—"Der Nacht Teufel!" This niceness of the Deputy Licenser is akin to the delicacy of an aged spinster who cares not how much her parrot may swear, so that the creature only swears in French or Portuguese!

NEW BOOKS.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE BRUMMELL, ESQ. By Captain JESSE. *Saunders and Otley.*

THIS is a melancholy book; yet most instructive is the misery it develops. We have here the hero of selfishness—the mere shell of a man—in all his phases of meridian fortune, difficulty, dependence, starvation, and final idiocy. All that Hogarth imagined in the contrast of wealth and final destitution of mind and body, is here put before the reader in the true history of Beau Brummell. Poor wretch! he sold himself to "the first gentleman in Europe," and died therefore a loathsome outcast! Ere we proceed to extract from these interesting, we might say appalling volumes, we will jot down a few biographical notes, gathered from them, of their miserable hero.

George Brummell was born in 1778. His origin was humble—it was no other than the grandson of a pastry-cook, who gave fashionable laws to the Prince of Wales, and whose poisonous sarcasm festered in the soul of the English Heir Apparent. Brummell's father was Private Secretary to Lord Liverpool, and at his death left our Beau little less, it is calculated, than £30,000. What education he had he received at Eton, for at sixteen he was Cornet in the 10th Hussars, the Prince's own regiment, and speedily became an intimate associate of his Royal Highness, who was then two-and-thirty; but who—according to Mr. Thomas Raikes—disdained not to take lessons in dress from Brummell, at his lodgings, in Chesterfield-street. Thither would the future king of nations wend his way, where—absorbed in the mysteries of the toilet—"he would remain till so late an hour, that he sometimes sent his horses away, and insisted on Brummell's giving him a quiet dinner," which generally ended in a deep potation. We now subjoin Captain Jesse's portrait of our hero:—

His face was rather long, and complexion fair; his whiskers inclined to sandy, and hair light brown. His features were neither plain nor handsome; but his head was well shaped, the forehead being unusually high; showing, according to phrenological development, more of the mental than the animal passions—the bump of self-esteem was very prominent. His countenance indicated that he possessed considerable intelligence, and his mouth betrayed a strong disposition to indulge in sarcastic humour; this was predominant in every feature, the nose excepted, the natural regularity of which, though it had been broken by a fall from his charger, preserved his features from degenerating into comicality. His eyebrows were equally expressive with his mouth, and while the latter was giving utterance to something very good-humoured or polite, the former, and the eyes themselves, which were grey and full of oddity, could assume an expression that made the sincerity of his words very doubtful.

This flexibility of feature enabled Brummell to give additional point to his humorous and satirical remarks; his whole physiognomy giving the idea, that, had he devoted himself to dramatic composition, he would have written in a tone far more resembling that of the "School for Scandal" than the "Gamester," or any plot developing reflection and deep feeling. His voice was very pleasing.

We now come to his great triumph: to the achievement which was *his* Waterloo—the invention of starched neckcloths:—

Brummell was one of the first who revived and improved the taste for dress; and his great innovation was effected upon neckcloths; they were then worn without any stiffening of any kind, and bagged out in front, rucking up to the chin in a roll; to remedy this obvious awkwardness and inconvenience, he used to have his slightly starched; and a reasoning mind must allow that there is not much to object to in this reform.

He did not, however, like the dandies, test their fitness for use, by trying if he could raise three parts of their length by one corner without their bending; yet it appears, that if the cravat was not properly tied at the first effort, or inspiring impulse, it was always rejected. His valet was coming down stairs one day with a quantity of tumbled neckcloths under his arm, and being interrogated on the subject, solemnly replied, "Oh they are *our* failures." Practice like this, of course, made him perfect; and his tie soon became a model that was imitated but never equalled.

The method by which this most important result was attained, was communicated to me by a friend of his, who had frequently been an eye-witness of the amusing operation.

The collar, which was always fixed to his shirt, was so large, that, before being folded down, it completely hid his head and face; and the white neckcloth was at least a foot in height. The first *coup d'archet* was made with the shirt collar, which he folded down to its proper size; and Brummell, then standing before the glass, with his chin poked up to the ceiling, by the gentle and gradual declension of the lower jaw, creased the cravat to reasonable dimensions, the form of each succeeding crease being perfected with the shirt which he had just discarded.

Brummell's dress and tailors:

His morning dress was similar to that of every other gentleman—Hessians and pantaloons, or top boots and buckskins, with a blue coat, and a light or buff-coloured waistcoat, of course fitting to admiration on the best figure in England. His dress of an evening was a blue coat and white waistcoat, black pantaloons which buttoned tight to the ankle, striped silk stockings, and opera hat; in fact, he was always carefully dressed, but never the slave of fashion.

Brummell's tailors were Schweitzer and Davidson, in Cork-street, Weston, and a German of the name of Meyer, who lived in Conduit-street. The Stultzes and Nugees, &c., did, I believe, exist in those days; but they were not then held in the same estimation as their more fortunate brethren of the shears. Schweitzer and Meyer worked for the Prince; and the latter had a page's livery, and on great occasions superintended the adornment of his Royal Highness's person. The trouser, which opens at the bottom of the leg, and was closed by buttons and loops, was invented either by Meyer or Brummell—the beau, at any rate, was the first who wore them, and they immediately became quite the fashion, and continued so for some years.

A good-humoured baronet, and brother Etonian of his, who followed him at a humble distance in his dress, told me that he went to Schweitzer's one morning to get properly rigged out, and that while his talented purveyor of habiliments was measuring him, he asked him what cloth he recommended? "Why sir," said the *artiste*, "the Prince wears superfine, and Mr. Brummell the Bath coating; but it is immaterial which you choose. Sir John, you must be right; suppose, sir, we say Bath coating—I think Mr. Brummell has a trifle the preference."

The truth is, Brummell lived at a favourable time for his reputation as a beau. Men of the highest fashion were not then "point device" in their costume—a sloven in high life was in his days no rarity, hence, the delicacy of Brummell's taste revealed itself in strong relief from a negligence of dress unknown in our times.

Though I have spoken of Brummell's style of dress in his early life, I shall again briefly describe it here as it came under my own observation. He stood to his Whig colours to the last. His dress on the evening in question consisted of a blue coat with a velvet collar, and the consular button, a buff waistcoat, black trousers, and boots. It is difficult to imagine what could have reconciled him to adopt the two latter innovations upon evening costume, unless it were the usual apology for such degeneracy in modern taste, the altered proportions of his legs. Without entering into a description of the exact number of wrinkles in his white neck-cloth, I shall merely say that his tie was unexceptionable, and that his *blanchisseuse* had evidently done her very best in the "getting up," as these good bodies term it. I may here observe that I never heard the Beau accused, as I have some *lions*, of having a tin case with a Bramah lock to keep his neckcloths in, folded and free from the unhallowed touch of others, though he always gave careful instructions to his washerwoman how she was to fold them; and his valet assured me at Boulogne, with becoming earnestness, that he never had a failure—he always succeeded in his tie. They were, however, subjected to the strictest inspection; and a speck on one of them, however minute, was the warrant for its return to the soapsuds.

The only articles of jewellery that I observed about him were a plain ring, and a massive chain of Venetian ducat gold, which served as a guard to his watch, and was evidently as much for use as ornament. Only two links of it were to be seen; those passed from the buttons of his waistcoat to the pocket. The chain was peculiar, and was of the same pattern as those suspended in *terrorem* outside the principal entrance to Newgate. The ring was dug up on the field of the cloth of gold by a labourer,

who sold it to Brummell when he was at Calais. An opera hat and gloves, that were held in his hand, completed an attire which, being remarkably quiet, could never have attracted attention on any other person. His *mise* was peculiar, only for its extreme neatness, and wholly at variance with an opinion that I have already mentioned as very prevalent among those who were not personally acquainted with him, that he owed his reputation to his tailor, or to an exaggerated style of dress.

So far for Brummell's London glories. One fine morning his creditors "missed him at the 'custom'd place," and Brummell was safe at Calais. Here, he levied contributions on all his old acquaintance as they passed to and from Paris; and was at length appointed Consul at Caen in Normandy. The profits of his place were, however, save a poor £80 *per annum*, mortgaged to discharge his French debts, and in a brief time he was beset by bailiffs, and all the dire necessities that follow in their train. Ultimately the place of consul was abolished, and he was flung into a gaol; the horrors of which are vividly described by Captain Jesse. After Brummell's liberation his mind rapidly sank. We know no record of real life more ghastly than the subjoined.

It would be painful, as well as tedious, to detail all the different stages of mental decay through which this unfortunate man passed, before he became hopelessly imbecile. One of the most singular eccentricities that he exhibited was the following:— On certain nights some strange fancy would seize him, that it was necessary he should give a party, and he accordingly invited many of the distinguished persons with whom he had been intimate in former days, though some of them were already numbered with the dead.

On these gala evenings, he desired his attendant to arrange his apartment, set out a whist-table, and light the *bougies* (he burnt only tallow at the time), and at eight o'clock this man, to whom he had already given his instructions, opened wide the door of his sitting-room, and announced the "Duchess of Devonshire." At the sound of her graces' well-remembered name, the Beau, instantly rising from his chair, would advance towards the door, and greet the cold air from the staircase, as if it had been the beautiful Georgiana herself. If the dust of that fair creature could have stood reanimate in all her loveliness before him, she would not have thought his bow less graceful than it had been thirty-five years before; for, despite poor Brummell's mean habiliments and uncleanly person, the supposed visitor was received with all his former courtly ease of manner, and the earnestness that the pleasure of such an honour might be supposed to excite. "Ah! my dear Duchess," faltered the Beau, "how rejoiced am I to see you; so very amiable of you at this short notice! Pray bury yourself in this arm-chair: do you know it was a gift to me from the Duchess of York, who was a very kind friend of mine; but, poor thing, you know she is now no more." Here the eyes of the old man would fill with the tears of idiocy, and, sinking into the *fauteuil* himself, he would sit for some time looking vacantly at the fire, until Lord Alvanley, Worcester, or any other old friend he chose to name, was announced, when he again rose to receive them, and went through a similar pantomime. At ten, his attendant announced the carriages, and this farce was at an end.

The following letter was written by Mr. Armstrong, the ex Vice-Consul of Caen, to some of Brummell's friends in England:—

I have deferred writing for some time, hoping to be able to inform you that I had succeeded in getting Mr. Brummell into one of the public institutions, but I am sorry to say that I have failed; I have also tried to get him into a private house; but no one will undertake the charge of him in his present state: in fact, it would be totally impossible for me to describe the dreadful siuation he is in. For the last two months I have been obliged to pay a person to be with him night and day, and still we cannot keep him *clean;* he now lies upon a straw mattress, which is changed every day. They will not keep him at the hotel, and what to do I know not: I should think that some of his old friends in England would be able to get him into some hospital, where he could be taken care of for the rest of his days. I beg and entreat of you to get something done for him, for it is quite out of the question that he can remain where he is. The clergyman and physician here can bear testimony to the melancholy state of idiocy he is in.

Finally, he was removed to Bon Sauveur, an institution at Caen for lunatics, in which, having occupied the rooms of which the famous Bourrienne was the previous tenant, he died on the 7th of February, 1834.

The following story is supplied to Captain Jesse by a correspondent. The Beau, it appears, had a great *penchant* for snuff-boxes:—

Brummell had a collection chosen with his singular sagacity and good taste; and one of them had been seen and admired by the Prince, who said, "Brummell, this box must be mine: go to Gray's, and order any box you like in lieu of it." Brummell begged that it might be one with his Royal Highness's miniature; and the Prince, pleased and flattered at the suggestion, gave his assent to the request. Accordingly, the box was ordered, and Brummell took great pains with the pattern and form, as well as with the miniature and the diamonds round it. When some progress had been made, the portrait was shown to the Prince; who was charmed with it, suggested slight improvements and alterations, and took the liveliest interest in the work as it proceeded. All in fact was on the point of being concluded when the scene at Claremont took place. [Where this writer describes the quarrel as originating, through the Prince preventing Brummell from joining a party, on the plea of Mrs. Fitzherbert disliking him.] A day or two after this, Brummell thought he might as well go to Gray's and inquire about the box: he did so, and was told that special directions had been sent by the Prince of Wales that the box was not to be delivered: it never was, nor was the one returned for which it was to have been an equivalent. It was this, I believe, more than any thing besides, which induced Brummell to bear himself with such unbending hostility towards the Prince of Wales. He felt that he had treated him unworthily, and from this moment he indulged himself by saying the bitterest things. When pressed by poverty, however, and, as I suppose, somewhat broken in spirit, he at a later period recalled the Prince's attention to the subject of the snuff-box. Colonel Cooke, (who was at Eton called "Cricketer Cooke," afterwards known as Kangaroo Cooke,") when passing through Calais, saw Brummell; who told him the story, and requested that he would inform the Prince Regent that the promised box had never been given, and that he was now constrained to recall the circumstance to his recollection. The Regent's reply was—"Well, Master Kang, as for the box it is all nonsense; but I suppose the poor devil wants a hundred guineas, and he shall have them;" and it was in this ungracious manner that the money was sent, received, and acknowledged.

I have heard Brummell speak of the affair of the snuff-box, but never heard him say that he received the hundred guineas.

In the famous quarrel with "Wales," Beau Brummell had certainly the best of it. In the following, we have the true version of the "fat friend" anecdote:—

Lord Alvanley, Brummell, Henry Pierrepoint, and Sir Harry Mildmay, gave at the Hanover-square Rooms a fête, which was called the Dandies' Ball. Alvanley was a friend of the Duke of York's; Harry Mildmay was young, and had never been introduced to the Prince; Pierrepoint knew him slightly; and Brummell was at daggers-drawing with his Royal Highness. No invitation, therefore, was sent to the Prince; but the ball excited much interest and expectation, and, to the surprise of the Amphitryons, a communication was received from his Royal Highness intimating his wish to be present. Nothing, therefore, was left but to send him an invitation; which was done in due form, and in the names of the four spirited givers of the ball. The next question was, how they were to receive their guest; which, after some discussion, was arranged thus: when the approach of the Prince was announced, each of the four gentlemen took, in due form, a candle in his hand. Pierrepoint, as knowing the Prince, stood nearest the door, with his wax-light, and Mildmay, as being young and void of offence, opposite; Alvanley, with Brummell opposite, stood immediately within the other two. The Prince at length arrived; and, as was expected, spoke civilly and with recognition to Pierrepoint, and then turned and spoke a few words to Mildmay; advancing, he addressed several sentences to Alvanley; and then turned towards Brummell, looked at him, but as if he did not know who he was or why he was there, and without bestowing upon him the slightest symptom of recognition. It was then, at the very instant he passed on, that Brummell, seizing with infinite fun and readiness the notion that they were unknown to each other, said across to his friend, and aloud, for the purpose of being heard, "Alvanley, who's your fat friend?" Those who were in front and saw the Prince's face, say that he was cut to the quick by the aptness of the satire.

Another instance (new to us) is recorded of the polite contempt with which the Beau treated the Prince, his late boon companion:—

Brummell, before he sunk under the pressure of poverty, always withstood the Prince of Wales, like a man whose feelings had been injured. Well do I remember an instance of this, one night after the opera. I was standing near the stove of the lower waiting-room, talking to several persons, of whom *one* is now alive. The Prince of Wales, who always came out rather before the performance concluded, was also standing there, and waiting for his carriage, which used to drive up what was then

Market-lane, now the Opera Arcade. Presently, Brummell came out, talking eagerly to some friends, and not seeing the Prince or his party, he took up a position near the check-taker's bar. As the crowd flowed out, Brummell was gradually pressed backwards, until he was all but driven against the Regent; who distinctly saw him, but who, of course, would not move. In order to stop him, therefore, and prevent actual collision, one of the Prince's suite tapped him on the back; when Brummell immediately turned sharply round, and saw that there was not much more than a foot between his nose and the Prince of Wales's. I watched him with intense curiosity, and observed that his countenance did not change in the slightest degree, nor did his head move they looked straight into each other's eyss; the Prince evidently amazed and annoyed. Brummell, however, did not quail, or show the least embarrassment. He receded quite quietly, and backed slowly step by step till the crowd closed between them, never once taking his eyes off those of the Prince. It is impossible to describe the impression made by this scene on the bystanders; there was in his manner nothing insolent, nothing offensive; by retiring with his face to the Regent he recognised his rank; but he offered no apology for his inadvertence (as a mere stranger would have done), no recognition as an acquaintance; as man to man, his bearing was adverse and uncompromising.

Brummell's sayings are not brilliant in point. They doubtless owed their success to the inimitable impudence with which they were uttered. We have thrown together a few of his many repartees scattered through the volumes :—

Dining at a gentleman's house in Hampshire, where the champagne was very far from being good, he waited for a pause in the conversation, and then condemned it by raising his glass, and saying loud enough to be heard by every one at the table, "John, give me some more of that cider."

"Brummell, you were not here yesterday," said one of his club friends, "where did you dine?"—"Dine! why with a person of the name of R——s. I believe he wishes me to notice him, hence the dinner; but, to give him his due, he desired that I would make up the party myself, so I asked Alvanley, Mills, Pierrepoint, and a few others, and I assure you, the affair turned out quite unique; there was every delicacy in, or out of season; the Sillery was perfect, and not a wish remained ungratified; but, my dear fellow, conceive my astonishment when I tell you, that Mr. R——s had the assurance to sit down, and dine with us."

An acquaintance having, in a morning call, bored him dreadfully about some tour he made in the North of England, inquired with great pertinacity of his impatient listener which of the lakes he preferred? when Brummell, quite tired of the man's tedious raptures, turned his head imploringly towards his valet, who was arranging something in the room, and said, "Robinson."—"Sir."—"Which of the lakes do I admire?"—"Windermere, Sir," replied that distinguished individual.—"Ah, yes,—Windermere," repeated Brummell, "so it is,—Windermere." A lady at dinner, observing that he did not take any vegetables, asked him whether such was his general habit, and if he never ate any? He replied, "Yes, madam, I once ate a pea."

One day a friend, meeting him limping in Bond-street, asked him what was the matter? He replied, he had hurt his leg, and the worst of it was, "it was his favourite leg." Having been asked by a sympathising friend how he happened to get such a severe cold? his reply was, "Why, do you know, I left my carriage yesterday evening, on my way to town from the Pavilion, and the infidel of a landlord put me into a room with a damp stranger."

On being asked by one of his acquaintance, during a very unseasonable summer, if he had ever seen such a one? he replied, "Yes, last winter." Having fancied himself invited to some one's country seat, and being given to understand, after one night's lodging, that he was in error, he told an unconscious friend in town, who asked him what sort of a place it was? "That it was an exceedingly good house for stopping one night in."

On the night that he left London, the Beau was seen as usual at the Opera, but he left early, and, without returning to his lodgings, stepped into a chaise which had been procured for him by a noble friend, and met his own carriage a short distance from town. Travelling all night as fast as four post-horses and liberal donations could enable him, the morning of the 17th dawned on him at Dover, and immediately on his arrival there, he hired a small vessel, put his carriage on board, and was landed in a few hours on the other side. By this time, the West End had awoke and missed him, particularly his tradesmen.

It was while promenading one day on the pier, and not long before he left Calais, that an old associate of his, who had just arrived by the packet from England, met him unexpectedly in the street, and cordially shaking hands with him, said, "My dear Brummell, I am so glad to see you, for we had heard in England that you were dead; the report, I assure you, was in very general circulation when I left."—"Mere stock-jobbing, my good fellow, mere stock-jobbing," was the Beau's reply.

We have, we trust, sufficiently whetted the reader's appetite to send him to the volumes themselves, which do great credit, not only to the industry and good feeling of Captain Jesse, but to his honest spirit of outspeaking. He calls things by their proper names, no matter with what rank associated. Certes, his Gracious Majesty George the Fourth is here a lesser hero than Brummell; royalty shows like "a gilt twopence" beside the grandson of the pastry-cook. Indeed, the all but sudden oblivion into which "the first gentleman of Europe" has lapsed is a pregnant lesson for beings who only seek to be remembered by their voluptuousness, and the heavy cost to those they govern. Where, now, shall we seek for the glories of George the Fourth, unless, indeed, embalmed in the pages of Doctor Croly?

China Illustrated. *Fisher, Son, and Co.*

This, the second volume, completes a work on China, which presents all the known points of that most extraordinary region, in the most finished and attractive view. The work is altogether superbly got up. The illustrations are from the faithful pencil of Mr. Allom, from authentic sketches taken on the spot; and they bear upon the face of them the unmistakeable characteristics of truth. The most authentic writers on China have been consulted for information, which is cleverly abridged by the Rev. G. N. Wright. We have, however, this objection to make to the style and feeling of the Reverend Writer. He seems passionately fond of what is called glory, and loses no opportunity of lauding the wonderous bravery of our troops in their massacres—for they were no other—of the miserable Chinese. He is, moreover, the champion of capital punishments; and in his article on the "Tcha, or Cangue," casts a lingering, longing look at the English gallows. Hear the Reverend Gentleman :—

The present state of British criminal law in this respect (*i. e.* the abolition of capital punishment) is now truly anomalous, where the most heinous offences against public credit, the grossest examples of peculation, crimes which only a few years since would have been visited with the *ultimate vengeance of offended justice*, are now dismissed with banishment to a foreign colony.

Thus speaks the disciple of Christ. What, only a few days since, said Mr. Baron Alderson, at the Old Bailey, about to pass sentence on a woman, convicted of forgery?—"Had she a short time back been found guilty, she would most certainly have been hanged. *Fortunately that dreadful punishment had been abandoned*, and a lighter, though still severe one, substituted."

On one hand, we hear a clergyman lamenting the good old hempen times, and, on the other, a Judge thanking the enlightened spirit of the age that has numbered them with past atrocities.

We have felt it our duty to say thus much upon the subject; which we now willingly leave to recommend the work as one of exceeding beauty and utility.

FOR JULY.

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☞ *The whole of the Engravings under the superintendence of* E. Landells.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"King Midas," if possible, in our next

"W. A. K." is declined.

The author of "Promethus" omitted to send his address. His MS. is left with the publisher; who has also the following papers which he is desirous to return to the writers—"The River Rhone"—"Casinos in the Parks"—"Kentish Tales"—"Student Abroad"—"Annals of my Parish"—"Two Pilgrims"—"Inquisitor"—"A. M. Y."—"Lewes"—"Story of Anthony Palmer"—"J. L."—"Quis"—"Kate Wynsley"—"Semiramide"—"Dancing and Literature"—"Felix"—"A Templar"—"The Spectre Omnibus"—"E. Florance"—"Philo Soph"—"Francis Russell Lawrence"—"John Hale"—"Mr. F. Sheldon."

"I hope Mr. Smug, you dont beat your boys."

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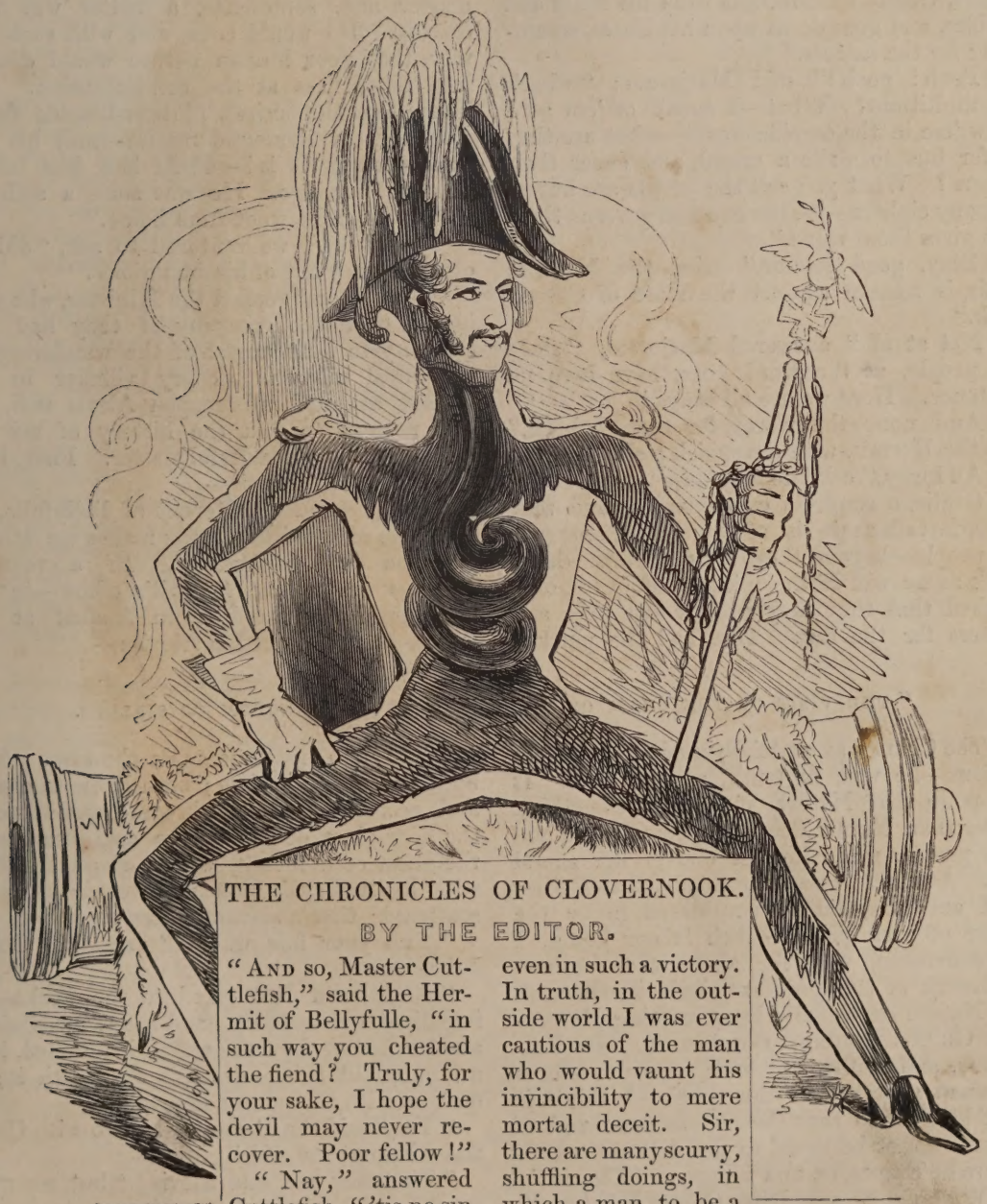
THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE



THE CHRONICLES OF CLOVERNOOK.

BY THE EDITOR.

"And so, Master Cuttlefish," said the Hermit of Bellyfulle, "in such way you cheated the fiend? Truly, for your sake, I hope the devil may never recover. Poor fellow!"

"Nay," answered Cuttlefish, "'tis no sin to cheat the devil."

"I know not that," said the Hermit. "Is it not more respectable to have no dealing soever with the fiend, than to be able to juggle him at a bargain? There may be great loss even in such a victory. In truth, in the outside world I was ever cautious of the man who would vaunt his invincibility to mere mortal deceit. Sir, there are many scurvy, shuffling doings, in which a man, to be a true man, should be ashamed of himself never to have been tricked."

"Nevertheless, and say what you will, good sage," cried a villager—the General with the wooden leg whom we saw from Gossip Hill,

when looking through the Hermit's spectacles —"say what you will, 'twas liberal in the devil to part with his ready cash."

"Wherefore liberal, good Master Marjoram," asked another, "seeing the devil had no stint of it? But thus are men bamboozled! Thus are they but as children at the best. Let them say all sorts of hard words against the great fiend himself—let the multitude be ready to stone him—and he has only to empty his pockets among the mob, when lo! every honest, virtuous fellow, lets drop his flints and pebbles, and goes down upon his knees, scrambling for the largess."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Marjoram; "what's the multitude? What—I speak of 'em as I knew 'em in the outside world—what are they fit for but to make a crowd, and cheer their betters? What you call the people are but as so many ciphers—it's the one who governs them that gives them value."

"Stay, good soldier," cried the Hermit; "this is treason against the state of Clovernook."

"Not at all," answered Marjoram, "since the people, as the word goes, have here no existence. Here we are all kings."

"And none the worse for that, I hope," said the Hermit, with a waggish look.

"All kings," cried Marjoram—"yes, here at the Gratis, a congress of monarchs, and may therefore talk as we list of the human swarm—the people—beyond the Valley of Naps—here, speak as we will of the millions of geese, only hatched that they may grow down beds and bolsters for the few. Ha! ha! the plucked simpletons! is there anything so comical as their gaggling about liberty and common rights, when they are to be driven with a hazel wand, or twig, to market, there to be sold, and after fed upon? Is it not so, Alexis?" And the speaker turned to the villager who had first addressed him, and who I afterwards discovered to have been in this working-day world Prime Minister to a tremendous Cham, a potentate of farthest Ind.

"Ay," answered the Minister, "but my master had, sometimes, a better way than driving. He would coax, and with such dignity, that poor human nature would dissolve into tenderness at the condescension. Put before him the fieriest, flintiest-hearted democrat, and my honoured master—may his soul rest wherever it is!—would look him into a mess of porridge. He was such a softener, that is, when he went from home."

"Pray, Sir," we ventured to ask, "did he often journey out of his dominions?"

"Very often," replied the Minister, who then inquired of the company if they had any curiosity to hear aught of the wanderings of the royal pilgrim. Every villager in the instant assented, whereupon Alexis said, "I will narrate to you the history of my last travels with my wonderful master. First, however, of his dignities."—

"Stay," cried the Hermit of Bellyfulle, "a discourse of dignities always makes me athirst. Let me first replenish." In a moment Swellips was at the Hermit's elbow—in two minutes the tankard again foamed at the mouth—and then began Alexis:—

"THE VISIT OF THE CHAM OF KNOUTLAND TO THE KINGDOM OF SIRLOIN.

"The Cham was especially made to rule over millions—he was, in truth, a prize man. It was plain that Nature, if, indeed, something higher than Nature does not make Chams and such people, made him as one of her grand pets. And here, allow me to say, that Nature is, I am sure, falsely considered to be the maker of such people—such labour being, I am convinced, very far above the common handiwork of the goddess. Indeed, when we find Nature continually busy, making Hottentots, Guinea negroes, Esquimaux, New Zealanders, and millions of such coarse creatures—human wretches in the rough—I think it must be allowed that the charwoman hand of Nature cannot be equal to the delicate manufacture of Emperors, and Kings, and Chams."

"Why not?" asked the Oldest Inhabitant. "The king and the clown are both time's creatures."

"Thank you for the thought; it suits me well," said Alexis; "they are time's creatures; so is the simple hour-glass, and so the golden watch. Both instruments do the same office; both are things of time; both liable to chance and accident. Molly's broom-handle knocks the hour-glass down; or the cat, jumping at the ghost of a mouse, whisks it on the floor with her tail; the glass is shivered; the sand scattered; time's servant is destroyed."

"And your fine watch?" cried the Oldest Inhabitant.

"A grain of dust gets into the works—an impatient or unsteady hand snaps the chain—and no matter how the watch is jewelled, it is a dumb, still thing—time is dead with it; as dead as with the pauper hour-glass."

"Yes," said the Hermit, "and so with Cham and Cham at the end."

"That may be," said Alexis; "but, my good sage, I was brought up too gingerly to believe in my heart—though I confess, I would not say so much to the world—that the same Nature could by any means make the hour-glass and the watch. No: there may be a sort of Nature that makes the millions of men—the

creatures, whose moments may be told by the ever-running, ever-working sand,—but it must be a higher power, a far sublimer Nature, that makes the life that acts upon a jewel. No, no; one Nature for the hour-glass, another for the watch."

"Let us grant so much," said the Hermit; "that we may get on with the Cham."

"He was a wonderful piece of human mechanism," said Alexis. "He seemed to have been wound up at his birth to act a life of dignity—to move unerringly without pulsation—a machine of brain—a white-blooded figure of a man. He never laughed."

"Poor wretch!" cried the Hermit.

"His face would now and then be frosted with a smile, that gleaming upon you would make your teeth chatter. Once at a grand review—for soldiering was his delight; he would play with bomb-shells and cannon-balls as boys play at ring-taw—once, smiling very fierce approval at a squadron, he—by the very wintriness of that smile—froze the men to their saddles, the horses' hoofs to the earth."

"I thought you said," cried the Hermit, "that the Cham was a coaxer? That his smile"——

"Ay, ay," answered Alexis, "that was his travelling smile. His home-look was quite another thing. He was, moreover, the tallest man in his dominions; by which fact, Nature significantly showed that he was born the top governor of all. Well, Sirs, the Cham was much reviled and bespattered by many nations, but especially by the people of the kingdom of Sirloin."

"And wherefore by them?" we asked.

"Doubtless because of their superior goodness," said Alexis. "Believing themselves the wisest, the noblest, the most dignified, and, more than all, the most moral people of the earth, they never paused to bestow the ugliest names upon their neighbours. Hence, the Cham was a ruffian, a monster, a child-eater, a crowned cannibal. Great, therefore, was my amazement when the Cham suddenly informed me that it was his intention to visit the people who so much abused him. Upon my knees I implored him to remain at home. Emboldened by my fears, I entreated the Cham to remember the foul names the Sirloinians had thrown upon him, to consider with himself whether his royal person would be safe among a people so furiously good and virtuous; whether—if even he escaped with his life, he would not be so grossly maltreated,—that war, and nothing short, must come of it. The Cham deigned no word in reply; but motioning with his finger that I should follow him, he descended his palace steps, flung himself into a carriage drawn by unicorns—they would travel five hundred miles a day—and in little more than a week we had passed through I know not how many lands, and had arrived at the sea which separated the kingdom of Sirloin from all the rest of the world. The Cham, who had never drawn his boots since he first stept into his carriage, immediately went on board ship, and in a few hours we were fast ascending the river which flows to Yellowfat, the capital of the kingdom of Sirloin. We disembarked at a place called Bangbomb. It is there that the Sirloinians have a vast manufactory for shells, shot, rockets, grenades, and the thousand toys that the devil plays at war with. The Cham was received by two or three very civil gentlemen sent by the Court to do him honour. My royal master was so pleased with the respectful bearing of one of these good people, that he held forth his little finger-nail to be kissed, which, with some trepidation, only proper on the part of the Sirloinian, was reverently saluted.

"Away, then, went the Cham to the marvellous city of Sirloin. True to his genius, he had arrived so suddenly that none of the vulgar had news of the glorious advent; hence, the Cham proceeded on his way, and men shouted not their gratitude to the skies for the honour vouchsafed them; there were no arches of vernal green — no white-garbed maidens, scattering roses in the path of the great newcomer. Soon, however, the tidings flew; soon was it known to the high and rich ones of Sirloin that the Cham of Knoutland—the potentate with whose name scandal and plebeian abuse had done their naughtiest—was in the city, and great was the rejoicing of lords, great the flutter of ladies. Almost ere the cock crew, the Prince of Sirloin hurried to welcome the Cham, who, seizing the Prince in his arms, strained him to his breast, weeping tears of thankfulness. And the folks who saw this wept too; touched, melted by the recollection that so good, so soft-hearted a man as the Cham had been so wickedly abused. It was impossible that he who could hug a Prince so cordially, yea, so lovingly, could have scourged a nation. No: even the very footmen—unused as they were to weeping—felt the tears trickle down their noses, as they beheld the tenderness of the Cham. He had been scandalized as a monster; but his first public act vindicated his humanity, for he embraced a Prince, and never scratched or bit him!

"However, there was greater astonishment in store for the Sirloinians. It had been said—wickedly said—of the Cham that he delighted in the game of soldiers, that his chief happiness was to have about him his thousands and tens of thousands of human machines, marshalling them with as much self-glory as though he headed the angelic host. Shameful perversion of the honest truth; for when the Cham saw that the Sirloinians were about to send him a

guard of honour to keep watch and ward at his door-posts, he intreated that no such ceremony should be lavished upon him: his humility shrank from such display; his modesty, painful to himself in its excess, vowed he would have no such idle parade. Whereupon, the simple Sirloinians again lauded the Cham for his self-denial, again felt that the most meek, unceremonious potentate on earth had been wickedly blackened. Yes: it was plain that the Cham was a pattern man, and they—miserable Sirloinians! giving ear to the slanders of the naughty—had all along considered him little better than a lost sheep. How, indeed, could he care about the pomp and blazon of soldiery, when he refused even a handful of redcoats? Never did Cham so delight a people; never could a report of human goodness fly more swiftly than did the news of Knoutland's gentleness and simplicity. Dowagers wept; and honest, respectable tradesmen, slapping their bosoms, owned the modest greatness of the Cham.

"The Sirloinians, be it known, are a great people—a very great people. They have, however, this weakness. The sun shines not upon men who talk louder than they talk of the surpassing loveliness of virtue above all the goods of this earth—of the unpurchaseable freedom of mind—of independence, and of the beauty of downright outspeaking in contempt of all the wealth and bravery of the world. They care not for titles and wealth, not they—but only for the real worth of the moral man. And, yet while saying this much, they would fall down upon their knees and worship even an ape if ennobled by the herald—would huzza an ogre, if the said ogre had a heavy balance at his banker's. Think ye, my master, the Cham of Knoutland knew not this? Oh, yes; and determined to play his part accordingly.

"You would think it natural that a stranger arriving in a city, should first seek its temples and glorious public fabrics; that he should delight himself and satisfy his curiosity with considering the external monuments of the genius of the people. My master, the Cham knew the Sirloinians better; and therefore his first visit was to a goldsmith's. Speedily the trump of fame published the glad tidings. The Cham had come to perform the first duty of man; namely, to spend money, and the Sirloinians huzzaed him accordingly. And then did many and many a Sirloinian who had given credence to wicked stories of the Cham, believing him to be little other than a national burglar, the gaoler of a whole kingdom, a wholesale child-stealer and woman-scourger,—then did they all feel remorse for their hard thoughts, and in their hearts, and what is more, in their innermost pockets, worship the Cham of Knoutland. Then did many a free and independent Sirloinian—as he was wont to boast himself—beset the Cham for his custom; going down upon his marrowbones on paper, and praying to be his most obedient tradesman and slave!

"Every hour did the Cham spend money, and every hour did men's hearts yearn kindlier towards him. In three days the moral Ethiopian had really changed his skin, and was a creature of lustrous beauty. And be it remembered by all, who, in the kingdom of Sirloin, would enjoy the like change, that the mutation really began when the Cham visited the Goldsmith's.

"The Sirloinians are great lovers of horses. The higher classes take especial delight in the animal, which they train to racing, solely for the benefit of improving the breed of the creature, considering the sport of the race altogether subsidiary to the national value of the steed. Many and touching, too, are the stories of affection shown by the Sirloinian masters towards their racers. It is no uncommon thing to see almost in every park a dozen old horses, which, having in their youth won cups and other prizes for their grateful masters, are kept in clover in their age; the Sirloinian—especially the noble and wealthy—never permitting the generous creature to wear out its life in cart or tumbril. Hence, in the kingdom of Sirloin, racing is the noblest sport; in itself animating and beautiful, and indirectly tending to cultivate the virtues of truth and honour among all who patronage the pastime. The Cham fairly melted the hearts of the Sirloinians, when he showed himself at one of their races; and now, when he signified his magnanimous intention of bestowing—during his natural life—a prize upon the owner of the fleetest steed—then, oh then, did shouts arise to heaven; then would the Sirloinians have hugged the Cham in their arms! Then did he stand upon the earth, in the eyes of the Sirloinians, as though he had descended from the heavens!

"And so the Cham from day to day grew in the hearts of all men; and the Sirloinians felt, aye, a sweet remorse for their hard thoughts of my master—for the base and slanderous stories they had leant a willing ear too. At length—the Cham having seen the Sirloinian soldiers play at a battle, and having, in the most liberal terms, offered to the Queen of Sirloin the free use and service of any, or all, of the hundreds of thousands of the slaves that wore his uniform—an easy offer, seeing that her Majesty had no likely need of them—at length, the Cham prepared himself to journey homeward.

"Now, indeed, did my master play a glorifying part. He flung about him showers of gold! Was there a monument unfinished—a church half built—a sentry box unpainted—the Cham thrust his hands into his pockets

and instantly bestowed the needful gold. His most poteut charms, however, resided in gold boxes and diamond rings. These, the work of his own artificers, were magically made, and by some spell that dwelt in them, carried away the hearts and souls of all men. Hence, the Cham never travelled without these boxes and rings; and hence, on his departure from Sirloin, he gave them away by hundreds, and—the Cham having exhaustless wealth—the wise Sirloinians called him Cham, the Magnificent!

"And this brief journey of the Cham of Knoutland to the kingdom of Sirloin, proved that where ready money is, ready virtue must be; and that whatever the garrulous wickedness of history may exclude to the dishonour of Chams and Kings, they may yet possess the hearts of all if for every heart they have a gold box!"

THE COFFEE HOUSES OF LONDON

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

ERE and there in our most crowded thoroughfares—wherever pours, the live long day, the vast traffic of a principal London street—putting forth modest claims to notice for themselves and their wares, amid the glare and flaunting pretensions of their rivals and enemies, the GIN-palaces, you may see the London *Coffee-houses*. They are in general quiet, almost sombre-looking places: they do not ape the gaudy brass work, gingerbread gilding, and coloured glass of the gin-shops. They rejoice not in such ornaments as huge yellow casks, labelled with slang inscriptions to tempt the wayfarer (easy task!) into the belief that he is thirsty when he is not. They disclaim all attempts at gaud and show, at vulgar slang-gentility; they offer not to the eye a mass of flaunting colours, glittering metal, and massive plate-glass: but, in return, their occupants are seldom ragged—starving. Men and women, squalid and poverty-stricken, with hands trembling, and eyes bleared and blood-shot, do not crowd them; pushing, fighting, almost ready to lay down their despised rotten lives, for what has brought them to what they are—*gin*. The coffee-houses have no flash inscriptions to catch the eye; but they have books, magazines, newspapers, strewed thickly around. They are schools where instruction is meted out, as well as coffee sold. They are the public-houses of temperance. They are reading rooms as well as drinking rooms; and what you do in the one way happily does not interfere with the other.

The London coffee-houses are a class quite *sui generis*. You may easily distinguish them in the streets: they generally boast of an enormously broad window—as big as half-a-dozen common windows rolled into one; upon the sill are arranged some dozen tea-cups, presided over at each end by a tea and a coffee-pot; while a plate or two of raw chops or steaks delicately intimate that something more substantial than coffee and bread-and-butter is to be had within. Backing the symbols of eatables and drinkables, there is usually arranged a perfect curtain of play-bills—for coffee-house windows and tobacconists' shops are favourite places for theatrical announcements. There you have them all—comedy, tragedy, opera, and farce—from the bill of fare at Drury Lane to the crowded *affiche* of the suburban saloon, in which, besides the cast of the play, you are generally treated to a history of the plot, and a picturesque description of the scenery. Take them all in all, and you will have a very good afternoon's play-bill reading; and poring over the announcements of all the theatres in London is surely almost as good as going to one!

But let us enter. We are in a large, not very high, but generally very long room, partitioned off into little boxes with a table in each. Upon the walls—stuck upon hat-pins—you have more play-bills, and the eye is caught by a long list of the good

things ready almost at a moment's notice, with the price of each attached. The whole place has an air of stillness and repose, yet perhaps a hundred people are seated in the different boxes, conning over books and newspapers, and sipping their coffee at the same time. Orders are given in as different a tone, from the loud bullying demand you hear in the public-house, as is the quiet, modest appearance of the damsel who executes them from the flaunting air of the ringleted, flashy young lady who stands behind the bar in a gin-palace. There is no quarrelling, no scuffling, no demands for the police. There is indeed little conversation further than an occasional—"The *Times* after you, if you please, Sir," "When you've done with that magazine, I'll trouble you," passing from one box to another. Everybody is civil to his neighbour, and yet the company is made up of a class who, were they at a public-house instead of a coffee-house, in all probability, would be brawling and bullying, or deeply immersed in such edifying discussions as to what four-legged brute is to win the next Derby, or what two-legged brute is to win the next prize-fight.

You see at a glance that the majority of the guests are working men: fustian jackets are plentiful; and here and there you see laid on the bench, the straw basket containing the tools of their avocations. There are no "sporting characters" evidently; no "gents," with cut-a-way Newmarket coats, and slang conversation. They would be above going to such places, of course. Such atmospheres are not favourable for the sparkle of Lowther Arcade jewellery. But there are respectable men; hard-working and long-headed fellows, who think while they hammer, and read when the hammering is over; who have an opinion of their own, and can express it; who can feel deeply, as well as think clearly, and who bring a homely philosophy to the forge and the loom. We love to see hard horny hands—not very white perchance, or Byronic in their formation—turn over the leaves of books and newspapers; and eyes, although heavy with the labours of the day, light up as they pore over their contents. The working man, at least in towns, is becoming more and more a reading man. He has his political faith, and he can give a reason for the faith that is in him. The times are passing away when senators said "What have low fellows, vulgar mechanics, to do with the laws, but to obey them?" Cheap schools, cheap publications, cheap lectures, and last, not least, cheap coffee and reading rooms, have worked wonders, and will work still more.

Look at the number of publications spread about in lavish confusion in our ideal coffee-house. There are imaginative works, critical works, political and philosophical works: newspapers fly about like autumn leaves, and like them they enrich the soil on which they are cast. Here we have them of all shades of politics indeed, urging all manner of social theories, differing from each other in almost every respect but in the most important respect—that of conveying knowledge: under different shapes they all do that. The reviews and magazines are now a formidable host; embracing matter to suit every taste; enriched, as we have seen them, with some of the most brilliant essays, and the most rare fictions in the language. Here you have them all. Almost every sheet which issues from the metropolitan periodical press you find in the coffee-house; and for reading them (and you may read from morning until night, if you please) you pay—nothing!

In many coffee-houses, besides periodicals, a small library is kept, consisting principally of works of fiction, and of entertaining and useful information. The books may sometimes be a little greasy, to be sure, the paper stained and thumbed, and the leaves dog-eared. But what of that? We respect a stained, dog-eared book. It is a veteran who has seen service—not a mere gilt ornament to an unread library. It has fulfilled its mission among books. The marks it bears are the scars of honourable service. It has been read, and re-read; pored over pensively or joyously. It has excited high aspirations; rendered forth golden stores of wisdom; it has delighted, or instructed—or both. It has charmed away idle hours, or soothed sad ones; and many, perchance, have risen from its pages better and wiser men. We would not give your old, thumbed, half-worn-out tome, for the dandy, gilt and purpled volume, virgin in its un-read purity. The dog's-ears show that the midnight oil has not been wasted. The more worn we find a book in the cottage-window, or on the humble reading-table, the greater is sure to be its author.

But let us proceed with our coffee-room. We take a seat in one of the boxes, and order coffee. It is brought—a good bouncing cup-full, flanked by two minniken milk and sugar dishes, about the size of the inkstand before us. Certainly the milk is not cream, and there is the slightest suspicion of sky-blue about it; but after all water is a pure beverage. And the coffee? Not quite like the liquor you sip from china at Verey's, to be sure; but not to be sneered at, nevertheless—an honest, wholesome beverage, toothsome and nourishing. And with your coffee, you may have what you please as regards solids. Over your head is an emblazoned and permanent bill of fare; the pleasant associations called up by the items, heightened in their flavour by that ingredient, so desirable in bills of fare and so appetizing to people in general, but so seldom found—cheapness.

Well, you have your coffee; you are in a warm, comfortable, well-lighted room; a library is at your beck and bidding; newspapers and periodicals, native and foreign, are contesting each other's claims to your notice. You may sit as long as you like, and read as much as you like, and one or two pence is all the recompense demanded! Why at home you would pay double the amount for one night's reading, of one book or periodical, from the circulating library. Here is knowledge, literary instruction, refined intellectualising pleasure, brought within the reach of all who love its teaching. For what a man pays for a glass of gin, or a pint of porter at the public-house, he can have a more wholesome draught, a more comfortable place to enjoy it in, and a mental banquet, if he chooses, into the bargain.

Seeing, then, the mission which coffee-houses are perfoming amongst us—the amount of knowledge they are spreading—the gradual refinement of mind and manner which they are working—we cannot wish to see too many of them. They are rapidly effecting a change in the condition and tastes of the working-men. Their introduction has had as great

an influence, and perhaps a better one, upon the state of one class of society, as the establishment of clubs has had upon that of another. But the humble coffee and the stately club-house work so far on the same principle. They are reasonable in their charges —trusting to the number of their frequenters—and they provide what hotels and taverns have never yet done, means of mental as well as bodily enjoyment.

The influence, too, which coffee-houses must exercise upon the cheaper classes of periodicals is by no means to be underrated. They furnish a very considerable market for one species of literature, as circulating libraries do for another, and they are the means of diffusing a taste for reading and intellectual enjoyment where it never before existed. Cheapness in the supply of all our wants, physical and mental, is one of the great features of the age; and no more striking example of the fact exists, perhaps, than the rate at which London coffee-houses combine to furnish their frequenters at once with sustenance, instruction, and amusement.

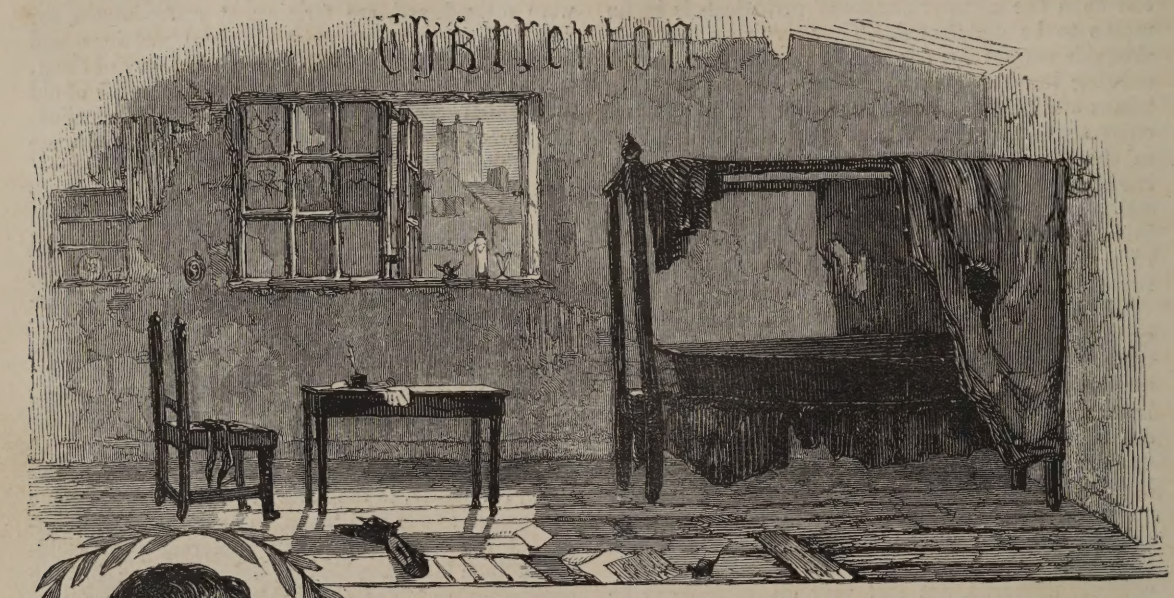
These establishments, too, are of quite modern growth, and they have opened up a new and extensive trade. Twenty-five years ago there were not above ten or twelve coffee-houses in London,—that is, houses devoted exclusively to the sale of tea and coffee. Now, there are upwards of two thousand; and for several years back the rate of increase has been about one hundred per annum. Twenty-five years ago, you could not get a cup of coffee, to say nothing of contingent advantages, under the charge of a sixpence. Now, coffee—not of course very exquisitely flavoured, but still very drinkable—can be had from three-halfpence to three-pence per cup! There are many coffee-houses in London charging these low rates, which are visited by 700 or 800 people a day, at an average; and in the vicinity of the Haymarket, there is an establishment of the kind which entertains from 1500 to 1600 people daily; the charge there is three-halfpence per cup for coffee; tea is somewhat dearer; forty-three papers are taken in daily, seven country papers, six foreign papers, twenty-four magazines per month, four quarterly reviews, and eleven weekly periodicals. Altogether about £400 a year is expended in periodicals, which are circulated, be it remembered, generally among a class, who, if they had not opportunities of reading them at the exceedingly cheap rates at which they are furnished there, and in similar establishments, would probably never see them at all. Besides the periodicals, also, there is a tolerably extensive library provided, and this important auxiliary to the light forces of the newspapers and magazines is becoming more and more general.

Some curious information relative to coffee-houses, and their effects upon the middle and lower classes of society, is supplied by the evidence taken a few years ago before the Import Duties' Committee. A number of landlords were examined, and they all concurred in representing as immense the gradual improvement worked by these establishments in the tastes and habits of the working-men, their frequenters. The class of publications taken in, in many of them, underwent a gradual but steady improvement. Periodicals, which were at first in vogue, fell below *par* as taste improved by cultivation, and others, which at first were never thought of, came into great demand. Benefit clubs and provident institutions were formed, and are forming, at coffee-houses, for another purpose than mere convivial meetings, and literary and debating societies meet in many of them.

How different is all this from the tavern life of old —to which every one whose business or whose inclination forced him to seek refreshment away from home was obliged to adapt himself! "Tom and Jerry" tastes are fast wearing out; the vulgar roystering and practical joking—beating infirm old watchmen used to be considered very capital joking—have had their day; and, in all classes of society, more refined and more humanising notions are growing up. Country gentlemen are not now-a-days Squire Westerns, and Mr. Windham would hardly have dared to praise bull-baiting in the present House of Commons. No doubt one would have gone a long way to have heard "words spoke at the Mermaid;" and, in later days, it must have been very delightful to have had the privilege of listening in a tavern, as did young Pope, reverently, to the voice of Dryden; or, to come still nearer to our own times, to have seen Dr. Johnson at the Mitre pompously bantering poor Goldsmith upon his peach-blossom-coloured coat; but the general tavern life of our ancestors was coarse, sensual, and degrading. A witness examined before the Import Duties Committee *naïvely* remarked that when he saw the crowds who resorted daily to an extensive coffee-house, he could not help wondering where all those people could have got refreshment before the establishment of such places. And so it is with the means now happily in operation of spreading knowledge and information among working men. Without the cheap lectures, the mechanics' institutes, the libraries, the scientific galleries, the coffee and reading rooms, one can hardly imagine the toiling operative in possession of any knowledge above that of his handicraft. But the aristocracy of literature and science is destroyed. Knowledge is abroad over the world. It no longer sits enthroned in gilded saloons, apart from vulgar gaze. It is in the cottage, in the manufactory, shedding bright moral gleams over the dwellers in crowded smoky streets and alleys. It is brought within the reach of all; and, although dandies may turn up their noses at the vulgarity of the cheap coffee-house, or philosophic pedants sneer at what they consider the quackery of the cheap scientific gallery, both the one and the other are doing their good work—fostering taste—encouraging and directing energy—sowing seeds which will one day spring up in rich harvests.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF A LITERARY LIFE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.



The Chinese have an art of a remarkable kind; and which, considering simply their object, they have carried to a high pitch of excellence. Does an acorn germinate in their gardens, and prepare to put forth its mysterious systems of leaves, and stems, and branches, to follow each after each, in marvellous, and, for many a century, never-ending succession — then steps forth the Celestial horticulturist; he will teach the magnificent seedling how to grow. Has it found genial nourishment in the earth below for its roots, he removes it to a more sterile soil; he compresses the roots into the smallest possible space: nay, if with innate energy they will still expand, he cuts them rudely back. Doth the rain and the dews fall, and the leaves drink in the heavenly wine—doth the struggling plant, as the green blood circles through its veins, still rise, and tower upward towards the heavens—then are the branches bent down by main force, or even broken half-way through; then is the bark lacerated; until, at last, thwarted in all its attempts at development, the mighty oak yields to its fate. You would not think it, but it is most true—that stunted, deformed thing, looking more centuries old than it is inches high, is the veritable offspring of the giant of the woods. But then, mark you, how complete it is in its way, with its flowers and fruit; see how delightfully you may pet and dandle it; why you can, without the smallest impropriety, place it upon the very drawing-room table after dinner, as a part of the mental dessert. The process here described is said to be peculiar to China. Absurdest of mistakes. What the eastern "barbarians" do as an occasional freak to the lofty forest growths, the spirit of our social system is eternally striving to do with human hearts and souls, and more especially with the mightier existences that, from time to time, are vouchsafed to the world to teach it all that it most needs to know. True, and fortunate as true, the plant is more successfully dwarfed than the man; not only because pith is more manageable than brain, but also that in the one case there is a sort of love felt, which produces an unwearied care and attention; a state of feeling that has no parallel in the other. And so, despite the system, great men do rise; bearing, however, generally about them, the marks of the unnatural conditions to which their growth has been subjected. And then how great the wonder at this mental irregularity; how exemplary the indignation at that moral twist. But if at the best

the process be but a dangerous one, what is it at the worst? What, if, when the struggle is at its height, the mind that might have at once quickened and glorified the world suddenly gives way, and is quenched almost at its source? —What, if the heart that might have taught millions of hearts to throb in a common sympathy, unexpectedly sink, crushed by the overwhelming weight of its own desolation? Let those who have faith in the philosophy that greatness can only achieve its true strength, and beauty, and proportion, by the aid rather than in spite of a thousand hostile influences—who think, in short, that God's human oaks know not how to grow without a course of Chinese discipline—bear with us a while, as we trace with unskilful hand, but not irreverential aim, the effect of such discipline upon THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Just eighty-seven years ago, was seen running about the streets of Bristol a child, some five years old, whose round, rosy, and dimpled cheeks, flaxen hair, and cheerful, animated countenance, told of the joyous and careless innocence of infant life. As yet, all the honours and all the wealth that life might promise, were as nought in comparison with that little bag full of fruit and nuts which he so cherished beneath his little petticoat. But he grows not to the mind of those who love him. He is a dunce! His mother sends him to school; but it is only to find him returned upon her hands, as incapable of instruction. She then tries him herself; but in vain. Her very love makes her feel more bitterly her disappointment. The boy hears again and again that he is an absolute fool. The poor mother forgets, or knows not how to read aright the fact, that her little fellow is already master of all his playmates, and "they his hired servants;" or that he is already thinking—this child of five years old—of winged angels trumpeting his name over the world. But love can seldom go far wrong; and never did mother love her child more devotedly than she loved him. It was that which taught her—no philosopher on education—to adopt one of the wisest of expedients to induce the reluctant brain to work in the direction she wished. One day she showed Thomas an old French musical manuscript, with the capital letters gorgeously emblazoned; and the business was done: to use the boy's own words, "he fell in love" with learning from that hour. Those magnificent initial letters were soon mastered; then an old black-letter bible was taken in hand, and found no less easy; and before three years more had passed away, the glad mother found she had aroused a spirit that it tasked all her efforts to satisfy. From the time her boy rose in the morning to that when he unwillingly resigned himself to sleep at night, the cry was still Books! Books! The mother knew not the grandeur of the thing she was nurturing with so much love; but who can doubt that the growth was advancing, on the whole, most grandly?

And now begins society to undertake its share in the boy's culture. Though the mother in her necessitous circumstances has, since the death of her husband, undertaken the duties of a schoolmistress, she now finds her knowledge inadequate to the demand made upon it by the earnest inquirer, who is so often looking up into her face with eyes blazing with almost unnatural radiance; so she obtains his admission into a school, one of the charitable foundations of the city—Colston's school. The delight of the young scholar!—what will he not learn there! What cares he for its well-known strictness? They will find it hard to overtask his power of receiving and digesting instruction. "Here," he cries exultingly, "I shall get all the learning I want." He goes in, and finds that all the requirements of our nature are, in Colston's school, summed up into reading, writing, and arithmetic. The boy is stunned and sickened by the disappointment. But as he looks round to inquire its meaning, he begins to perceive that he is in a charity-school, and he rapidly learns there are things involved in that term which touch him even more nearly than the privation of intellectual food. All things begin to assume a new aspect—his mother's poverty—their future prospects—the very world itself, previously so beautiful; the "golden exhalations of the dawn" have fearfully deceived him as to the true character of the country through which he is about to pass. No wonder it begins to be noticed that the boy's spirits have become uneven; that for days together he hardly speaks; that, if spoken to, he is an unconscious listener. The oak is already moved to an uncongenial soil; they have begun to confine and cripple its roots.

Yet it *will* grow on; though, alas! not altogether without distortion. Pride will repel contempt—so, the charity-boy grows proud. Thrown back upon himself, he is driven to consider too keenly what he is, and what he may be, in comparison with all around. Yet he grows on vigorously. If there are no books in the school, as he feelingly complains to his mother, there is a library, from which they may be borrowed, at the sacrifice merely of his small store of pocket-money; there are acquaintances, also, glad to oblige the young student; and thus before Chatterton has reached his twelfth year, he is able to make out a catalogue of seventy books, read and studied, and which comprise the chief branches of human knowledge, but more particularly history and divinity. And to what did all this tend? is a question one would suppose there must have been many to ask with friendly solicitude; but no, if there had been, the least

accurate of observers could not have mistaken the boy's vocation—poet was indelibly stamped upon his every thought and habit. One time he might have been seen, while door-keeper of the school, during his week of office, busy putting into shape the first heir of his invention —a short and not at all remarkable poem on the Resurrection; at another, he might have been found on the steps of Redcliff Church, rehearsing poems to his companions. It is curious, too, to note how not only the future poet, but the poet of antiquity was thus early made apparent. Did his mother and sister miss him for any unusual length of time, he was most likely to be discovered in the aisles of Redcliff Church, by the tomb of Canynge, or rummaging about in one of the towers. When he rambled in the fields, a favourite custom of his, that noble church of Redcliff still so mixed with all his thoughts, that he could not bear to lose sight of it, but would, as one of his companions has described, lie down in the meadows, fix his eyes upon the revered structure, and remain lost in a kind of ecstacy. If there be souls in that illuminated musical manuscript, and in that old black-letter bible, to which we have before alluded—and who will say there are not ?—how much have they not to answer for.

One of the most striking incidents to be found in the mental history of our poets, seems to us to be that sudden lightening of the heart and mind which Chatterton experienced when he began to write; and which is only the more trustworthy that those who recorded the change knew not its meaning. Delicious is the first consciousness of power; but to taste the pleasure in its most exquisite state of development, one must be a poet; and such a poet as Chatterton, in whom the "thick coming fancies" that were grappled with, and conquered, were but heralds of the tumultuous splendour that appeared coming on, endlessly, in the distance. Life again grew bright, his career was fixed, the "temple" shone afar, and he, a boy no longer except in years, addressed himself manfully to the business of toiling up the "steep." It was a maxim of his, that God had sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach anything, if they chose to be at the trouble. In many a little trait did he himself evidence this truth; few things, mechanical or intellectual that he could not do; was there, for instance, anything out of order in his mother's house, Thomas was sure to be set to execute the necessary repair. But great things were now to be done; and these were only to be achieved greatly. So he drank nothing but water, he ate only bread, and, when pressed to share in his mother's occasional dainties of a hot dinner or supper, would exclaim he "had a work in hand, and must not make himself more stupid than God had made him." His studies were as multifarious as incessant. One of his youthful companions has said of him, in reference to a time later by a year or so than that to which we especially refer, but to which it is equally applicable:—"One day he might be found busily employed in the study of heraldry and English antiquities, both of which are numbered among his most favoured pursuits; the next discovered him deeply engaged, confounded, and perplexed amidst the subtleties of metaphysical disquisition, or lost and bewildered in the abstruse labyrinth of mathematical researches; and these in an instant again neglected and thrown aside to make room for astronomy and music, of both which sciences his knowledge was entirely confined to theory. Even physic was not without a charm to allure his imagination, and he would talk of Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus with all the confidence and familiarity of a modern empiric." The natural period of labour, the day, was insufficient for all these researches; he seldom slept, we are informed, and often wrote by moonlight. His relatives often, indeed, heard him say that he found he studied best towards the full of the moon. And thus heroically was the young poet pressing on towards the fulfilment of his divine mission of shedding truth and loveliness over the world, when society again laid its hands upon him; these outrageous proceedings could not be submitted to; the oak must again and more decisively be checked.

Chatterton left Colston's School in July, 1767, and the very same day was apprenticed to an attorney, Mr. John Lambert; the school trustees paying the usual fee of ten pounds. If the consciousness of a rare amount of intellectual power, joined to an excessive sensitiveness as to what he conceived to be the humiliating circumstances of his social position, had made Chatterton proud in self-defence before, there was now fresh fuel added to that unholy fire which was to consume the heart that nourished it. The charity apprentice was confined to the society of the servants in the kitchen; he slept with the foot-boy. At first there appeared one important advantage: the necessary duties of the office did not require the boy's attention more than two or three hours daily, and Chatterton hoped to have been able to pursue his poetical studies in some, at least, of the leisure hours. The first discovery made by the master of his apprentice's tastes dispelled such illusions for ever. From that time he was—to use Chatterton's own words—"continually insulting him, and making his life miserable." These were no idle words. We know that if Lambert found by chance a scrap of poetry on the desk, he would tear it instantly to pieces, and observing—"there is your stuff," throw the scraps into the boy's face. A friend of his

mother, Mrs. Edkins, who often gave him money to buy paper, described him as coming to her with a sad countenance, and saying —"That paper is all gone;" explaining that his master had found it in his drawer, and torn it up. At the same time he would lament a more important loss; his letters to friends he said he could re-write, but his poetical compositions were for ever lost. Need we wonder at the "dreariness" of aspect that was noticed in the boy-poet—the equally visible contempt for his associates, unjust but natural enough, that possessed him; whatever else grew, pride was being developed into a fearful state of activity.

It is important now to pause for a moment to consider Chatterton's position, to place ourselves by his side, and look upon the prospect that lay before him. Men have talked of the living, nay, of the fortune, that he was to have made by confining his principal exertions to his profession, and in cultivating poetry in his leisure, or later days. If practicable, had not this truly been cultivating the oak for the drawing-room? but do not such observations move one's indignation when we consider that, if there was ever a case where it would have been insanity to expect success, it must have been Chatterton's in the law. His mother was so poor, that all Chatterton's expectations and hopes as regarded her, were that he might be able to add to her little store; to take from it was impossible. We have seen sufficient of Lambert's character to judge of the probability of assistance from him. How, in the name of common sense, was Chatterton to hope for success in the profession under such circumstances, had he been willing to neglect one of the most sacred of human duties, that of fulfilling the mission to which it had pleased God to call him. What then could the young poet do? How was he to extricate himself from his unnatural position? The answer to these questions involves the great mystery of the poet's career. The precise motives that induced him to make his first appearance before the world in an assumed guise, can never now be known, yet is there little difficulty with regard to them. He saw on all sides that respect was ever paid to some peculiarity of greatness or goodness, rather than to their essentials—that the charity-boy poet might be an excellent theme for ridicule, for many a long year, among his brother Bristolians, and at all events that the charity-boy was not inclined formally to make the experiment; there can be little doubt also, that he promised himself a malicious pleasure in obtaining reputation at the cost and in spite of the whole host of literary patrons and critics who then ruled over the republic of letters; lastly, and above all, there was the constant pressure of the mortifications of his present position, and of an overwrought sense of the difficulties of his future career, unless, by some bold and happy stroke of policy, he could relieve himself. What had he to do with policy? asks some ingenuous reader; we should like to ask society that taught it to him, the same question. But come, let us now look into a more marvellous scene than that where the slaves of the lamp in the Arabian tales may be supposed to have prepared the stores, which their master was so frequently and suddenly accustomed to call for—let us take a peep into the Rowley workshop.

It is a little room on the second floor of his mother's humble house, which stands in a back court, near the church. On the table is a great lump of ochre, a bottle of black-lead powder, and a pounce-bag of charcoal; and both table and floor are covered with a litter of old parchments. Part, at least, of these appear to have been taken by Chatterton's father, from "Mr. Canynge's cofre," an old chest, kept in a room over the north porch of Redcliff Church; though it is highly probable that, when the young poet's attention was first called to them, and the idea dawned on his mind, of imitating their appearance and antiquated style of composition, in sending forth his poetry to the world, he became a large borrower from the same source. Chatterton was especially desirous to keep unknown all the secrets of this room. Mrs. Edkins, who was often sent to fetch him down (this was before his apprenticeship), describes him as particularly annoyed at her curious desire to know the meaning of his blackened, and sometimes yellowed hands and face, and of his incessant devotion to that lonely apartment. Once he put his foot upon a parchment that lay on the floor to prevent her picking it up, and said to her, half playfully, half seriously, "You are too curious and clear-sighted—I wish you would bide out of the room—it is my room." And when she persisted in staying, on plea of wanting some of the parchments for thread papers, he would at last earnestly beg her not to touch anything there. The poet's modes of manufacture are not the less, however, to be traced with sufficient clearness, partly from the revelations that accidentally escaped him, partly from the examination of his productions. We will suppose him, for instance, preparing his "Excelente Balade of Charitie." Thus writes he two of the verses.

The sun was gleaming in the midst of day,
Dead still the air and eke the welkin blue,
When from the sea arose in drear array,
A heap of clouds, of sable, sullen hue;
The which full fast unto the woodland drew
Hiding at once the sunne's festive face;
And the black tempest swell'd, and gathered up apace.
* * * *
The gather'd storm is ripe; the big drops fall;
The sun-burnt meadows smoke, and drink the rain;
The coming *ghastness* doth the cattle 'pal;
And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain.
Dash'd from the clouds the waters fly again,

The welkin opes, the yellow levin flies,
And the hot, fiery stream in the wide flashing dies.

Glorious poetry! but not at all fit, in its present state, for Master Rowley, that worthy "confessor to the two Canynges, Robert and William, about the latter end of Henry VI.," or, as the sly poet writes with most laudable desire to be correct, "about the beginning of that of Edward IV." So now commences the antiquating process, first of the spelling generally, then of particular phrases, as by substituting, with the help of the Glossary to Speght's Chaucer and of those precious books, the dictionaries of Bailey and Kersey, "arist" for "arose," "Hiltring atenes" for "Hiding at once," "fetyve" for "festive," "for-swat" for "sun burnt," "smethe," for "smoke." Excellent well; the altered passage is now carefully written on the parchment. Let us see how it reads:—

The gather'd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;
The forswat meadows smethe, and drenche the raine, &c.

Nothing can be better. Now for the parchment. This is held over the candle, which at once shrivels and blackens it, and turns the ink pale. A touch of ochre gives the desired yellow tinge, and Master Rowley is soon after revealed suddenly to mankind, armed at all points against scepticism, a kind of new deity of wisdom from the head of the youthful and concealed Jove.

At first he is introduced, in a private way, to a Mr. Burgum, a pewterer, a man of humble birth, but of lofty aspirations. To him goes Chatterton one Saturday afternoon, with the astounding information that he, Burgum, was related to some of the first nobles in the land.

"I did not know it, Tom," was the answer.

"Perhaps not," continued Chatterton; "but among the treasures I have obtained from Redcliff Church tower, I have found your pedigree, clearly traced from a very remote period."

In due course of time the pedigree was brought, with the De Burgham arms laboriously painted on the parchment; and the exulting pewterer read the name of one great man after another, right back to the Conquest, all his own ancestors! In a further account of the family, furnished some time after, Chatterton's latent object was more directly advanced, by the production of some poetry, written, of course, by a De Burgham. To the horror of the pewterer, and the lasting amusement of the Heralds' College, when the pedigree as drawn up by Chatterton was subsequently presented for confirmation, the officers declared the whole to be a hoax.

The public advent of Master Rowley soon followed. This took place in *Felix Farley's Journal*, in September, 1768, when the interesting circumstance of the completion of a new bridge at Bristol was commemorated by the appearance of an account of the first passage over the old bridge by the Mayor of Bristol some centuries before. The document, it is worthy of notice, is known beyond danger of mistake to be Chatterton's own production, and may, therefore, be taken in itself as a tolerably sufficient proof, were proof now needed, that all Rowley's later compositions were derived from the same prolific brain.

Soon after the account appeared, Chatterton told an acquaintance, Mr. John Rudhall, that he was the author of it; and on one occasion, he showed him the whole process of manufacture, from the writing, with its imitation of old English, to the shrivelling of the parchment over the candle. Chatterton made him promise to keep the matter secret, and he did so till the melancholy conclusion of the poet's history, when, hoping to obtain a handsome gratuity for the mother, he divulged the whole to a gentleman, who came to Bristol to collect information.

Nothing could exceed the surprise of the citizens on the reading of this paper, and their curiosity as to the circumstances of its discovery. The printing-office was beset by unsuccessful applicants; the issuers of the document knew nothing of the author. But Chatterton, delighted with the sensation he had made, took another article for insertion, and was immediately recognised as the boy who had brought the account of the bridge. The mode in which he was treated, explains much that might otherwise appear inexplicable in Chatterton's history. We have already referred to his pride, and to the circumstance that seems to us to have stimulated that pride into such a dangerous state of activity,—the contempt with which he was treated, or fancied he was treated, in consequence of his low social position. But hitherto he may be said to have done nothing to show the peculiar injustice of such sentiments. Now, however, it was known that he—charity *boy* as he was—had at least the ability to read, and estimate the value of a production, which assuredly ninety-nine out of every hundred *men*, would have passed over had it fallen, in its presumed original state, into their hands. A certain degree of respect and interest then, if nothing more, would characterise the behaviour of those who put themselves in communication with the discoverer. Was it so? Meagre as are the records of what passed, they tell us but too plainly that brutal threats at the very outset caused Chatterton to turn haughtily away, and flatly refuse to give any kind of explanation. Here was fresh evidence that no ordinary boy was in question. And the inquirers perceived that truth, just so far as an-

swered their own objects, but no farther. They began to talk gently, and the proud boy listened; they spoke of assistance and patronage, and the boy's heart began to open; if he could not have confidence enough in them to tell his secret, he was unable any longer to resist the desire to satisfy them. He had, some time before, promised to supply a friend in Charlestown with love poems that were to be considered, for dignity's sake, as the friend's own; this probably suggested the explanation now given on the spur of the moment, that he had been employed to transcribe certain ancient manuscripts by a gentleman, who had also engaged him to furnish complimentary verses to a lady with whom the gentleman was in love. So this discoverer of ancient prose did himself write modern verse. But that was nothing to the Bristolians. They wanted no new and poor poets, inconveniently alive; so they contented themselves with rejecting Chatterton's explanation, and desiring another. At last, drawing still nearer to the truth, he told them he had found a large quantity of ancient manuscripts in the muniment-room of Redcliff Church, and that the account of the bridge was one of them. That was sufficient: no inspection of the other manuscripts was demanded to test the truth of the story. The return of the manuscripts to the church was not even required. Above all, most cautiously do the inquirers appear to have kept aloof from any examination of what Chatterton acknowledged as his own productions. There is something in all this so very suspicious, that one can hardly resist the fancy, that these worthy men really did half believe that the boy was the author, but that, neither relishing the laugh that might be raised at their expense, nor the annoyance of troubling themselves about the future prospects of this strange charity-boy, who might be thus trying to worm himself into their pockets, they ingenuously kept their doubts to themselves, and by appearing satisfied themselves that the document was genuine, satisfied others. Had there, indeed, been among them but one man of discernment and benevolence to have said to Chatterton, "This is an extraordinary paper you have produced, and if you are not its author, you merit the thanks of the community for rightly appreciating it, when it crossed you; but if you are its author, why not acknowledge yourself, confess your motive, and trust to *me* at least that you shall not want a friend to aid you in developing your great powers in their natural guise." Had there been but one such man, what might not Chatterton have become!—what a melancholy history might not have been spared to the world! There are a thousand evidences in Chatterton's character that he could not have resisted such an appeal; nay, we firmly believe that some such hope was constantly at work in Chatterton's own breast. He yearned for fame; he was only happy when using the gifts God had so lavishly bestowed upon him; he, the most affectionate of sons and brothers, was unwearied in his desires to help his relatives in their low estate, and raise them to a higher. He *must* then have desired, above and before all other things, to be known as the poet Chatterton; he *must* have adopted Rowley's disguise simply as the readiest path. Society did him full justice in one way at least. He had not mistaken its wisdom or liberality. Never, from the hour that Chatterton was known as the discoverer of the paper on the bridge, to that when Horace Walpole's friends, Gray and Mason, advised Walpole to return Rowley's wonderful poems to him, who, if the forger, was, of course, the author, "without any further notice"—(oh! poets, if Elfrida be forgotten, this fact will be ever freshly remembered; if the author of the Elegy be immortal, so shall be the damning commentary of this fact upon one of its sweetest passages:—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene, &c.—)

Never, we repeat, at any time, or under any circumstances, does there appear to have been one man who invited Chatterton to throw aside his disguise in this—the only mode in which there could be any probability of making the invitation successful. We have had many and admirable satirists; but we look in vain in their pages for any illustration of the selfishness and blindness of mankind at once so true and so overwhelming as this. Let such neglect then be ever borne in view; for it is as a torch illumining every step of the poet's dark and eventful career. His first essay confirmed all his fears of obtaining attention on his own account, whilst it more than satisfied all his hopes of ensuring attention on account of another. He was decided thenceforward. He would compel the admiration of the world, and laugh at it whilst it admired. The oak was still soaring upwards, but, alas! there was a decided obliquity given to the direction, which long and after years of peaceful and free growth alone could have remedied.

The whole of Chatterton's subsequent career may be looked upon as one continuous but unavailing struggle to obtain these conditions to a more healthful state of existence. Sad as are many of the revelations of our poetical biography, there is no parallel to his unhappy case: a boy of tender years, at once a hero and a great poet, demanding in vain from his fellow-creatures bread! We repeat there is no parallel to such a case. Rapidly let us glance over the more noticeable of these constantly-recurring claims for assistance, and the as constantly-recurring denial. He makes the pewterer a present of a whole host of ancestors,

and the pewterer gives him, for the labour no doubt of many a week, five shillings. He adds a distinguished poet, in an elaborate appendix, to the Burgum family history, and receives another five shillings. He turns to Burgum's partner, Calcott, a Bristolian Mecænas, and lays before him, in marvellous succession, "The Bristow Tragedy," "Rowley's Epitaph on Mr. Canynge's Ancestor," and "The Yellow Roll;" which being communicated to Barrett, a local historian, are soon swelled by notices of ancient churches. What they gave him may be sufficiently understood from Chatterton's remark long after—"They rate literary labour so low, that I believe an author in their estimation must be poor indeed." In disgust the poet turns toward the promised land of all men of genius in this country, London, and writes to Dodsley, the bookseller, offering to send him the tragedy of Ælla, if he will send him but a guinea, which he states is necessary to his obtaining a copy; a statement true enough, in essentials, though he were the author; even the very paper requisite to copy out a tragedy was a serious matter with the poet apprentice. That failing, Walpole is applied to, and some pretended antique memoranda on the rise of painting are forwarded, accompanied, as usual, with specimens of glorious poetry. Alas! a little thrown off his guard by Walpole's flattering answer, the boy ventures a little towards the object so dear to his heart, extrication from his humiliating pecuniary position; so, while forwarding fresh papers and poems, he tells the aristocrat, who had evidently fancied some highly respectable as well as learned country gentleman was his correspondent, that he is only sixteen years of age, the son of a poor widow, and apprenticed to an attorney; in the freemasonry of genius he even adds his desire for assistance, by means of a place of some kind under Government, which would enable him to pursue his literary studies. The exact terms of this letter we know not, for when it again came into Chatterton's hands, the part containing this important passage was torn off by him: the dullest of minds can hardly fail to have some conception of the bitterness of the feeling that prompted the act. Walpole immediately writes to a relative at Bath, concerning Chatterton's position and character, receives answers corroborative of Chatterton's statement, whilst nothing is said as to his character. We may presume the wealthy and sinecured patrician is satisfied, and will do something. Perhaps he would, but unhappily, just now, he begins to doubt the authenticity of Master Rowley; his friends Gray and Mason confirm his doubts, and so, he writes altogether in a marvellously altered style to Chatterton. Of course, he will write kindly and judiciously, to point out the error the boy has committed in attempting to deceive him, and advise him to step out of the Rowley shroud, and assert his own excellences. That we could have not only understood, but admired. Mark, however, what this Horace Walpole did. Having told him that he was not satisfied of the authenticity of the manuscripts, and more particularly on account of the harmony and versification that existed in them, he advises the boy, who he is satisfied *is their author*, in whose coinage "such a spirit of poetry breathed" (his own words), to labour on in his profession, speaks of his duty to his mother, and adds, with charming *naïveté* or impudence—which shall we call it?—that when he has made a fortune he may unbend himself, &c. Of course, Walpole "undeceives" Chatterton as to his being a "person of any interest."

Let us, however, be just to the great letter-writer, and most exquisite of gossips, and give his own reasons for doing nothing. "I should have been blameable to his mother, and society, if I had seduced an apprentice from his master, to marry him to the Nine Muses; and I should have encouraged a propensity to forgery, which is not the talent most wanting culture in the present age. *All of the house of forgery are relations;* and though it is just to Chatterton's memory to say that his poverty never made him claim kindred with the richest or more enriching branches, yet his ingenuity in counterfeiting styles, and, I believe, hands, might easily have led him to those more facile imitations of prose—promissory notes." Is not this worthy of the author of the remark, "singing-birds should not be too well fed?" "Oh, ye," exclaimed Coleridge, "who honour the name of *man*, rejoice that this Walpole is called *a lord*." Shall we add another trait? Walpole is actually known to have denied, in a letter to Hannah More, dated September, 1789, the receipt of the very letters which he subsequently speaks of so largely in his vindication. But how ends this affair? Why Chatterton, after declining to dispute with a person of Walpole's literary character, says he is obliged by the advice given, and will go beyond it, by destroying all his useless lumber of literature, and never using his pen again but in the law. Our readers may imagine Walpole's horror at the idea of the destruction of a whole series of poems, probably equal to those he had already so highly praised and admired—his earnestness in writing back instantly, to arrest such proceedings; and it were strange if they could imagine anything else; but it so happens that Walpole does nothing of the kind, but suddenly forgets his correspondent. Chatterton, after a time, writes again, and proudly retiring into his obscurity, re-asserts the authenticity of the poems, and requests their return. Nothing but misfortune! Walpole is going to France when this letter arrives, and six weeks more elapse without an

answer. Then at last comes a "singularly impertinent" letter, as Walpole calls it—a "dignified and spirited" one in the opinion of Southey — demanding an explanation, which Chatterton receives in the shape of his returned MS., under a blank cover. And so ends the poet's hopes in that quarter.

But a short time after this, Chatterton, whilst spending the evening with a party of companions, draws a pistol from his pocket, and remarks, "Now, if one had the courage to pull the trigger." Then again, one day there is found in the office desk a letter to a friend, telling him that when he receives it he shall be no more. This alarm scarcely passed from his master's mind, there is found a will, with the commencement, "All this wrote between eleven and two o'clock, Saturday, in the utmost distress of mind;" and then comes a strange outpouring of prose and poetry, with the announcement that he is about to commit suicide. This can no longer be passed over; the absurd boy may kill himself, but he musn't do it in a respectable attorney's office—Lambert dismisses him.

The joy at this escape begets new hopes and energies. Seeking every possible mode of obtaining the grand primary object of his ambition, namely, an income by the exercise of his pen, Chatterton had already connected himself with numerous London periodicals, and here poured forth poems, satires, political articles, glees, songs, and catches in inexhaustible profusion; one poem alone, "Kew Gardens," extended to 1300 lines. He will now venture boldly into the metropolis. How can he, with his talents, his industry, his unresting energies and devotions, fail? Perhaps he has erred in all this Rowley business? Well, it is passed. He will now do what he can to obtain bread, by the avowed exercise of his own talents. Some of his Bristolian friends subscribe each a guinea, and the boy-poet of seventeen, but who could already look back as from the elevation of old age upon a most eventful and productive life, is now in London. And truly wonderful is the amount of his labours there; and his letters home seem to overflow with the intoxication arising from their success. A slight change is perceptible as time passes on, but not in matters that can alarm the fond mother and sister; still come the kind and thoughtful presents, still does every epistle dwell upon what the boy is doing or intending to do in the promotion of their comfort. How can he but be doing well? Among other tokens of his greatness, he tells them he has been introduced to Beckford, the patriotic Mayor of London, who has warmly invited him to call again, and that the rest is a secret. Was the helping hand coming at last? There is no saying. Beckford died at the precise period. An awful manifestation of the poet's despair at this incident, despair that could only find adequate expression in a wild levity, is to be found in the well-known passage from Chatterton's pocket-book. Bingley, the publisher of the *North Briton*, declined to publish an essay on Beckford, on account of his death; but other essays and poems were in demand for the same cause. So thus ran the poet's account of his profit and loss:—

	£	s.	d.
Lost by his death on this essay ...	1	11	6
Gained on elegies	2	2	0
Ditto on essays	3	3	0
And glad he is dead by	3	13	6

A poet's imagination has foreseen what a poet of kindred power has personally experienced. Hamlet's outburst of unnatural mirth, at the confirmation of his suspicions as to his father's murder,—

Why, let the stricken deer go weep, &c.

is the only exhibition of the fearfulest depth of the human heart, that can be placed by the side of this passage in Chatterton's history. Still the boy writes on: and one day makes another calculation in this pocket-book as to the pecuniary results for about nine months, that is to say, including nearly the whole of his London life, and some months of that part which preceded it. The amounts received from various parties were just four pounds, fifteen shillings, and ninepence! A little later we learn that the booksellers owe him more than double that sum —and he is starving. Yea, to that complexion is it coming at last. He has written to the historian at Bristol, who is a surgeon, to ask him for a recommendation as surgeon's-mate, to go out to Africa; of course he is not sufficiently qualified, although he *has* studied the subject, and is necessarily refused. The little presents are even yet obtained, for the mother and sister; not a word is hinted to them of his fearful destitution and the still more fearful destruction of all his anticipations. The landlady, observing him for two days together keep his room, begs him to take a little dinner with her; Chatterton understands the thought, is offended, says he is not in want, assures her he is not hungry. Walking with a friend in St. Pancras' churchyard, reading the epitaphs, and thinking, no doubt, of his own, he falls into a newly-dug grave, and when his friend jocularly speaks of the resurrection of genius, observes, "I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution. I have been at war with the grave for some time, and find it is not so easy to vanquish as I imagined: we can find an asylum for every creditor but that."

It was not long after that conversation, a friend of the right kind appeared at last. Dr. Fry, head of St. John's College, not under-

standing the subtleties that caused such intense admiration of Rowley's poems while they were Rowley's, and the contempt or neglect of these same poems when suspected to be Chatterton's, set out for Bristol to investigate the whole matter, and befriend and assist their creator if he found him deserving. On his arrival he learned that the young poet, puzzled like himself by the problem, a somewhat painful one to him, had summarily solved it, by taking poison, in his apartment in Brook-street, being then just seventeen years and nine months old.

Chatterton, with minute formality, in his will, described the inscriptions that he desired to be placed on his tomb; society should add to them—The oak would not be dwarfed, and so at last it was broken.

LINES ON THE SKELETON OF A WHALE,

REPOSING AMIDST FOREST TREES, AT TRINITY COVE, ON THE LABRADOR COAST OF THE ST. LAWRENCE. THE PLACE WHERE IT LIES (SAID MY BROTHER), IS SOME SIXTY FEET ABOVE THE BED OF THE RIVER; PINE TREES ARE GROWING THROUGH THE INTERSTICES OF THE RIBS, AND BESIDE IT OTHERS HAVE FALLEN, WHICH, THOUGH RETAININ AN EXTERIOR APPEARANCE OF SOUNDNESS, CRUMBLE AT THE PRESSURE OF A FINGER INTO DUST.

Strange sleeper—in more strange sarcophagus,
The forest's silent shade—
A solemn voice hast still to question us,
A tone to make afraid.

Thou mighty dweller of the restless main,
King of the seething deep,
When did'st thou abdicate thine ancient reign
With forest flowers to sleep?

In what dim age, undated and remote,
Had'st thou thy being? say
Where lies the primal sea where thou didst float
In young creation's day?

Forests have risen and returned to earth
That threw their shade o'er thee;
But thou wert slumbering before their birth,
Wreck from eternity.

Art thou of those that at the quickening voice
Of the Almighty woke,
When the fifth sunrise bade the deep rejoice,
And form from chaos broke?

Or did'st thou live when deluge drank the earth?
And, as thou could'st not drown,
Did thy wild triumph fill the depths with mirth,
While man to death went down?

Cleaving the widening ocean in thy strength,
Exulting as it rose;
But sinking as it sank thy giant length
Found here its last repose.

There is no tone from the sepulchral mines
Of time to answer us;
Or tell why, 'neath the dark wood's lofty pines,
We find thee sleeping thus.

Solemnly through the shade, as upon death,
Men pause to gaze on thee,
Crown'd in the forest with a flow'ry wreath,
Whose grave should be the sea.

Caroline White.

AN AUTUMN EVENING'S REVERIE.

Oh! 'tis a joyous sight to see
In flow'ry field and grove,
And garden too, on ev'ry tree
The proofs of Ceres' love!

The apple ripe—the yellow corn—
The reaper's face embrown'd—
The fruit upon the stretching thorn
That seeks its parent ground,

When tir'd with roaming!—then to hear
The woodland echoes sing
Their mockeries, so loud and clear
Of every minstrel thing

From whistling plover's shrilly note,
At early morning hours,
To those soft cadences that float
At evening through the bow'rs,

Like tears of Melody bewept
To mourn the dying day—
See! how the golden sun hath swept
The darkened clouds away—

And with his burning wings doth flee
To bathe him in the gelid sea,
That ev'ry dew-drop in the morn
May coldly glisten on its thorn!

W.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SCAMP;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY; CONTAINING MY BIRTH, PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND FORTUNES AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS WE SEE EVERY DAY, AND MY TRAVELS AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS HAVE NOT HITHERTO BEEN SEEN BY MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN; DIGESTED FROM MY DIARY, AND OTHER MEMORANDA, BY ME,

GEORGE AUGUSTUS DELABOUE BAGGES.

PREFACE.

It is necessary to observe—a circumstance which scarcely struck me till I finished my book, and had to prefix its title for publication—that the sentiments in the course of the manuscript gradually but materially alter. This is only the course of every man's life. As the record of mine is compiled from papers written near the time of the occurrences—for I was fond of noting down events, even from early childhood—this change is perhaps more than usually perceptible. I have preferred that it should remain so.

CHAPTER I.

MY BIRTH AND NAME, WITH A GLIMPSE OF MY PARENTAGE.

Most people would have thought my entry into life a tolerably advantageous one; perhaps it was. Children's pains and pleasures soon grow mysteries to those who grow out of them; so that I am not sure whether I was advantageously placed or not. I was the eldest son of a rich man; I was a pretty child, or at all events every one who came to the house said so, which was satisfactory to my mother, who therefore saw no cause to be otherwise than proud of me, and took great care that I should be dressed as became her taste, and my father's property. There were plenty of servants and plenty of toys, and I had about as much respect for one as the other, it being distinctly impressed upon me, and I remember the earliest lesson with filial reverence, that both were made for my absolute use and pleasure. Both were paid for, and both belonged to me; and everybody knows we may do what we please with our own. My father's business was in the City, but my mother was never exactly aware of the locality of his banking-house, leaving all knowledge of such places to the coachman, if she ever might have occasion to travel so much out of her road. Whenever the carriage might take this direction the fact was carefully concealed from me; I was amused at home in Grosvenor-square, or driven out in another vehicle, lest my young mind should be contaminated by vulgar associations. One advantage I did not inherit, that of a name. This was altogether the fault of my grandfather, who, as a discharged servant once told me, was illegitimate. From the same source I learned (for my friends were silent on the subject, and the discarded footman was proportionately communicative), that the individual with whom my genealogical tree makes this full stop was placed in the parish workhouse at so early an age, that it was impossible for him to guess whose coat-armour he was entitled to bear, with the bar sinister. This may account for the apocryphal state of our own armorial bearings. Nor was our name, if Jifkins was to be believed, much more authentic. He had, he said, ample opportunities of knowing, for his father and my grandfather were chums. Some hint of this, when flushed with ale on a Lord Mayor's Day, led, I believe, to his dismissal. My grandfather, at an early age, was entrusted with the delivery of the letters sent from the post-office, to two or three of the neighbouring farmers, and little squires, and hereby honourably earned his own surname, which, conferred by common consent, designated him as Young Bags. In course of time, as may naturally be supposed, he became Old Bags, and I have an indistinct idea of having heard him inquired of at my father's table by that very appellation, and that my father, with great presence of mind, established a sort of mysterious affinity between his parent and the then Lord Chancellor, Eldon, who, by the same common consent, rejoiced, at that period, in the same title. But what my father could not altogether renounce, he did his best to improve. His name grew with his fortunes. When in a capacity not very dissimilar to that of his parent—save that my father's was metropolitan and my grandfather's provincial—Bags, B-a-g-s, did very well. When from a light-porter he became a warehouseman, it was an object of some little annoyance, by unhandsome comparison with those who could boast the blood of the Trotters, Simpkinses, Jacksons, and other families of like standing, but my father bore it all with great philosophy, as became a man who could not help himself, until, his address being of that free and easy description best calculated for the purpose, he was appointed traveller for the house. It was then evident even to the apprehension of the partners,

that Bags was a sort of unfair joke premeditated by fortune upon his intended occupation; it might even interfere with the interests of the house to have their traveller quizzed; the sound was unfortunate, it could not be denied or helped, for an alias was not advisable, but there could be no harm in doubling the *g*, so, with the full approbation of the firm, which was to my father the personification of destiny, he extended his orthography to Baggs—B-a-g-g-s. Still what was apprehended in a degree pursued him; some said not only that his name was Bags, but that he did not know how to spell it; but all this was thrown away. My father could drink his port to an extent perfectly unattainable by most of his competitors; the consequence was, that he generally sent those of his customers, who dined with him at the travellers' table, home in that state of "measureless content," which served as a night-cap to wrap up the gracious Duncan; and did business for his principals to an amount which corresponded with his other capabilities. At length he made a hit which rendered it advisable on every account to take him into the firm. His skill and courage supplied a defect in evidence upon a contract, which proved by a witness of less self-possession, might have passed with a jury for somewhat imperfect. The partners were grateful and prudent; they secured such a man at once; he was installed in the house as junior partner, and as the Co. had been there from the commencement of the trade, meaning nobody at all, it was thought fit that he should be by no means doomed to this absolute nonentity; but, that his name should precede this *et cetera* of commerce; and upon this occasion, the royal warrant of his gratified seniors went a letter further, and he was allowed to designate himself as Bagges—B-a-g-g-e-s.

There is no knowing how much more of the alphabet he might have thought fit to appropriate, being now his own master, and accountable to no one for such additions, but that henceforth he began to grow rich. The name of course became a sentiment in the City, which might not be unadvisedly disturbed. It carried its own illustration, and my father only regretted, at the useless suggestion of some scholar—a curate I believe—that he had not put a *y*, instead of the *e*—B-a-g-g-y-s, instead of B-a-g-g-e-s—as more Chaucerian and antique. But the thing was done—the name was good on 'Change for three hundred thousand pounds, at the period of this suggestion, and such a name must not be tampered with.

For much of this I was indebted to Jifkins. It is true that when I retailed some of this information in the drawing-room, he was very near being kicked out before the due expiration of his notice, but I, with the simplicity of a child, could never conceive why they should be vexed with the man, for affording me so much interesting information.

But my father, somewhat compunctious at not being able to give me a surname, such as in parental care he should have chosen for me, determined to postpone that matter to his will, leaving me his property on condition that I should change it; and herein was he much puzzled—altering the name every now and then, frequently at my mother's suggestion, so that my futurity of style was much varied, from Plantagenet and Montmorenci downwards. In the meantime he took sufficient and immediate care of my baptismals. "George Augustus" of course, it was the Prince's name, given to him by his sacred Majesty. A King could do no wrong, and George the Third less wrong than any other King, that is less than none, so "George Augustus" must be right, in which my mother and the whole family circle concurred. At my father's table dined, now and then, an emigrant Marquis, a victim of the French Revolution; it was highly respectable to assist aristocratic emigrants. The Marquis had no friends in England, even among his own illustrious countrymen, nor did our Government or nobility show the regard due to his family and title; he therefore turned his attention to the commercial tables, where a Marquis such as he was more likely to be appreciated. Well do I remember the Marquis De la Boue,—his tales relative to the process of easy-shaving, delivered in broken English, were at once instructive to the adult and amusing to the juvenile guests. He was my godfather, and from him I received the illustrious title of De la Boue.

The more certain Jifkins was that he was to go, the more communicative did he become; he evidently took as much pleasure in relating as I did in hearing; so that, in after times, thinking over the fortunes of our house, I have often looked upon him as its bard, narrating to the young heir legends which, but for such tradition, might have perished. Among other things he furnished me with an instructive anecdote as to the method by which my father had improved his fortune, and so completely established his name, as at once to set up a bank, with the certainty of unlimited confidence.

Among the most lucrative speculations at that period, were Government contracts; supplies were often wanted for the army and navy in a great hurry; celerity we all know must be paid for, and frequently it was, in more ways than one. A capitalist had then all the due advantages of wealth. Besides that he could scramble together such substances as might represent the provisions or clothing, arms, ammunition, cordage, tackling of any kind, which the public service appeared to require, he had ample means of securing the interest of those who were appointed to inspect his supplies, and

these men, whatever might be their sins, covered them with the most devoted gratitude. For, as I have often heard my father and his friends declare, could it make any difference to people whose trade it was to be shot at, whether they were poisoned or starved, or a little reduced in condition before hand? If a ship were lost through being ill-found, so natural a consequence was only an anticipation of some other accident; and it was really hard to expect of a contractor that he should furnish good materials for this absolute waste, when any trash would serve to be cast away, and the difference might go where it ought—into his pocket. Besides, who was to pay more taxes and keep up the cry of national glory, and furnish all the other stimulants to bloodshedding, in the shape of dinners for victories, illuminations, and other agreeable and necessary excitements, if some advantage were not to be reaped from the state of things, which might compensate for all this trouble and expense? This was the argument of many of the citizens, who, like my father, could afford to live at the west-end of the town; and they kept up the style of speech with decent modification to their followers who hoped to be able to do the same thing; and the Ministry and the citizens understood one another properly, and all went on as smoothly as it ought to do. What could it signify, especially to a public-spirited man, to be a little robbed on the one hand, if he might seize a good share of the plunder with the other?

To men of ordinary capacities, such a state of things must be satisfactory; the payment was sure and the process plain, bating a few occasional hindrances and absurd shows of honesty by inconvenient officers; generally these were raised too at the instigation of rivals, and the Ministry never attended to such representations, even if they came from a Collingwood; for people know their friends. But it is the province and privilege of genius to cut its own royal road, and my father was of this aristocracy of nature. He had taken a large contract for the supply of beef and pork to a fleet destined for an important expedition, and had given heavy securities for its fulfilment. The principal supplies for such victualling were drawn from Ireland. Having the foresight of Mercury, with the industry of Hercules, he absolutely forestalled and monopolised all the salted meat that could for some time be drawn from that country. The fleet was anxiously expected by the Ministry to sail; my father put off the fulfilment of his contract to the last moment; and at the moment it ought to have been completed, he broke it. The Ministry were furious with their friend and supporter; threatened as if they had their Attorney-General, and the Court of Exchequer and all other means of revenge, political and financial, to hurl at him in their wrath. What was that to my father? I have already said that he was a man of courage. They might talk of treason, as they did; he knew the law; a breach of contract was no treason. They talked of imprisoning; "Pooh, my breeches' pocket!" said my valiant father. One would have thought he had studied the Latin poet—

> Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo
> Simul ac nummos contemplor in arca;

but no, he was not learned, it was the same fine principle of courage working in both cases, the same soul, disdainful of the unreflecting clamour of the vulgar. The Ministry descended from the imaginary to the real; they could sue the securities for the full penalties. "Of course," replied my father, "but as I have some character to lose as a man of business, you will find that the money is already paid at the proper office, and my securities are discharged." The Ministry felt they were done. There was the fleet ready to sail, manned and officered, but where were the pork and beef? Ready for shipping on board that fleet at ten minutes' notice, provided they were paid for at a proper price. My father wanted nothing but what was fair—the market value of his goods; he requested, too, that if he did serve his country at such a crisis, when he was the only man who could do it, that the ill-founded aspersions which had been cast upon his patriotism and his honour should be withdrawn. He was not particular on this point, he stood too high for that, but as he knew they must do it, he might as well have it into the bargain. Accordingly a sub, paid to do work of that kind, did it—the provision was shipped, the fleet sailed, my father pocketed the money; his securities lauded him to the skies, as a man of the most careful punctuality, and declared they would be bound for him to any amount; everybody else thought they prudently might, as he had greatly increased his fortune; and upon the strength of this accumulation of wealth and its partner in trade, respectability, my father set up the banking-house of Bagges, Rags, Carrydot, and Co. Of this firm Bagges was considered the foundation, Rags the financier, and Carrydot the resident working junior. Co. was, as usual, a flourish at the end of the signature.

CHAP. II.

MY EDUCATION, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The views which both my father and mother took of my education were large, if not profound. They were based upon much observation, whatever difference of opinion there may be as to the application of it. My father felt how much better a figure he could have made, had it not been for the imperative necessity of keeping his mouth hermetically sealed the moment any

subject was entered upon in conversation which did not immediately relate to business, or which had not been thoroughly discussed by the *Morning Post*. My mother was equally convinced that had she been able to play and sing, dance, and talk French and Italian, she would have escaped a thousand little embarrassments, which the necessity of pretending to what she knew nothing about was sure to inflict. They therefore agreed, at once and by acclamation, that I should know everything. Everything could be taught for money and learned for money; they had only to put that great mainspring in action and the thing was done. Masters were instantly engaged. For want of any other standard of excellence, those who charged most were to be preferred, and as such people could generally bring the recommendations of titled employers, there was not much room left for doubt. They were engaged, and it was their business to teach. Not that my father would have considered his duty performed, if he had not made it a point to ask, whenever he happened to see any one of my tutors, "how I was coming on?" which question was generally answered, "uncommonly well for his age." These interesting communications usually took place on the occasion of drawing a cheque for a quarter's attendance. And, indeed, I may declare to my own credit, that I did get on very well with the greater number of my instructors, except one peevish fellow, who declared that as I was not to be fatigued by being taught when I had no mind, or to be corrected when I did wrong, lest I should become deficient in spirit, I did absolutely nothing, or worse than nothing, by acquiring no idea of learning, but a distaste for it. But my father was too candid to be influenced by such a representation; he paid the man and dismissed him forthwith, declaring that all my other teachers were of a totally opposite opinion, and of course they were right; so from that time my course of studies became placid and uninterrupted. For one of my instructors I had a particular respect—my music-master. He was a great enemy to the absurd custom of imposing practice on the pupil in the absence of the teacher. He declared that any such practice sent the scholar back years in his progress; and as I really took more pleasure in music than in most other studies, there is no knowing how many centuries I might have retrograded but for this timely caution. I might have walked backwards out of life altogether. As it was, I found it more agreeable to be idle than to practise even a favourite art, and I advanced accordingly. My progress perhaps, like Iago's straightforward dealing, might not "appear," but then, as Mr. Van Doodle, the master in question, always observed, there is an art in the instruction of youth which none but the instructor himself can duly appreciate.

While my intellectual faculties were thus expanding, my morals were by no means neglected. When facetious friends, at an after dinner's rouse, imparted their knowledge of the world, and benevolently explained to me the mysteries of life, my father always carefully charged me never to talk of such things before my mother; indeed, to forget them altogether, except when Mr. Freelove or Sir John Loosefish was present. Of course I was not to make myself disagreeable to them. One humorist had a great fancy for teaching me strange oaths; these, as my father strictly enjoined, were not to be sported, if any clergyman above the degree of a curate should happen to be present. A curate, as he wittily observed, was to take "pot-luck" in all respects.

But for the higher clergy he had a profound veneration. It was so respectable, as he frequently observed, to have it known that Mr. Archdeacon Prig was on the most intimate terms with the family. It was a proof of really substantial capital in the head of the house, declared too to all whom it might concern, that the dinners were worth eating and the wine undeniable. Orthodoxy, as he often said, was a characteristic of houses doing a safe trade, and he never put down his name for a missionary subscription, but he declared that it would bring the bank two or three valuable accounts from rich dowagers. He knew the relative merits of all the charities in London, those who advertised but once, and those who kept advertising names as they ought to do. Besides, as he said, "when I put up for Parliament, won't it make a figure in the placards—'Bagges and Benevolence!' 'Bagges the Subscriber to every known Charity!'" And when a squeamish confidant once hinted that he could hardly do this for himself, how indignantly did he exclaim "Shan't I have a committee? What's the use of friends at an election but to do what one mustn't do one's self? Why, without thorough honest secret friends, Sir, wouldn't half the House at least be unseated for bribery?"

By the same rule, no man was more conscientious in the discharge of his religious duties. "Church and State," as he observed, he had often seen put upon banners by candidates who had not seen the inside of a church since they were married, and to have such a thing thrown in one's teeth at a nomination in any town where the Rector was strict and influential, would lose an election. He therefore sent his family every Sunday that was not too inclement, or that we had no particular party of pleasure, or that we had not sat up too late on the Saturday evening, or that my mother could not find a decent excuse for

staying away. In this point he was rather peremptory with her. People with business on their minds couldn't be expected to give a great deal of time to such matters—time is money, but women and young folks had nothing else to do—in fact it was for his credit. What would my mother have? he expostulated. Wasn't the pew fitted up regardless of expense; every seat padded and lined like a lounging-chair, so that it was only getting up and taking a nap afterwards, instead of sleeping so long before you got up? Were not the prayer-books and bibles gilt and bound that it was beautiful to see them as they lay on a row? Were not my mother's pelisses, bonnets, and laces the envy of all the respectable part of the congregation, and wasn't my own dress a credit to any parents, to say nothing of the tailor they employed? As to the carriage and liveries, if they were not what they ought to be it was her own fault, there was nothing like them in the square, and the horses were superb, and the coachman and footmen equal to them! "Why the devil then should she stop away from church?" so exclaimed he in his fervent zeal; it was a waste to have such things all handsome and paid for and not to use them. These arguments, and the talents of a remarkably elegant young preacher, six feet two, with curly black hair and whiskers, a deep voice, linen and gloves unspotted, and, as my mother used to say, uncommon speaking eyes, were persuasive. The organist, too, was first-rate, and so was the organ; and the singing was as much redeemed from a howl as voices trained by charity would permit.

My father's principles, as every good man's should be, were mostly exhibited at home. If there were any topic upon which he was more eloquent than another, it was upon the spread of dissent and revolutionary opinions; than himself, a more orthodox man could not exist; for he not only believed—or said he did, which is the same thing—all that he knew of church doctrines, but he stickled no less lustily for those he had never read, heard, or thought of. His principles were, he said, "Out-and-out High Church;" this he declared candidly and explicity, scorning to evince so much scepticism as to ask what they were. This might lead to trifling errors in argument; but such discourse rarely arose till after dinner; and as my father's voice was loud, his manner defying, his wine, as I have said, excellent, and his wealth beyond dispute, it would have been sheer waste to add clearness of logic to the strength of his argument. Nothing could be more emphatic than his abuse of the low scoundrels who differed from him; he prefaced his favourite toasts with luminous remarks upon the causes of the French Revolution, showing that it was because the people had not enough of Church and State that they did away with both, and winding up with an anathema upon that nation which it would have done the Pope himself good to hear. To conclude this part of my just tribute to his memory, I ought to mention that he never excused himself from personal attendance at a charity sermon. It was, he said, the business of the wealthiest of the congregation to hold the plate, and he never would give that up; he always cast in first his own notes or gold as an example to others, for, he observed, he thoroughly understood the principle of charity, which is, that nobody likes to be outdone.

Thus was I at first brought up in the midst of every possible advantage of precept and example. I remember how, with precocious judgment, I deplored that so admirable a system should ever be broken in upon; but so it was, not from any inherent defect, but from purely external circumstances. The family increased, and my mother declared, probably from the vigour of disposition I acquired, with so much instruction, theoretical and practical, that I could not be borne in the house any longer. The independence of my manners and the skill I was daily acquiring took a bent resulting in what the unreflecting call mischief. As I have heard an enlightened lecturer declare that this is an undeniable mark of genius—a curiosity and activity of spirit that cannot be too fondly encouraged—it is sometimes not easy for me to forgive this misappreciation of my qualities. Does not the great Shakspeare declare that it is by no means uncommon for a son "to astonish his mother?" Mine declared that she wondered at me, ten times a day: perhaps she grew tired of admiration, "supp'd full of horrors." But that was her business, and really could have nothing to do with my education. I feel certain of that fact; indeed, both my father and mother declared it. "No expence had been spared; so there could be no fault on that score."

However, I was to be sent to school; and, as both my parents shrewdly remarked, they had at least one consolation, that I must be admirably prepared for it—I must be thoroughly grounded. In short, my new masters would be put to their trumps to know what to do with me when it came to an examination.

The first question was, whether I should be sent to a public or a private school? My father was strongly in favour of a public one. When I look back upon my past career, I regret my mother's tenderness that prevented the accomplishment of his wishes. It is clear somehow that my education failed somewhere. This was the great question, and this, I imagine, must have been decided amiss. My father saw with all his manly intellect the advantages of forming aristocratic connections.

"Pooh! pooh!" said my mother—a style

of argument which, if she had a fault in speaking, she was rather too much inclined to adopt —"look at young Grubson; he has been to Eton, hasn't he? and talks of Lord this, and the Marquis of that. I took him an airing in the Park on the box of our carriage on the strength of it, expecting half the nobility to notice him; and, lo and behold! when we passed the very young lords he talked most about—for I knew them quite well by sight—they stared at the equipage, but they took no more notice of him, though they looked him full in the face, than if my own footman Snooks had been on the box."

"But our boy has qualities," began my father.

"Fiddle-diddle," said my mother; "Lords care nothing about qualities."

"Wealth," said my father, scrummelling in his breeches' pocket, and smiling, half contemptuously, half benignly.

"When they want to borrow it," said my mother; "and then they settle that with you in the City."

"They dine here on such occasions sometimes," replied my father.

"And behave like bears when they do," observed my mother. "However," continued she, "no doubt we shall be able to buy proper connections for George Augustus, when we think proper to lay out the money; good suppers and good wine, and plenty of them, and for the matter of that, we could buy up a great foreign singer or two for the season, and not let them go to any other parties."

"Unless His Gracious Majesty or the Premier should desire to borrow them," observed my father, catching at the idea; "foreign singers, my dear, are precious expensive articles; but one might make one's money of them that way, by a contract, or a loan, or some such matter, in return for the civility."

"Or we might have fancy balls, or private theatricals even, for there is nothing that wins so with people as to let them make fools of themselves."

"Very true," said my father, "and that's a cheaper idea."

"At all events," said my mother, "you see all that can be had for money when it is wanted."

"Like every thing else, my dear," acquiesced my father, with great complacency.

"So we need not think more about that," she observed, "and really, poor dear George Augustus, though I must say he's grown quite a nuisance lately, I couldn't"—and here the tears came into her eyes—"no, I couldn't let him be put to that horrid fagging that young Grubson talks about."

"That is your want of knowledge of the world, my love," said my father, with a grave superiority. "If you had been more mixed up with the business of it, you would have known that every man's success depends on submitting to whatever his superiors choose to impose upon him. And when he gets the upper hand himself, he's of course entitled to use his inferiors in the same way. 'Train up a child in the way he should go' says the Scripture, and that's my maxim too. Foolish people talk about right and wrong, and make a fuss, and never get on in the world; but if they could only make up their minds to put up with every thing when they can't help it, and rather afterwards, when they can get anything by it, and never show tempers except to those who are bound to bear them, they'd get on to plums, and perhaps to millions. This," pursued my father, warming in his subject, "is no doubt what the wisdom of our ancestors thought when it established fagging at Eton. I remember when the charity boys used to be whipped at the parish bounds to impress the place upon their memories; no doubt that was a wise institution; but all such things are passing away—passing away, and our national prosperity will go with 'em."

"But young Grubson nearly got his eye knocked out," cried my mother, wiping her own eyes and blowing her nose violently, for she was too tender-hearted, "there's the mark to show for it now."

"He would have got on as well with one eye as two," said my father, profoundly, "keeping the moral of the act in his mind; but," he continued, for he saw my mother looked at him as she never had looked but once before, and that was at an ogre in a pantomime, "I yield to you, my love; weakly, no doubt, but I yield to you."

With this, he rang the bell for another bottle of curious port, and ended his evening with that and a nap. "Port," as he justly observed, "was a loyal liquor; the Premier and the Chancellor got through all their work by drinking port."

There still remained the task of selection among private schools. My father was scrupulous in weighing their respective advantages, the religious and political orthodoxy of the master, the views commanded from the house and grounds, the station in society of the referees who had sons of their own in the establishment, and, above all, the vicinity to good stage-coach roads. There is no telling how long these considerations would have kept my father in a state of indecision, but for the incident of a bet being layed upon 'Change, as to which of two merchants should produce, from among his clerks, the finest specimen of hand-writing. The day was appointed for the trial, the arbiters were named, the large text and small text and figures were shown, and it came out that both the candidates were the scholars of Mr. Smug.

"Fine writing," said my father, "is what everybody allows to be the very tip-top of good education; and if Mr. Smug answers in other particulars he's the man." So procuring his address, my father and mother drove one fine morning, about a dozen miles into the country, duly to investigate Mr. Smug's further qualifications.

The appearance of the house and grounds was unexceptionable. The house was a large substantial brick edifice, built about 150 years ago, but newly pointed and painted. An elegant lawn, ornamented and dotted with shrubs, covered the gentle rise from the high-road, and a carriage drive, broad and tracked with wheels, led up to the principal entrance. As my mother acutely observed, there was no "Academy" written up in great letters for a vulgar advertisement, not even a brass plate on the great gates, with "Mr. Smug" upon it, to lower the style of the establishment, according to the method of some schoolmasters who consult their visitors' convenience rather than their own respectability. Everybody was expected to know Mr. Smug's, and the few who might not, could inquire. The house was conspicuous enough, and the people in the village were always civil to respectable comers. It was the Manor House; not that Mr. Smug wished it to be known by such a name. "Manor House Academy" would have been his abomination. Denmark House, Loughborough House, Eldon House, Prospect House, there was not a by lane that did not boast of such, with its title emblazoned in great gold letters on a blue ground, like "Barclay, Perkins, and Co.'s Entire." The house was Mr. Smug's—that was enough.

The bold flight of steps; the marble paved hall opening into a beautiful and well-stocked conservatory; the elegant drawing-room on one hand; the snug study on the other, where were books in elegant bindings, and perfectly undisturbed order, were the first parts of the show to which we were admitted. I was struck, however, with one object in the latter room; it was a bundle of cane, each piece long enough for four ordinary canes, but bent in the middle for tying up, and which appeared to me stock enough to whack all the boys in England for a twelvemonth. I was mistaken, however; it was Mr. Smug's quarterly supply. I could not help calling my mother's attention to this interesting bundle, by a slight pull of the shawl; her maternal eye had seen it before, and she was already prepared with her indignation.

"I hope, Mr. Smug, you don't beat the boys," she began, with a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Why," said Mr. Smug, smiling in the blandest manner possible, "I am aware there is a difference of opinion upon that subject."

"But, but, you do beat them," said my mother, and her colour was perfectly crimson.

"My young friend," said Mr. Smug, pray run into the play ground for a minute or two, and come back when you've seen it, and tell us what you think of it—you're the best judge of that, no doubt."

I thought this was exceedingly polite, and being shown the way, obeyed with a cheerful curiosity.

"And now," said Mr. Smug, "we can talk over this matter; in the first place I must request a prudent secrecy."

The promise was given by my mother as readily as it was afterwards broken.

"We should never get on at all," said Mr. Smug, still with the most perfect good-nature, "without a little correction."

"A little!" cried my mother.

"Only we who keep large establishments can tell, madam," rejoined he, "what quantities are consumed in them—the meat, the bread, the linen, the"——

"The canes," said my mother.

"Even so," said Mr. Smug, affecting to sigh, but smiling, "still there are boys that would almost use that bundle to themselves, in a half year."

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed my mother, perfectly horrified.

"Listen, listen! my love," interposed my father, who saw that she was about to retreat altogether.

It would have been impossible to do so; Mr. Smug was between her and the door, bowing and smiling more intensely than ever.

"In general, I confess," he observed, "I fear there is no way to deal with the shoots of idleness and depravity in the youthful mind, unless by vigorous punishment; but where that is pretty generally the case in a school, some boys may be taught by example. You have read, doubtless, Madam, of those kings who kept whipping boys for their sons, to be punished for the faults which the young princes might commit. So that it was seen that faults were to be punished, it was justly surmised that it could not much signify on whom the punishment fell. I have no doubt the invention is due to some tender queenly mother, whose gentle heart would have suffered too keenly with her precious offspring." My mother no longer offered to retire. "Britain, as has been patriotically, and I may say piously observed—for love of one's country is piety"—continued Mr. Smug, fixing his benevolent gaze full upon my father—"Britain has her merchant princes, carrying civilization and Christianity from one corner of the world to the other." My father involuntarily bowed, and then drew himself up to his full height; he "looked quite noble," my mother said. Mr. Smug continued. "Why

should not the offspring of the British merchant, Sir, possess the privileges which used to be accorded to the sons of monarchs?"

"Why, really—" said my father, too much gratified to continue.

"But I shouldn't like," observed my mother, after a moment's thought, "any body else's boy to be"——

Mr. Smug interposed: "No particular boy, certainly no particular boy, madam; that would be an infraction of that equal justice on which, as an Englishman, I may be allowed particularly to pride myself; but the system of severity in general"——

"Ah!" exclaimed my mother, assentingly.

"By never pressing him on in the classes beyond his strength," continued the schoolmaster, "never expecting of him what one is not quite sure beforehand he can do, punishment in his case may be easily avoided."

"That appears rational," she replied, with a quiet conscience.

"A little reasonable severity though," said my father.

"Now pray, for my sake," exclaimed she, in her most appealing style, "don't let us spoil what has been all settled so nicely."

"One must," said my father, smiling and shrugging his shoulders.

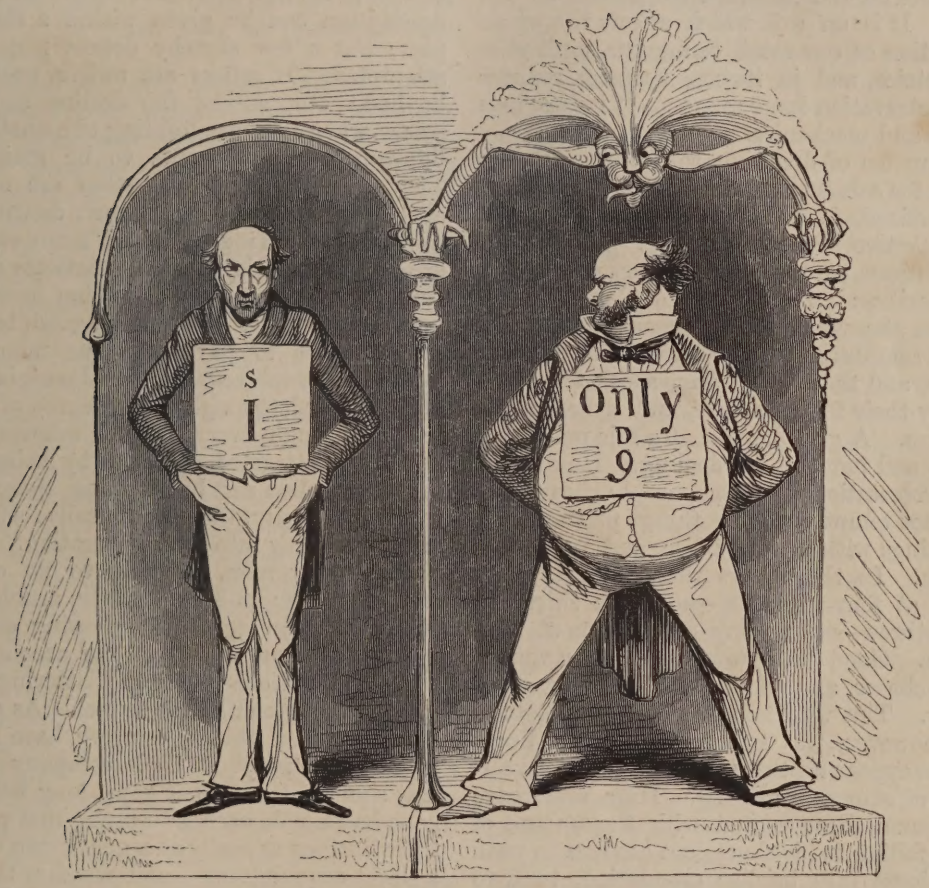
"To be sure one must," answered Mr. Smug, smiling double and bowing again, "especially when there is such reason to yield."

With that, he offered his arm to my mother; and as he really was a handsome man, with well-formed features, well-powdered hair, a tall genteel figure cased in unexceptionable black, my mother accepted the proffered conduct with great good humour.

As they re-entered the hall, I ran in from the play-ground on the one side, while Mrs. Smug, in a pretty little pony-chaise, drove up to the front door. She had just returned from her morning's drive. While the gentlemen approached to receive her, my mother found time to pat me on the head and kiss me, with the consoling assurance that I was not to be beaten. That was all I knew for the nonce; the rest was a tale of aftertimes.

Mrs. Smug was a very pretty woman; she had little to say, for she had not received any great education; but she had female tact in manners, and she possessed the splendid art of holding her tongue. Moreover, she had the thorough Smug smile, as if she had learned it hourly from her husband; and she was dressed in a style of unpretending, but not inexpensive elegance, which one woman always appreciates in another, and which my mother's manner in replying to her address immediately confessed. It was her task to show the bed-rooms—"dormitories" was not then the word—and really so numerous an assemblage of very white counterpanes and hangings in rooms perfectly clean, lofty, and airy, must have gladdened the heart of any one who had the least of the housewife about her. The boys' dining-room was in the house at that time; a new building was afterwards provided for the accommodation, of course, of the boys, and an additional yearly charge was then made in consequence. The school-room was detached. It had been a stable, but the stables of the nobility and gentry are built with so humane an attention to air, loftiness, the health of the precious animals confided to them, that Mr. Smug was quite justified in thinking them superior to the average of human habitations. On our entering the school-room, the most perfect silence instantly prevailed. There was, as Mr. Smug showed us, a sufficient allowance of genteel masters—five or six to the hundred boys; each boy had a separate desk, and he took pains to superintend the whole, especially in the writing. The play-ground, the infirmary, in a separate building, were all duly exhibited. Then came a ramble through Mrs. Smug's own particular gardens and shrubbery, tastefully laid out; where, as Mr. Smug justly observed, "the mind overstretched with study might cheerfully unbend," and then we returned to lunch. Of this meal, we were really all good judges, and as we all pronounced it excellent, we took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Smug, with the assurance that at the quarter-day I was to return as a pupil. "References, Sir!" said Mr. Smug, as my father bethought him of offering them. "References from Mr. Bagges! Do you think, Sir, I wish to inquire the character of the Bank of England?" "That is as sensible a man as ever I met in my life," said my father, as he fixed himself in his corner of the carriage. "And a genteel person, too," said my mother. "This will do capitally, will it not, George?" I said nothing, for I did not like school at all; but it was evidently settled.

THE TICKET PLAGUE; OR, THE WAR OF THE PRICES.



Society, in this our very verdant isle, is grown so *old* as to exhibit some palpable signs of decrepitude and infirmity. In her attempts at progress she leans, poor old body! upon civilization, who, although in most respects an excellent guide, is a little hasty and inconsiderate, and thereby apt to make false steps, and at times to lead her too-confiding charge, under chimerical pretences, into wrong paths, which terminate in disagreeable conclusions, and create a good deal of unnecessary fatigue. If, in the course of these delusive wanderings, the aged dame should venture to take an exception —should "hint a fault, or hesitate dislike"— civilization says "Come along! it's all right!" —drags her on through the dirt,—and diverts her attention from the worn and wasted condition of her *lower members*, by a few artful compliments on the abiding beauty and elegance of her head and features. Thus cajoled and thus impelled, the old lady continues to hobble on from day to day, suffering much, and complaining less than might be expected. Lean-looked prophets do croak of her dissolution— but she persists in keeping up something of a heart, and even has her sanguine moments, during which she indulges the fancy that she shall yet somehow derive from the future a fresh infusion of youth and vigour;—and so she may, when her guide, profiting by the experience of past mistakes, shall cease from playing her such pranks; that is to say, in other words, when civilization shall become more civilized.

In the meanwhile—and to discourse less metaphorically of the matter—the existence of many evils in our social system being admitted, it is a fitting task for those who are not ashamed of philanthropy, to point out what they are, where they are, and how they may possibly cease to be. Start not, sensitive reader! I am not purposing to drag thee, with thy feelings of "I'd rather not!" into that enormous field of tares, called politics, nor yet into that

enormous field of poppies, called ethics. No—my intents are charitable in *two* ways; for they respect thy patience, while they meditate the country's good; and so, I am content to take a single grievance for my subject—and this the rather, as it is a grievance of quite sufficient magnitude for the mind's engagement at one sitting. It is an evil which affects the whole constitution of our retail commerce, multiplies bankruptcies, and in its consequences reduces to semi-starvation large numbers of industrious artizans and mechanics.

The custom of denoting the *prices* of goods exposed for sale in shop-windows, by means of tickets affixed, is of many years' growth, but of comparatively recent enormity. In the days of our fathers, and in our own very early days, when merit and modesty held a closer association than at present, the salesman was satisfied to place samples of his goods in the windows of his shop, and there to let them speak for themselves by their form, texture, and other visible properties. A good article, at a fair price, was the rule and habit of his dealing. He did not make protestations of incomparable cheapness; he did not tempt you with things uncommonly low—things with a showy face, and a bad constitution. In those days there were no mock beavers at four-and-nine—no linen shirts at six-and-three—no Saxony dress coats at two-thirteen. Good faith prevailed between vendor and purchaser, and affairs went on pretty comfortably. This wholesome and healthy state of trade, however, was too good to last. Spots began to appear on the surface—incipient indications of something wrong. Here and there a tradesman, discontented with the amount of custom falling to his share, and anxious to push his business into brisker circulation, took to underselling his brethren, and gave intelligible hints of his design, by means of certain bits of paper or pasteboard, attached to his commodities, and expressing the prices at which he would part with them. At first the innovation met with little favour: the *supplanting* spirit which seemed to have given it birth, was doubtless thought discreditable. The shops in which it was practised were of the meaner order, and wore something like an air of being ashamed of themselves. By degrees, however, the influence of bad example, and the love of experiment, gave extension to the evil. The spots increased in number and size—the eruption was manifestly spreading, and its existence became particularly apparent among the linen-drapers. The development of the mischief was promoted by that very unhealthy stimulant, the pressure of taxation. The attempts of the honest and conscientious tradesman to stand unlabelled and unticketed, grew fainter and more unavailing, till at length the infection was submitted to, right and left;—and now, you shall walk from Piccadilly to Whitechapel, and not find one shop in twenty where the plague is absent—where the leprosy is not;—and the like may be said as to the condition of retail trade all over the country.

Of the various effects which have sprung out of this great and grievous change, no adequate description can be given within a short compass; but a few sketchy details may be here attempted. If sellers are to live, profits must be had; but, amidst the decline and fall of prices, when men are fighting one another with figures, how are profits to be maintained? They are *not* maintained—they are miserably abridged—and, to prevent their downright annihilation, much ingenuity and many expedients are rendered indispensable. Articles expressly suited to the game of reduction must be got up. Goods must cease to be good, lest prices should cease to pay. As the money scale graduates downwards, so the shades of quality must descend, through every degree of deterioration, through every step of inferiority. As nobody is attracted, however, by things which are at once bad and bad-looking, there arises a further necessity, that which calls forth all the arts of *seeming* into active operation. It often happens that men, in order to go on, must seem virtuous: in like manner, articles to go off, must seem good. A pleasing exterior, a specious appearance, is on no account to be wanting, how little soever the flattering promise may be confirmed by the sequel. As a natural consequence of this system, we have hats that make us ashamed of their company after the first shower—shoes that gape, long before they have had much exercise—coats that part with their buttons as easily as a gentleman dismisses a slight acquaintance—and watches that do so go, as never to deviate into time. In articles of luxury, as well as in those professing utility, the same kind of issue takes place. You are a luxurious man, for instance, with a shallow pocket;—it is a cold, clear day, and you *fancy* a cigar. Your eye is caught by a smart, florid-looking shop, where many elegant convolutions of the fragrant weed are displayed in compact bundles, each surmounted by a pink ticket, of very curious scissor-ship. The prices marked are of exemplary moderation; and your choice, partly determined by the state of your finances, falls on a lot quoted as low as sixpence-halfpenny a dozen. The *name* they bear is one which you never heard of before, but it "*reads* well" on the ticket, and the cigars, though rather small, have a nice glossy smoothness, and are well barrelled out towards the middle; and, in short, you buy a dozen. Arrived at home—for you scorn to smoke in the streets—you proceed to make trial of your bargain. Ignition is accomplished—you set your lips to work—"a strange invisible odour hits the

sense"—an odour coarse, acrid, and totally unlike that of any cigar you ever nosed in lobby, saloon, steam-boat, or elsewhere. With a wry face, and a resolution to know the worst, you cut the thing open, and unravel its interior. Of what does it consist? It is not tobacco—it is not dock leaf—it is not cabbage—no, it is *coloured paper*—and you, the purchaser, are "done brown."

In that simpler and sounder state of trade which preceded the ticket system, the relations between price and quality were such as to admit of being understood and borne in mind by any person of average common-sense. *Now*, on the contrary, all is complexity and confusion. London is one vast Cheapside, where every thing cries "Come, buy me!" The shop-windows present an outspread chaos of figures, and look like arithmetical puzzles—being, of a truth, the wonder of little boys, and the despair of older heads. The man who meditates an outlay, and attempts the comparison of pretensions to his favour, is like a ship tossed about on the ocean without rudder or compass. The waves of doubt and conjecture allow him no rest; and fears of bumping upon the latent rocks of roguery haunt his imagination. "To buy, or not to buy," becomes a question almost as perplexing to him as that which held in suspense the mind of Hamlet. He wanders up and down, wearied, worried, bewildered, while a sort of contested election goes on in his brain, to be decided in an inverse ratio,—that is, in favour of the candidate who can finally show the *lowest* figures;—and happy is he (the man of perplexity) if, when he has at length purchased that which *appears* to be what he wanted, he be not doomed afterwards to make the unpleasant discovery that the *money* was worth the *article*—and considerably more. Where tradesmen are honest (and Englishmen happily are not yet so changed, but that honesty still characterizes the majority of dealers), there is less of injury than of inconvenience occasioned to the buyer by these embarrassments, since his faltering judgment can in the end be guided to a right choice by the vendor himself; neither is it to be denied that purchasers are in the long run gainers, and that to a most undue extent, by the prevailing competition. It is obvious, however, that the facilities towards fraud, as well as the temptations to it, are greatly multiplied by all this intricacy; and that ticketry and trickery may be readily made to go hand-in-hand, when he who keeps a counter does not at the same time maintain a conscience. Then it is, that to get experience, is to be let down from expectation; then it is, that price and value are cunningly divorced, and the term cheapness, losing its fair meaning, comes to signify nothing but abstract humility of demand; then it is, that you may chance to buy, under the name of Yorkshire cloth, an ingenious intertexture of dirt and pig's-hair! Of the tickets that introduce to such results, what shall we say? They are tickets of admission to the pit of disappointment, and cause the public to feel indignantly that their money ought to be returned.

To the retailers themselves, the consequences of this state of affairs are fraught with evil. *Competition*, no longer a candid and wholesome emulation, wears the sterner face and harder heart of *opposition*. Business is carried on upon principles of attack and defence; and neighbours go to work to knock one another down in the battle of prices. War rages on all sides; while every artifice of strategy is brought into play. Some throw their long shots by means of newspaper advertisements, and make tickets their musketry and small-arms; others double-charge their tickets with the word *only*, which does great execution. Then there are the "tremendous sacrifice" people, who do everything under prime cost, and, somehow, live by the loss, but, in doing so, prevent others from living. All this, and a great deal more besides, resolves itself in the main into a contest of capital—a trial of the relative stamina of purses. The man who has least money, lets his profits ooze away from him by degrees, till, after exhausting every resource, he is compelled to resign at once both strife and shop. He has arrayed his last figures; in his business he could *go no lower;* how much lower he may afterwards descend in the social scale, under the effects of his mortification and impoverishment, it were too painfully curious to consider. A competition that produces such results is surely mischievous and absurd. To what can it be likened? It is the suicidal pig, attempting to swim, and cutting its own throat by its ill-directed struggles. In the present condition of trade, the even flow and distribution of public patronage is disturbed and broken up; large and ostentatious establishments are encouraged, to the neglect and ruin of small ones; some persons are driven into the *Gazette*, that others may drive their carriages; and thus a species of monopoly springs out of the very excess of competition.

The most injurious, oppressive, and deplorable of the results connected with this mistaken system remains to be touched upon. I allude to the way in which it affects the interests and condition of those beings on whose labour and industry the transactions of trade are based. While the race of rivalry is stripping the shopkeeper of his profits, it is taking the bread away from the mouth of the mechanic. The former, with that self-preference to which he is subject in common with all mankind, is somewhat more solicitous to retain his own profits

than to uphold his workman's wages; and when he finds that both must give way, he insists, with a determination, alas! but too natural, that wages should take the precedence in the descent of the scale. To what depths of misery and degradation that descent has by this time brought the journeyman and artizan of every denomination, needs only to be hinted at, since the sad details are a part of men's daily reading and discourse. In most cases, the current rates of payment are such as to move surprise and pity at their inadequacy to the living wants of the unhappy beings who can but submit to them; while the sufferings of overwrought and spirit-broken women have an affecting prominence in the claims on our sympathy. To the miseries of the poor shirt-makers the press has lent a voice that has pervaded universal England—and that voice must have found an echo in every heart. These, and the whole train of similar calamities, though doubtless not produced without a variety of concurrent causes, owe much of their aggravation to the source which I have been endeavouring briefly to examine and expose.

The most inveterate hunters after cheap commodities can hardly fail, on cool reflection, to acknowledge themselves wrong in giving countenance and support to such a system as this. It demoralizes to no small extent the trading community—destroys the feeling of fraternity among them—and causes the injury or ruin of many, for the aggrandizement of a few. With a strange inconsistency, it facilitates frauds upon the public, and it necessitates sacrifices to them; while, in demonstration of its folly, the sacrifices greatly outweigh the frauds. It operates, moreover, as a fearful instrument of depression upon those who have had no share in its creation, and are least able to defend themselves against its effects—upon those very persons, namely, to whose poorly-prized but invaluable hands most of the innumerable objects of sale owe their form and fabric. It comprises, in short, in its mischievous totality of error, one of those *false steps* which Society has been induced to take, and should by all means seek to retrieve. Let the public look to it—let them set their faces against all *dead bargains*, professed or positive, nominal or real, and do all in their power towards inducing a return to the sound old principle of dealing, a good article for a fair price, neither *more* nor *less*. As for the direct practitioners of the system themselves—the *labelling* classes, as they may be designated—it is impossible to be too earnest in dissuading them from a course by which their own interests, and those of justice and humanity, are alike damnified;—it is impossible to say to them too emphatically or too beseechingly, "*Tradesmen, withdraw your tickets!*"

G. D.

SORROW NOT, BUT PRAY!

I.

Sorrow not, but pray!—Why ever grieving
When the things we love and cherish fade?
Rather joy we over spirits leaving
Earth for heaven!—Never should a shade
Dim the glory-gleam,
Chasing off life's dream
From a soul whose peace with Heaven is made!

II.

O then sorrow not for those departed
To the Infinite of life and day!
Never more shall they be weary-hearted,
But shall joy in Heaven's rest alway!
Prayer from above,
Bringeth peace and love;
Grief is earth-born:—Sorrow not, but pray!

III.

Look thou down upon our earthly dwelling;
Thou, inhabiting the azure sky:
Let thy glory's light from heaven welling
With the dove of peace around us fly:
Till the world has known
Love of Thee alone;
Banished wrong; and learnt the way to die!

C. H. W.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS; OR, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. POSTANS.

NONE of us value very highly that which falls immediately within our powers of possession; a fact so well proved by the experiences both of others and of ourselves, that to enlarge upon it would be as unnecessary as to insist upon the strength of Hercules, or on any other piece of dulness, not to be tolerated in these days of quick thought and rapid comprehension. The fact, however, has its force; and it would perhaps for ever have prevented my visit to the Gardens of the Zoological Society, as well as to many other curious, beautiful, and interesting spots about our great Metropolis, had not two incidents occurred, trifling enough in themselves, yet sufficient to balance the matter, and which sent me forth to the Regent's Park with as much zest as I have felt in wandering over the theatres of Syracuse, Pompeii, and other localities of a similar kind, common enough in their day, but to which antiquity and ruin have now given a value which renders every broken stone and tangling weed attractive. But why is it, one may ask, that we modern travellers find more charms in such spots as these are, in their decay, than even the subjects of Dionysius and the effeminate Pompeians did during their flourishing days of use and order? It arises simply from the power and value of imagination, which leaves common-place a long way off, and comes to our aid, gracefully and unrestrained, repeopling by its magic influence those old, stained, and crumbling stones with a brilliant, eager crowd, by casting rich sunbeams over the dark tangling verdure, and by changing the warblings of the song birds to the roar of the baited lion and the shouts of the barbaric multitude. Half the delights of travel depend, then, on this power; but could we apply the same fascinating medium a little more at home, suffering it to illumine the everyday doings of life, our simple pleasures would, I think, be very materially increased, and our general intelligence considerably improved. But to my incidents.

A visit, a few days since, to the National Gallery, and a study of the quaint portraits of the illustrious Hogarth and his canine favourite, induced me to ponder long on the remarkable resemblance that exists between men and animals generally, not only in the lineaments which externally distinguish man from his fellow, but also on the various qualities and characteristics which, considering that the biped is in an educated, and the quadruped in a natural condition, astonishes one the more at the distinctive peculiarities

of the latter, as well as induces one to question very much whether the term "irrational" would long apply, if animals were thoroughly educated in all their intelligences, while the horse of the Bedouin, who is to him as his child, and the dog of the Englishman, who proves sometimes his sole companion, are, as being somewhat in advance of their quadruped neighbours, instances in proof, that it is not always just, when we wish to express a man's evil qualities, to give him the *soubriquet* of an animal who may be really his superior; and it is better, therefore, if comparisons *must* be made, to say, "as wise as a serpent," or "as brave as a lion," in preference to "as obstinate as a mule," or "as stupid as an owl."

It has been observed that every human being has a certain cast of countenance which connects him with the animal world; an idea amusingly followed out by the French in their pictures of animals painted by themselves, and perhaps the likeness extends farther than to mere countenance. The truth is, however, we have little occasion to study the habits of the animal world, and little opportunity for remarking very intimately on the character of our fellows; as, for instance, we may know a friend for years, and believe that every motive of his every action, is as well discerned by us, as it could possibly be traced by himself; and yet even at the last, the occurrence of a most common incident, a trifle in its way, and the man seems changed; for the key of his whole life is given to us, and we find a thousand matters explained very differently indeed to what we had translated them during the period of our supposed experience.

Thus we see, for instance, the active and prosperous man of business, with his office in the City, and his splendid mansion, near a favourite railway station; we see him earnest in his vocation, hospitable in his house, attentive to his clients, respectful to his superiors; but we may not be near, when, in the spirit of the first "Scrooge," he presses hard work on his toil-worn clerks; or, for some inadvertence, deducts the amount of a Sunday's meal from their poor pittance. One may not see, in the eye that sparkles brighter than his own Burgundy, the lurking hope of so entrapping the honoured guest at his right hand, that he must yet remain his debtor at heavy usury. One may not see in the quiet but graceful bow, aught of the spirit that yearns for power; and when possessed of it, teaches the sufferer to learn how little real sympathy rich men feel for the deep agonies of hopeless poverty, and the hardness of the struggle which the sinking man makes against the pressure of life's necessities, with the contumely of those who cease to be his friends, and the general opinion, which links so easily together the ideas of unworthiness and an empty purse. Years may elapse, and all this remains hidden from our sight; but an accident reveals it all, and then we talk of the fox-like craftiness the man employed to secure his prey, and how, with the fascination of the snake, he had drawn it within his grasp.

It was with a series of such thoughts as these that I amused myself by a fancied comparison between men and animals, after an attentive study of Hogarth's portraits; and, in such a mood, I was readily entertained by the idea of a friend, who told me that he had been much disturbed of late by the matinal howling of a dog beneath his window, but that he had become reconciled to the matter, having discovered that the creature was simply endeavouring to cry "water cresses," in the hope of bettering his condition, and bringing it on an equality with that of the old woman who occasionally threw him a crust, as she passed along the street in her vocation. The notion had a certain oddity about it; and as I have seen Parisian dogs play the part of postmen most efficiently throughout the apartments of a hotel, as well as of market-carriers, I was entertained with the idea of what positions the canine race might really take in the streets of London were their instincts fully educated; and how far they might become actors in the drama of life, as well as on the boards of Punch's Theatre. Such were the incidents which, trifling as they are, induced me to visit the Zoological Gardens, where I found infinitely more entertainment than I believed it capable of affording to any but a professed naturalist.

It has long been said, but I think with more severity than truth, that London, of all the modern cities of the world, is the most deficient in the means of amusement and refreshment for the people; and the Boulevards and ramparts of continental cities, with their planted suburbs, are always contrasted with the murky outlets of our own metropolis; while the boasted charms of long avenues of formal trees, are very triumphantly quoted in comparison with rag-and-bottle shops, and signs of the black doll.

The evil of our suburbs is undeniable, for town now joins to city, city again to village; and London, spreading forth her arms on every side, seems as if she would clasp in the whole world, and extend her commerce over every portion of the earth. The forest of the River Thames now forms our finest timber, and the chimneys of our manufactories seem more numerous than the spires of our village-churches. No man now needs sword and pistol to guard him over Hounslow Heath; but with a day ticket in his hand, he dines at Birmingham, and sups in Fleet-street. The result of all this must be a spreading out of our suburbs upon the fields and meadows of Merry England, a darker atmosphere, and less holiday-making, for the people; but yet, if they would only go forth and look about them, according to their several means, something would be found in recompense, and, at least, better health might be acquired, which itself would engender a disposition to be pleased, with what English smoke, steam-engines, and tall chimneys, have left us of the picturesque.

Among these scenes, the Zoological Gardens are at once the most charming, and the most instructive; for there is matter of fact, and matter of imagination also; there is a climate with which, in a fine summer day, few can compare, and a surrounding scene full of interest and beauty.

The Park itself, with its bright green verdure, rich foliage, distant mansions, and sportive groups of happy children, is alone a scene calculated to afford a real sense of happiness to every well-constituted mind; whilst the neatly-kept parterre of the Gardens, with its blooming exotics and choice hedge-flowers, breathing forth their sweetness side by side, occupies the memory with pleasant thoughts of the quiet homes of rustic England, while it also bears the mind to those foreign climes, which are the natural dwelling-places of the strange and curious animals that here surround us.

I had no sooner entered the Zoological Gardens, than I imagined myself not looking on a strange and

rare collection in Natural History, but as paying a series of visits to friends with whom I had been familiar in other climes; and although my acquaintances were, in fact, but individuals of the same class, I found amusement in fancying that it was not so, but that the occupants of the Gardens were really the creatures whom I had known in olden times and distant lands. As such I would beg to introduce a few of them to the reader, who may not be ill pleased when he next visits the Gardens of the Zoological Society, to carry in his memory some slight sketches of the foreign regions of whose natural history these fine creatures form the most interesting specimens.

The first friends I met with were the ostriches, whom I last seemed to have left at Cairo, but a short time since, whither they had been brought from Arabia, at the bidding of Clot Bey, the physician of the Pasha. Here they had bright green-sward beneath their feet—there, a hard sandy court-yard; but they seem happy enough as they are, and to like the Swiss cottages nearly as well as the tombs of the Sultans. They have lost the wide desert with its wondrous canopy of brilliant light, and exchanged the picturesque crowds of the Eastern city, with its domes, minarets, tombs, dancing-girls, and priests, its fountains and its story-tellers, its necromancers, and its Pashas, for the fair open scenes of England, the curiosity of her smiling, bright-eyed children, and the interest of those to whom the East is still as a land of promise; but the creature yet put forth its long neck, and greeted one with a boldness which showed that in a land of mercy the ostrich even did not seek to hide his head, lest the stronger should be his oppressor; and yet was he wrong, that silly bird, for as in the East, so with us, they who are solitary and weak in friends, interest, and purse, are liable to be hunted down, by the strong in all, even as the poor ostrich on the desert plains of far Arabia.

The next odd bird that caught my view was a particularly old friend, and favourite companion of mine, the spoonbill, as he is called, of Cutch; and I felt a warm interest for the creature, notwithstanding his long legs, unity of colour, and apathetic countenance, when I remembered how often I had sat at my tent door, when heat prevented any occupation of my time, and watched the spoonbill paddling on the pool, shaded by a thick Banian tree, in search of food, and how I have heard of his making a rare and excellent curry, but never allowing him to be destroyed, because he seemed so calm and placid, and life so pleasant to him, passing it, however, in solitude, but for the Brahmin, who came down to bathe and pray by the edge of the pool under his sacred tree, yet disturbed nought about it that had life, and but for the traveller, who filled his gourd, bathed his swelled feet, and calmly went on his way. The spoonbill makes a good item in an Indian landscape, too, and should, for this reason, if for none other, be spared by the sportsman; for, in the noontide heat, when the buffaloes are plunged into the rivers, the camels resting from their toil at the oil mills, the villagers sleeping on their cots, and the birds silent in the trees, the spoonbills paddle about the pools, and give an agreeable idea of life to the landscape, their white figures throwing a bright reflection on the waters, and contrasting well with the rich greens of the Banian and Peepul trees that may surround them.

Passing by the house of my friend the spoonbill, the finest head in the animal creation, that of the Bactrian camel, was put forth in greeting; but the pleasures of memory connected with his family were of a very mixed description. With the sight of the camel come back to us all the stirring interests of the ancient world; we see the cities of tents on the plains of Arabia, with the Patriarchs at their doors, and the daughters of Israel returning from the wells, each bearing gracefully on her brow the beautifully-formed water-vessel of potter's earth; we hear the tinkling of their bracelets, anclets, and ear-rings as they pass, and the rich-toned voices which harmonize together in praise of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob; we see the servant setting forth to seek a wife for Isaac, and the weary camels kneeling at the well, their rich saddles laid aside under the shading tree, and the beautiful Rebekah returning with her handmaids mounted in Kajavahs, and led by the servants of the Patriarch.

The camel of the present day is nothing changed in his uses, from that which rendered him valuable in the East three thousand years since; with a bridle through his nose, a rich saddle, and gorgeous trappings, he is still the bearer of the wealthy traveller in quest of pleasure or of business. With a covered Kajavah he is led forward, carrying the beauties of the harem, when compelled to fly their country, or changing their place of residence; fleet of foot, and much enduring, the courier mounts him and speeds over the Eastern plains, bearing dispatches of great moment to the several petty states ever in turbulence and excitement. Laden with baggage, the pilgrim or the merchant leads him through the narrow mountain pass, from the plains of Central Asia to the crowded Indian cities, suffering him to feed by the way upon the thorny bushes of the desert, and supplying him with water at the distant wells, which he gains, perhaps, at the end of every third day's journey; and so, with a band of beads around his neck, to guard him from the evil eye, the weary beast moves on, resting at night upon bended knees, with his long neck stretched out upon the ground, or dropping upon the sands, to feed with his carcase the loathsome crow, or the pariah of a neighbouring village. Then, again, let us rest by the shaded well, whose stream flows brightly forth in well-bricked channels to water the field of young and early crops; the useful camel is there also, his eyes blindfolded, and his yoke fastened to the wheel; he turns the oil-mill, and draws forward the heavy plough, treads out the grain, and is harnessed to the gun-carriages on parade. Such are the uses of this most valuable creature in the East; but he hath his means of annoyances as well. While laden, his groans and roars at early dawn defy all rest; he will not kneel without remonstrance; and the evil odour of his breath taints the neighbouring atmosphere most offensively; when young, he is unsteady, vicious, and difficult to manage; in crossing streams under great heat he lies down, careless of his burthen; browzes on the young buds of trees; and loiters among jungle, as if purposely to alarm one's horse, and give one a broken limb. The Moslem Priests breed and cherish them, in honour of the White Camel, which so well served Mahomet in his adversities; and their milk is used in great quantities by the people generally, by whom it is esteemed a valuable delicacy.

The lions seemed out of appetite when I dropped in, just at their dinner-time; and they evidently wanted the free exercise and excitement of seeking their own meals, just as the rich man, sure of his three courses and dessert, longs for the appetite of the starving beggar-boy to give them zest. When last I knew aught of the lion class, it was while essaying to sleep in a tent on the summit of Girnar, a sacred mount in Western India, among the forests of which the lions passed the night in prowling about in quest of prey, making the rocks echo with their roars; and at early dawn, ere the mists had rolled away before the rising sun, a noble beast might often be descried stealing away among the thick underwood to his distant and sheltered lair, until the twilight hour should warn him forth again in search of food. Like the free and warlike savage of the Far West, the lion, as king in the vast solitude of nature, has a dignity of bearing that he loses wholly when surrounded by civilization. The Indian of Lake Huron, who has mingled with white men, loses his distinguishing characteristics of bravery and undaunted independence, which stamps on him, savage as he is, a certain noble bearing unequalled in the world; and the lion, who has been trammelled and confined, and forgotten the art of war, has no longer the flashing eye, firm step, sleek skin, and animal grandeur of expression which marks him as lord of the mighty forests of the East.

The hunting leopards, those most bacchanalian and handsome creatures, next attracted me to remember where last I had seen them in my travels. It was on one of the richest slopes in the beautiful country of the Deckan, on a merry hunting-party, in the presence of a bright group of high-couraged ladies and ardent sportsmen. The leopards were brought to the ground, blindfolded, in a cart, when the deer being released, the bandages were taken from the leopards' eyes, and they bounded in a moment on the green-sward, when came the interest of the sport. Not springing immediately on its prey, the leopard crouched, cat-like, to the ground, its bright eyes glancing like balls of fire upon the hapless and unsuspicious deer. It rose and bounded forward; then crouched again, striking the ground violently with its tail, and twisting its long and glossy body into the most graceful forms; suddenly it rose—the leap was made—the deer perceived her enemy, and bounded through the flowery brushwood; the leopard swiftly followed—a sharp cry was heard, and soon the keeper re-appeared, leading back the triumphant hunter, followed by a servant bearing the body of the deer, and a bard reciting praises in honour of the bravery of the leopard and of its ancestors, none of whom, he averred, were ever known to lose their prey. The sport was exciting, and the scene beautiful, while the chief interest, of course, consisted in seeing the creature in its natural condition, as when employed in the supply of its necessities. The Princes of India use hunting leopards somewhat as civilised men occasionally do each other, making the self-interest of dangerous agents minister to the advantages or requirements of themselves, as Cagliostro used the Cardinal in the famous affair of the Diamond Necklace; and as Richelieu used every man who had ability or courage for his hand, no matter how dangerous that tool might be; giving bribes to pacify his agent when excited by disappointment, as the keeper feeds the leopard, if unsuccessful in his sport; while, when threatening danger, the dagger rid the Prince of his tool as easily as the rifle stretches upon the earth the trained hunter of the Eastern Despot.

Turning back, I could not pass, without notice, the wild ass; a creature I had known so well in Cutch, both in morning rides, during the cold weather, along the edge of the vast Salt Plain of the Runn, and also in the camp, where one of the species, which had been taken by an officer of our regiment, and become, comparatively speaking, tame, took a strange delight in cantering after the carriages during our evening drives, and affectionately pushing his nose under the elbow of the driver in kindly recognition. The ancients tell us that wild asses were used to draw the chariots of war, but from what I have ever heard and seen of them in the East, the description given of them by the Man of Uz seems more applicable than that of Herodotus, "Who hath sent out the wild ass free, or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass. Whose house I have made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwelling. He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver." The wild ass, as I have seen him in Cutch, is a peculiarly untameable creature, galloping over the desert as the wild horse does over the prairies, in troops, and distancing the fleetest horseman. The meek-looking creature in the Zoological Gardens bears little the aspect of this character or disposition; but his position is so peculiarly unnatural, that little idea can be formed of the animal, whose pasture is the mountain range, and who filleth the morning breeze with the thunder of his nostrils.

Crossing the bright sward, and passing through the tunnel, I saw another acquaintance, in one of the prettiest animals in the Gardens—the goat of Cashmere, a white, silky, mild-looking creature, whose appearance is associated with some of the most interesting reminiscences of the East; for it is identified at once with the Mountains of Affghanistan and its shepherd tribes, with the lovely Vale of Cashmere—whither the travelling merchant has brought it for the sale of its wool—and with the fair streams of that lovely land, in which it slakes its thirst, and which reflects at once its own image, and that of the beautiful damsels, whose fame is greater than that of all the daughters of the earth, as well as of the soft and valued shawls, which become objects of interest and jealousy in every harem of the East, adorning the brows of kings, and encircling the waist of beauty. Had he but a languge comprehensible by man, how many stirring tales might this Cashmere goat tell of the struggles between Affghan Princes in the mountain passes which were once his home; of the jealousies and love-thoughts of Cashmerian girls, breathed out to their young companions, as they sat in confident security by the side of their own bright streams; and of the heart-burnings, and dark plots laid in the harems of princes, by intriguing wives and faithless ministers. But the little goat has now perhaps forgotten all the mirth and pathos of his early life, and finds the largess of admiring children a welcome exchange for the sweet herbs of the Affghan Mountains.

The Cashmerian is however among old acquaintance here, for the Brahminee bull is his *vis-a-vis*, although

sadly reduced in circumstances; for he no longer sees under every tree his deified image, as he did in India; nor is way made for him by every priest he meets in his lounging progress, nor may he, unchided, put his head into the shops of the grain merchants, and take from each basket as much as he will of the rarest food. Times are changed with him, and he is little better in repute than the poor beasts who plough the earth, or produce milk for the food of man; but he is not worse off now than many among ourselves, who by means of remarkable circumstances and personal pretension, sometimes take positions so unequal to their real merits, that, lionized as they may be for a time, and girded to all appearance from the chance of evil by men's respects, are yet liable in a moment to be dragged down from the pedestal of their false position, and reduced to the level of that from which they sprung.

Monkeys have friends everywhere; although, as pets, they are not perhaps so much in fashion as in the time of Hogarth, when the toilette of a fine lady was never considered complete without one of the antic race to amuse her during the tedious process of hair-dressing and patching. The largest number I ever saw together in the East, where they are held sacred in honour of the Monkey God, was in the great Forests of Girnar, which abound with them; the more, perhaps, in consequence of the priests of a curious temple there, feeding them at stated intervals. The effect of their country appetite and great dinner punctuality is curious enough, and amused me uncommonly. The temple is erected in the very depth of the richly-wooded solitude, and appears as silent and lone as if neither the voice of man nor of animal ever echoed near it. But on the ringing of a little bell, twice sounded during the day, by the attendant priest, every tree gives up its burthen; monkey after monkey drops on the ground, and springs upon the sculptured dome of the sacred edifice; from brake and bush, path and bough, on they come by hundreds; and, when fairly fighting for the best places, nothing can surpass their noise and uproar. Food is then given; and, dinner over, the whole again bound and scamper off among the trees, wreathing themselves along with tails, legs, and arms, until not a monkey is to be noted far or near. Rats I have seen cared for in a similar way in a great temple in the midst of an Indian town; a plan as efficacious for clearing the place itself of such destroyers as perhaps could be desired, the guests far preferring the rich and easily enjoyed repasts of the temple to any granary in the place, and never failing to appear at the second dinner bell, with an appetite quite unspoiled by any luncheon on the way.

The pretty, graceful sambur, too, I always see with interest and pleasure; they are so gentle, elegant, and handsome, with their full bright eyes, tall branching horns, and pretty speckled coats—softer in colour and in touch, than any satin dress that Howell and James can possibly produce. But it is grievous to see them now, forcing their black noses through the rails of a square timber box, when I had but lately admired them bounding in herds among the forest trees, or coming timidly down to the brink of the mountain stream, to slake their thirst, in the bright moonlight; for their natural life is a careless, free, and happy one, though full of danger; yet though the tiger does spring on them from his lair, and man, without the apology of hunger to excuse his cruelty, lays wait for them by the streamlet-side, in a little bower built of leaves, and, as they bend to drink, sends his ball through the heart of the finest animal in the herd,—yet the mountain brow, with life and freedom, with the rustling boughs, the sweet herbage, and the glancing sunshine, is better than safety, if the purchase price be life-imprisonment. And yet there are many of a very superior order of animal to the sambur, whose life is quite as monotonous as his, and who are doomed to slave on, friendless and uncheered; as many a hapless man must be, far from the village home that gave him birth, yet content, if he can but support existence, and earn that which is truly no more than his daily bread. Yet we think not of him, poor wretch! of him, who, with pale face, bowed and attenuated form, leans over the scantily rewarded labour, which each day brings to him alike, inhaling foul air, and knowing nought of the glad sunshine, but from that one poor ray which at mid-day in the hot summer-tide may chance to fall aslant the smoky chimney-pot of the garret opposite his own. We think not of him, who has neither seen the bright fields, nor scented the breath of flower-enamelled hedge-rows, nor pressed his foot on the elastic turf, since, as a young child, he wove daisy-chains for the little sister entrusted to his care—a being now care and toil-worn as himself—and yet, hackneyed as he is to labour, and to grief, so that the man seems but as a machine in its vocation, yet as that *one* ray is reflected on the anvil at which he works, the weary man looks up, and, as he does so, a gleam also passes over his own pale face, which says, that intellect still is there, with warm affection, and pure love to nature and her works; but the ray passes from the pale face, like that gleam from the blue heavens, and as the eye falls once more upon the iron labour, the man seems dulled again, and animalized as before by circumstance and *necessity*. But, as I have said, we think not of him as we stand in the bright Gardens of the Zoological Society, surrounded by happy groups of merry children, and the distant mansions of the great, for darkness, misery, and filth, hide the wretched from our eyes. Mercy is, however, good to whatever it may be applied; whether to the sufferings of worm or giant; and, therefore, if wealth, innocence, fashion, and beauty, dare not enter the dim alleys, which connect some of the largest and handsomest thoroughfares of our great city, there to sympathise with the enchained condition of our brother-man, or to open the door of liberty to the pale and toil-worn mechanic, who sighs in vain for one day's freedom, we may at least pity our poor caged friend, the sambur, equally imprisoned for the cause of science, nor feel our hearts the worse for the exercise of such benevolence.

The poor snake, rolled in his blanket, and closed in from the light of day, his old skin falling from him in shreds, and having, as yet, no new clothes to appear in, I last saw worshipped by priests, and sacrificed to by princes. This occurred in the province of Cutch, where the snake is particularly worshipped, and I well remember how brilliant was the *cortège*, and how numerous the attendance at the Temple of the Snake: there were horsemen and footmen, camels richly caparisoned, and elephants bearing gorgeous howdahs, and the prince of the land

was there in his festal robes, with diamonds and pearls of price, and surrounded by the priests. And an altar was raised, wreathed about with sweet blossoms, and thereon was laid a young kid of the goat's without blemish; and the high priest raised his arm and slew it there, when the blood of the offering was sprinkled round, and the priest, in a paroxysm of enthusiasm, danced before the altar as one possessed; and all this was in honour of the snake, who was fed daily with new milk, and invoked on all occasions. Such, however, are the effects of prejudice and opinion among men; the snake, which becomes the deity of eastern nations, and requires all the arts of the charmer to soothe and govern, who is said to wear a precious jewel in his head, and to be capable of producing good or evil, by the simple exercise of will, is here, in our Zoological Gardens, stroked by his keeper as if he were the most inoffensive, insignificant creature in the world, and little children uncoil his folds, and pat his head, while the docile and cramped creature looks forth, with its little bead-like eyes, as if pleased with the notice of those who are, in fact, his natural enemies. I have no love for snakes: Milton's metamorphose of Satan is always in my head when I look at them; and I am too well acquainted with the species and their evil doings, to bear them any liking. I have seen the bright orange-coloured "copper-smith" gliding at my feet, among the richest verdure that the tropics can produce, the dull, indigo-tinted creature winding along in its blindness, and scarcely perceptible among the clefts of the granite rocks. I have seen the cobra dart forth its sting, spread out its hood, erect its body, and bound towards its victim; and I cannot rank the snake otherwise than with pestilence and famine, so frightful are its effects on the helpless people of the East.

I cannot encroach too much upon the reader's time, for he may not be so inclined to follow my descriptions, in his own room by lamplight, as I was to indulge in my observations by sun-shine, in the open breeze; and, therefore, I will not note the little, active, merry squirrel, whose gambols have entertained me so often, when bounding about our tent ropes in the East, munching the unripe dates, flinging them down in scorn, and then whisking to a far-off spot. Neither will I describe the plains where, at evening tide, I have met the brisk and merry fox, or heard his shrill bark, as he careered in bands about our resting place; nor of the huge neil ghye, and its mountain home, for space does not allow me; but I would recommend all who desire amusement, to visit the gardens, as I did; and, whether it be the animals themselves, the groups who gaze on them, or even those strange creatures who wait without, the cabman and the cabman's horse—if the stranger have but imagination, and will venture to indulge it, few scenes about our great metropolis, will prove to him more full, both of entertainment and philosophic interest, than the Gardens of the Zoological Society; and if he will but walk there, and look about him, in a right spirit, he will return to the dusty streets of London, improved in mind, taste, intelligence, and health.

A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF A LADY-KILLER.

BY DARWIN HILLIER.

Mr. Frederick Smithers was a lady-killer—I do not mean to affirm that he committed female murder in such a manner as to bring himself under the laws of his country: he was more refined, and more dangerous, in his cruelty. He used no deadly weapon—he administered no poison: he destroyed by the irresistible power of his fascinations.

It may be wondered how Mr. Frederick Smithers could, with a clear conscience, devote himself to so heartless a pastime. He could not. His life, according to his own account, was a constant succession of passion and remorse—of sinning and repenting; and all who heard his discourse—and believed his discourse—pitied, whilst they admired him.

By his voluntary—exceedingly voluntary—confession it appeared that he had broken confiding hearts by the dozen, and had been the real producer of some of the most touching epitaphs in some of the most romantic cemeteries about London. But though the cause of maddening love in all of the gentle sex who came within his influence, he had himself remained insensible. Transient gleams of affection he had experienced indeed—bright spots amid the general desolate darkness—but *love*—pure and enduring love—such as alone could justify his making choice of one—he had never known. It was his singular and dreadful destiny to light up ardent affection, but *himself* to be denied its warmth, and to suffer all the pangs of regret for the infliction of unintentional suffering.

This delectable confession, we are bound to say, found credit with but few; and some wild young men, who were quite unsusceptible of anything like sentiment, had even carried their scepticism and contempt so far as to form from the doubtful adventures of Mr. Frederick Smithers a comic song of fourteen verses, which they were in the habit of singing with distinguished applause at bachelors' supper-parties. Mr. Frederick Smithers, however, was unmoved by vulgar ridicule and incredulity, and continued his accustomed existence, making love as if by habit—boasting of his success—and lamenting his own obduracy.

One autumn it chanced that Mr. Frederick Smithers took it into his head to go to Scotland. He was properly struck with the architectural beauties of Edinburgh, and the romantic beauties of the Highlands, and prepared to depart for London with regret, when called home by business of importance. He embarked in a steamer, and after the first few miserable hours of sea-sickness, began to look about him and assume the air of a man who was

used to marine travelling. With one of his fellow-passengers he soon became on very friendly terms; this was a young surgeon named Desborough, who had been making rather a lengthened stay in Edinburgh, and was now on his way to London, where he contemplated the purchase of a practice. Smithers and Desborough walked the deck together—drank whisky-toddy together—played draughts together—and exchanging cards when they landed, continued their acquaintance on shore. Smithers introduced Desborough to his friends, and Desborough introduced Smithers to *his* friends, and at each other's lodgings they were completely at home.

Amongst those with whom Smithers had become thus acquainted, there was one family which soon absorbed the greatest share of his attention. It consisted of a widow named Lincoln, and her two daughters, both very beautiful and accomplished girls. Desborough had known them from his boyhood, and was consequently treated almost like a member of the family; and Smithers, being presented to them by so valued a friend, was received with more warmth than probably would have been accorded to him had the mode of meeting been different. Be this as it may, the lady-killer attributed his favourable reception entirely to his own merits, and returning warmth for warmth with interest, was in a short time scarcely ever absent from the residence of the Lincolns. Morning calls gave him an opportunity to form evening engagements, and these again gave him a pretence for morning calls; concerts, operas, theatres, balls—all were brought into requisition, and, as Smithers flattered himself, not in vain.

It may be asked how Desborough relished these vigorous proceedings of his new friend. Indeed, he seemed to take little notice of them. He evinced some surprise at first, and, as Smithers thought, some jealousy. But he soon appeared to consider the appearance of the lady-killer at the Lincolns as a matter of course, and all indication of vexation disappeared. Smithers, on his part, was perfectly at his ease; for he had not carried on the siege long before he had arrived at a very satisfactory conclusion, which was that both the Misses Lincoln were desperately in love with him, and that both looked with perfect indifference on Desborough, who was the victim of a hopeless passion for one or both—but if for one, he could not tell for which; and it did not matter, for he could'nt get her.

Having thus clearly settled in his own mind the state of affairs as regarded others, he began to question himself as to the condition of his own heart—could he feel happy to select one of the Misses Lincoln, and actually to *marry* her? After some deliberation he decided that he could. The next question was—which was it to be? It was plain that he could have either, and, as he had given them both equal reason to hope, neither could be astonished at finding herself the chosen one, though misery and a broken heart might, he feared, be the portion of the rejected. He made his election at last, and fixed on the elder as being the more beautiful, and, he suspected, having better expectations than her sister. His plan formed, he prepared to put it into immediate execution.

As he was about to go out on this errand, a knock at the door announced a visitor, and Desborough entered. He had not called on Smithers for some time, but there was no diminution of friendship in his manner as he shook hands with him, and, taking a chair, began chatting on the topics of the day.

An idea came into the mind of Smithers. Here was the very man who first introduced him to the Lincolns, and who probably would feel hurt if not consulted on an affair of such moment. At all events he had no cause to fear him as a rival—of *that* he was certain; and opportunity for a little boasting, and perhaps the gratification of a little friendly malice, was irresistible.

"Desborough," exclaimed he, "I wish to have your advice on a matter of importance. My constant attentions to the Lincoln family have no doubt been very obvious to you, and probably you have thought that I was merely seeking the gratification of an idle vanity; but I assure you my motives were of a higher order. I have long sought—unsuccessfully sought—a girl with whom, as I believed, I could happily pass my life. At length I have found her—Mary Lincoln is that girl. Tell me if, in your opinion, I have chosen wisely."

"Mary Lincoln is a charming creature," exclaimed Desborough.

"I have not come to a decision without much thought," said Mr. Smithers. "*Both* the Misses Lincoln are charming creatures; and Sophia certainly has fine eyes—very fine eyes! But there is something about Mary that is quite irresistible, and to Mary is my heart given."

"Upon my word," said Desborough, laughing, in spite of all attempts to keep his countenance, "you are very impartial in your praise, and, it would appear, have given half your heart to each. I hope that both ladies are not enamoured of you, and that there is no danger of one pining beneath your indifference."

"Ah, my dear friend," exclaimed Smithers, "you are very penetrating, I find. Yes; the case is just as you say. Mary and Sophia, I have every reason to believe, are both passionately in love with me; and what will become of poor Sophia when I propose for her sister, I dread to contemplate."

"But what are your reasons for this very complacent belief?" asked Desborough.

"Oh, they are innumerable!" replied Smithers. "Looks, words, tone of voice, tell all—and have long told me their secret. Do you remember that Mary some time ago left off wearing her hair in bands, and took to wearing it in ringlets?—well, that was because I said how much I preferred ringlets. Have you never observed, too, how often Sophia dresses in black? *I* like her best in black."

"Oh, the matter is plain!" exclaimed Desborough.

"Plain enough to me at all events," said Smithers; "*too* plain, I may say. But egad," continued he, playfully slapping Desborough on the shoulder, "I thought once you were my *rival*, egad I did! whether with Mary or Sophia I could not discover; but with one certainly. However, I soon found that they looked on you merely as a friend."

"I always told you so," said Desborough, "and that I regarded them in that light also."

"Yes," said Smithers, "but I didn't believe you; I thought you were only endeavouring to lull my suspicion in order to throw me off my guard, and so supplant me."

"And," said Desborough, "which sister did you consider my favourite."

"Oh, that I couldn't discover," said Smithers, "I should have been jealous of you though with either; for at that time I hadn't made up my mind; but, now that I *have*, I must lose no time. If you are coming part of my way I shall be glad of your company; and depend on it I will not forget to send you some bride-cake."

Accordingly they left the house together, and parting at some distance from the residence of Mrs. Lincoln, Smithers repaired thither at once, and knocked a knock which evinced his usual confidence, with some small alloy of unusual trepidation.

Now it so happened, that everything was arranged most properly for the occasion of his visit. Mrs. Lincoln had gone out; Mary was painting an oil picture in the breakfast-parlour; and Sophia was practising the piano-forte in the drawing-room. Mr. Smithers entered the former apartment in his wonted familiar manner, and, preventing Mary from calling her sister, seated her in a chair, took another close beside her, and commenced proceedings in the following manner:

"My dear Miss Lincoln, I have that to say to you the purport of which you may probably know. My constant and devoted attentions could hardly be misinterpreted. I declare that I love you, and beseech that your words may give me hope."

"Indeed, Mr. Smithers," said Mary, smiling, "I did not interpret so exactly as you suppose. I considered your attentions pretty equally divided between Sophia and myself. Had I suspected that they were intended solely for me, I should at once have told you that such attentions were in vain!"

"In vain, Miss Lincoln!" exclaimed Smithers, flushing with a feeling between shame and anger.

"Perfectly so!" said Mary. "As a *friend*, and particularly as a friend of Edward Desborough, I esteem you; but *love* you I feel I never can."

"I thank you, Miss Lincoln, for your candour," said Smithers. "You are certainly not prone to delude with false hopes; others, perhaps, may not be so obdurate—and once gone, mind, I am gone for ever! Allow me to wish you a good morning."

He quitted the breakfast-parlour, and repaired full of rage and disappointment straight to the drawing-room, from which had issued during the whole of the preceding interview, the rumbling and tinkling of the piano-forte. He resolved to propose at once to Sophia—the charming bright-eyed Sophia—in every respect superior to her haughty deceitful sister, and so gratify by one bold stroke, his love and revenge.

He drew his chair to her side, very much in the same style as at the commencement of interview the first, and dismissing from his countenance all appearance of chagrin, put on an expression of sentiment. His late opening speech had been conned on his way to the house, and as he had certainly not anticipated the possibility of requiring such a speech to two different persons on the same morning, he resolved that it should do duty on the present occasion likewise.

"My dear Miss Sophy Lincoln," said he, "I have that to say to you, the purport of which you may probably know. My constant and devoted attentions could hardly be misinterpreted. I declare that I love you, and beseech that your words may give me hope."

It was a strange and startling fact, that no sooner had Smithers addressed Sophia thus in the very same words which he had just used to her sister, than Sophia replied in very nearly the same words in which her sister had replied.

"Pardon me, Mr. Smithers," said she; "your attentions were not, indeed, to be interpreted so easily. They seemed divided with tolerable impartiality between my sister and myself, and to *her* I suspected them to be directed. Had I believed that *I* was their object, I should have endeavoured to bring about an *eclaircissement*, that I might tell you the truth."

"And that?" faltered Smithers.

"And that, Mr. Smithers," said Sophia, "is that I wish to look on you only as a *friend*, but that to love you is not in my power."

"Then I have been prettily fooled between you and your sister," exclaimed Smithers, considerably excited. "You have encouraged me only to laugh at me!"

Sophia appeared somewhat shocked by this coarse charge, but replied gently:—"For myself, and for my sister too, I can deny such an accusation. If you had rendered your motives more marked before, you might have been earlier undeceived; but for Mary or myself to have assumed at once where your affections tended would have appeared conceited and indelicate. We would have checked your constant visits; but we were afraid of exhibiting anything like harshness to a friend of Edward Desborough."

"And to *Edward Desborough* I suppose I am sacrificed," exclaimed Smithers, passionately. "He *was* my rival as I suspected at first; and with his quiet artful manœuvres has duped me, and triumphs over me. But he shall repent his triumph."

"Be calm, Sir," exclaimed Sophia, "or I shall leave the room. You have been no dupe of Edward Desborough; but the dupe only of your unbounded vanity, which made everything appear falsely to you. You imagined encouragement where no encouragement was given, and suspected a rival where no rivalry existed. Edward Desborough was engaged before you knew him, to a young lady in Edinburgh, and in three months they will be married."

As Sophia uttered these words a loud knock was heard at the street door, and immediately afterwards Mrs. Lincoln entered the room.

"Ah, Mr. Smithers," exclaimed she, holding forth her hand, "good morning, I am glad to see you!"

To the great astonishment and alarm of the old lady, Mr. Smithers rushed past her without uttering a word, and in another moment had left the house.

That evening he was a passenger in the Boulogne packet.

Edward Desborough is now a married man with an increasing family and an increasing practice. Mary and Sophia Lincoln, too, are married and happy. Mr. Frederick Smithers, having met with two matrimonial refusals in Paris and one in Florence, has taken up his abode in Brussels, and is about to be united to a rich, plump, elderly widow of that city.

THE LAST HOUR OF A SUICIDE

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

MIDNIGHT! The brazen clang of the great bell of St. Paul's tolled heavily out, and the chimes from a hundred steeples repeated—Midnight! The solemn, yet not unbroken, silence which for a brief period in the twenty-four hours reigns over London, was spreading abroad. The noise and confusion of the early night was dying away, and the rattle of vehicles through empty streets came upon the ear not as forming drops of the great tide of sound, but each distinct in its isolation. The *day* population of London had well nigh disappeared. Here and there hurried homewards groups of belated stragglers, conversing joyously of the theatre or the brilliant party they had just left. But, with such exceptions, those afoot and astir in the great thoroughfares were men and women, seldom seen but at night—creatures to whom the face of sunshine seems unnatural—who flit by, sometimes muffled up and silently, or clothed in glaring garments of silk and satin and gaudy ornaments, screaming gay songs with a miserable affectation of gaiety, and reeking from the loud, ribald orgies of a night tavern!

It was a cold, damp, clammy, cheerless night—the pavements were dank and sloppy. Men hurried by, thinking of the warm blaze which awaited them on their own hearths; and beings who had no homes or hearths to go to, shrunk up in sheltered corners, huddling the limbs close for warmth, and praying for the end of the long, shivering night. A moaning easterly wind swept through the streets, damp and deadening to feel, and bringing with it a heavy, greyish fog from the Essex Marshes. The lamps shone dimly, encircled each one with its misty halo; and the sky above was of black, hopeless darkness. Now and then a soaking drizzle fell—not downright honest rain, but something more penetrating and melting still; and then a fierce howling gust would catch it up in misty wreaths, driving it against the crouching, shrinking forms who stooped to avoid its violence, and wished to God that they were snug and warm at home.

On the water everything was tenfold more dismal still. The fog careered in long heavy wreaths along the stream—the wind howled most drearily among masts and rigging, and dashed the black muddy water against the piers of bridges and slimy landing places with a chill monotonous splash. No traffic

was stirring on the river. It flowed blackly and sullenly, roaring under anchored barges, and hustling the rank grass upon the fat mud banks. It was a dreary sight to look upon—calling up indistinct visions of blue swollen corpses and men battling madly for life in the cold inky fluid.

There is a bridge in Venice called the "Bridge of Sighs." Painters have depicted it—poets have sung of it. Romance-writers have woven fearful narratives of the hoplessness of those who crossed it; and there is hardly a young heart in England—a dreaming, enthusiastic, tender heart—which has not brooded over that "Bridge of Sighs"—imagined tales of heroic determination and gentle broken-heartedness—all woful, tearful, clinging round its antique structure, and giving deep claim to human sympathy to the carved stones which compose it. And in doing so—in roaming abroad for matter for our sympathies and affection—we do but follow our foolish national predilection. Why cannot there be poetry, romance, at home—on the Thames as well as the Rialto—on Waterloo Bridge as well as that of Sighs? Certain we are that if associations of human suffering—tales of broken hearts and blighted hopes—of long-enduring, pining misery—there rescuing itself at once from earthly thrall, and rushing madly before its God—can give a fabric of senseless stone and lime power of stirring up emotion, terror, sorrow—Waterloo Bridge is entwined with these associations, as plenteously as the Bridge of Sighs, and the noble river of England as really a romantic object as any muddy canal of Venice!

Midnight! A woman is pacing the pavement of Waterloo Bridge. She is young—she was once fair and gentle. And fair she is still. No sorrow, no burst of furious passion, can destroy the chiselling of those features—the noble height of brow and the moulded oval of the cheeks. But passion—the passion of madness and despair—is running riot in that face. The eye is wildly bloodshot and swollen—the teeth are clenched and ground together—the hand twisted with a convulsive grasp in the long dishevelled locks falling down on either cheek. She staggers forward mechanically. And now the paroxysm seems for the moment past; a heart sickness comes on her; she leans upon the balustrade, presses her forehead upon the damp, cold granite, and seems to woo the embrace of the chill night wind. She is dressed in gaudy finery, without warmth or comfort. A wreath of flowers encircles her head—a ghastly mockery of the wan, distorted features which they frame. The handkerchief carelessly placed over her shoulders has been all but blown away, but she makes no effort to replace it.

Midnight! The clang of the bell was loud upon that gust of wind. She starts up—leaps upon the seat of one of the recesses of the bridge—wipes hurriedly away the clammy sweat standing on her forehead, and gazes calmly and long upon the river below. How black—how pitchy black! A gurgling, eddying sound moans upward from the gulf. The thought, until then but half-formed, rises in her breast. She squeezes her brow in her hands, and then thinks again, and calmly—quite calmly.

"I remember that once I thought suicide a thing almost impossible; I could not realise it how people would willingly quit a snug, happy world, and go into darkness, rottenness! Oh, I said to myself, they are mad, poor creatures, quite mad; none but a madman would do so; and as I looked upon black pools, and heard how people had plunged in, I turned away shivering, blessing God that I had my reason, and would not be a suicide. I have my reason now, but I do not think as I once did; many have died by their own hands—oh, I remember hundreds. In a moment it will be over—what matters it if one be added to the list? What should I live for? I have no hope, no friend, nobody who will mourn me, or care whether to-morrow I be walking the cold wretched streets or floating in the river. No; I will do it—my mind is made up—God forgive—mother, I come to you!"

She nerved herself for the spring, when the noise of voices and footsteps interrupted her. "Let them pass, let them pass," she murmured; and, slipping down from the balustrade, she crouched in a corner of the recess.

A man and a woman passed. They were both young and happy. She was muffled up in a dark, warm dress, and clung closely to the arm of her companion. He bent down in speaking to her, and her face was turned up—oh, so hopefully, so lovingly to his. The light of the lamp made all this for a moment visible. Their words were not heard, but she saw them go by, knew, felt, what they were. Had not that upturned, confiding look told all most eloquently? Yes; they spoke of the bright future they saw before them—of holy domestic love—of hearts mutually trusting and trusted—young and pure, and teeming with unutterable love! It was but the vision of a moment; it came and was gone; but she who witnessed it writhed in anguish at the sight—a thrilling chord was touched—she bent down in her sore affliction, and slowly rocked her body to and fro; "Oh, God! oh, God! so it was once with *us*—so I once spoke to him—so he once listened to *me*—and now—" Her hands, which had been clasped, so that the nails almost entered the flesh, relaxed, and she fell insensible upon the stone bench.

The body neither felt nor knew aught, but the subtle mind was active; it soared away, away from the dismal river, out of the dismal night; and the entranced girl saw a vision; it was of a country cottage embosomed in trees—a smiling, happy place, far from dirty bustling towns and cities, delicious in its rural freshness. Lofty trees grew around it, and trailing shrubs clasped the walls with their fond tendrils, and their blossoms peeped slyly into the open casement. She knew the place—it was Home. She was there once again; a heavy weight, a dimly-remembered sorrow had been lifted from her heart; she was happy, and the sensation was strange. From everything around her her soul drank in peace, but from one source it quaffed exceeding joy. Who walked at her side—who spoke so very softly into her ear—whose hand clasped hers, so lovingly yielded to it? There were long pauses in the whispered dialogue, but something more sweet than honeyed words filled up the gap; and this lasted, as it were, for hours—she knew that hours had passed, although they seemed but minutes. Why, evening began to fall; a dim greyness spread itself all around. The silence became more intense. Birds ceased to sing and twitter amongst the ivy. The peace of the summer evening was a holy thing, and the voice of the lovers did not break harshly upon its stillness.

"Say again you love me." It was he who spoke.

"You know it, do you not?"

"But it is so sweet to hear the words."

"I love you!"

There was a long sweet silence; then the whispering tones were renewed.

"I cannot bear to leave you—to part with you, even for a day, dearest; but my family—my father in particular—would not hear at this moment of my marriage."

"Your family—your father!" was the frightened reply, "Do they not know all?—how we met—how we—we loved?"

"It would have been madness, dearest, to have breathed the secret. In an instant I should have been torn from you. Oh, you do not know my father."

"Then what is to be done, what? Oh, I never thought of this; my foolish heart never suggested a doubt. Oh, I know not what to think—to say. My mother"——

"Does she know our secret?" was the quick interruption.

"I have no secrets from my mother. But what—what makes you look so? You would not have me tell my mother that I cared not—thought not of you—now, would you?"

"No, no, dearest; surely not; but"——

"You are confused; oh, tell me all!—what is wrong? Have I not a right to know?"

"Dearest, you have. I will tell you the truth. I love you—love you as passionately as man ever loved woman. But, situated as I am, I dare not breathe a word of this to aught but you; but for you I will risk all—every prospect—every hope. Come, dearest; all is prepared; fly with me. Once in London, we can defy pursuit; and the instant that we arrive home the ceremony shall take place which makes you mine for ever."

She listened, stunned—stupified.

He continued—"You give me no answer—no sign of hope. Oh, dearest, is it possible you distrust me?"

"No, no—not distrust—not distrust!"—

"Then why not fly at once? You have said, you have sworn, that you loved—adored me; prove it now. Show me what you will do for him who has won your heart."

"But, oh! to leave my poor old mother, who lives but in me—but for me! I cannot, indeed—indeed I cannot."

"Then I am to understand, love, that I am only second in your affections—that, in short, you spurn the heart and hand I lay at your feet?"

"Oh! for Heaven's sake do not speak such cruel words—I—oh, what shall I do?—what shall I say?"

"Choose between love and miscalled duty. I cannot share a heart; it must be mine—all mine."

"This is cruel—cruel."

"It is kind cruelty, dear one. When once we are married, your mother shall know all. It is but two days' trouble, to be repaid by a life of happiness. Come with me—come—I see, I feel you are yielding."

"Dearest, I may be doing wrong. My heart tells me I am, and may God forgive me—but you—you I cannot resist. No—I cannot struggle against it. I will go with you, dearest, to the very world's end."

There was a very long pause, and she wept upon her lover's breast.

He murmured—"My own brave girl!"

The whole scene became indistinct and confused. The mind conjured up a thousand wavering, fantastic, shapeless images—amid which it wandered, stumbling and bewildered. Gradually a dim light streamed in, and the still fainting girl beheld herself in a small and poor room, with smoky, dusty walls, and breathing a hot, murky, steaming air.

It was a very different place from home. She sat at the window. Her eyes were red with crying, and swollen so that she could hardly see. She was very pale—she knew it; and her fingers played mechanically with the long, disarranged locks which fell over her shoulders. A heap of needlework lay unheeded upon her lap, and she looked with a vacant, wandering eye through the dim cracked panes before her. It was a different view from that which she had so often gazed upon with a merry face and a tranquil heart at home. Her eye fell upon masses of dingy brick walls, crowned with labyrinths of irregular-tiled roofs and chimney-stacks. There they stretched away in an endless confusion of outline—some roofs broken by gaveled garret windows, and others patched up and variegated by extempore erections of crazy boards. Lines, on which swung yellow, smoke-dried clothes, ran from house to house. Squalid, bare-armed women, leant idly out of windows, and screamed shrilly to children in the court below. The smoke poured continuously from the yellow cans, whirling in eddies amid the masses of brick and tile. Upon one little flat space, between two ascending planes of roof, sat a man in his shirt-sleeves, with a long pipe in his mouth, a pot of porter before him, and a newspaper in his hand. A whirling iron can was pouring out volumes of smoke behind him—nevertheless, he called sitting there "enjoying the air." A char-looking sort of a woman was hanging dripping clothes upon a rotten railing beside him, and occasionally screaming out at the full pitch of her voice to a neighbour, occupied in a court below in filling a tea-kettle out of the water-butt. It was a true London roof scene, in a low neighbourhood.

The girl looked long at it, as though she saw it not. A step sounded upon the stair—she clasped her hands, and started to her feet. The door opened. *He* entered, and threw himself sullenly upon a chair, with his back towards her. She approached him timidly.

"Dear!"

"Well, what do you want now? You always want something."

She wrung her hands, and then covered her face with the little apron she wore.

There was a long silence—oh! how different from that silence in the cottage garden!

"I want to make some arrangement," he said abruptly. She looked eagerly up.

"Oh do, do, dearest—be yourself again—speak to me—look on me as you used to do—I will not think of what has passed, never, never, upbraid you—but oh, do, do marry me!"

"Marry you," he repeated mechanically.

"You know, love," she continued, trying to smile through her tears, "you know you said that whenever we came to London, we should be married, then you put it off. I was very unhappy, but, did not

say so—I trusted in you, may I not trust in you yet?"

And she laid her hand timidly on his shoulder. He turned round abruptly, and shook it off.

There was another silence.

"I left my home, my mother," her voice faltered, "my friends, all, all for you. God knows how I loved you, how I trusted in you. I lived in your voice, in your look, I would give up the world for you. Oh, have you deceived me? Speak, speak, or I shall go mad!"

She clasped his hand in hers and sunk on her knees before him.

"For the love of God, fulfil your promise, your oath, marry me!"

"And be transported for bigamy!"

She fell upon the floor like a dead thing—as insensible as at that moment when her cold cheek was lying against the not colder granite. All was blank, darkness, the wanderings of the mind were for the moment over. A dull sense of re-awakening pain came into her limbs, and she half felt something laid upon her shoulder.

"What's the matter, my girl?" said a rough, but not unkind voice. Her eyes half opened and her lips moved, but no sound save a confused moaning came from them.

"What's the matter? come, speak."

"Marry—bigamy—bigamy," she faltered forth.

"Oh, bah, let that drunken woman alone, she'll sleep herself sober where she is—there's no fear of her."

"Yes, I think she is drunk," said the first voice.

"As gin can make her," rejoined the second. "Come, we're late."

And she was left alone.

"A drunken woman!" she murmured; "better be drunken now than sober."

She sat partially erect on the stone seat, and flung her arms about wildly. Her eye sparkled with a mad glare, and she laughed hysterically.

"Drunken," she muttered, half unconsciously, "drunken, and who made me drunken, who drove me to it? Yes, I am a drunken woman, I know it. Drink is my best friend now—it warms me and makes me forget. Yes, give me that and I can shout and laugh—but such laughter—never mind—gin is a good friend, it always does its work, it never leaves us sober."

She gave a long, loud, vacant laugh, and relapsed into insensibility. Presently she revived; and, quite calm, and with all her senses about her, she pressed her hands against her forehead, and looked wildly about.

The soaking rain was still driven by the wind. The river still roared, and gushed, and gurgled beneath. It was more pitchy dark than ever.

She rose, and stood upon the stone seat: the fixed despair of her countenance was awful to see. "I have had a horrid dream," she murmured; "but I am going where there are no dreams."

She looked long and intently down into the abyss. "Hopeless, defiled, and an outcast, I go"——

Suddenly she tossed her arms over her head. A change came over her face; her eye glowed, and she gazed upon the black vacancy.

"Mother! mother! I see you—I see you. Hush! Wait for a moment, and I will be with you—a spirit like yourself!"

There was a bound—a rush through the air—a flutter of silk and a heavy splash. It was all over!

A cry was raised, "A woman has thrown herself into the water." A solitary passenger had just approached her near enough to catch a glimpse of the disappearing form. Hoarse voices echoed the exclamation, and presently boats were put off, drags thrown, and lights gleamed on the dark rushing river.

"It's of no use," said a waterman; "the tide's running like a mill-stream; she may be at London Bridge by this time." And he returned to the public-house from whence he had been summoned.

In a day or two a paragraph appeared in the daily papers, stating that the body of a woman, fashionably, but thinly dressed, had been found floating in the Pool. It lay in the dead-house of a water-side church for some days, but no one came to claim it. A coroner's inquest was then held. No evidence was produced as to the identity of the deceased. There was a verdict of "Found drowned," and the next day a parish funeral.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Morning in India,—when the mango-showers
Steep May in healthful coolness! Lo! the skies
Are cloudless as the depths of woman's eyes,
Ere love and all its cares have filled her hours
With anxious thoughts. From snow-bloomed citron bowers
Green parrots, hatched 'mid fragrance, chattering rise;
On bed of sunbeams couched the serpent lies,
Licking light dews from the redundant flowers
Of blue ruellias, studding o'er the sod
With bell-shaped buds. The bee now quits its hoard,
Questing for honey, while from yon minar'
The grey Muezzin's call is heard afar—
"Come ye to prayer,—there is no God but God!
Mahommed is the Prophet of the Lord!"

ELFINA; A FAIRY FANCY, IN VARIOUS FLIGHTS.

BY MISS PARDOE.

FLIGHT THE FIRST.

Alas! that the days of Faïrie should indeed have passed away. We of the present generation may have become wiser than our grandfathers and grandmothers, but surely we have lost in enjoyment what we have gained in wisdom; and the more erudite acquirements of our maturer years are, in many cases, scarcely worth the sweet fancies of our youth.

Among our losses we may unhesitatingly class that of the Fairies, with their train of soft and graceful imagery. The Fairies, be it understood, as our ancestors believed in them; for, as to ourselves, we still possess volumes purporting to be Fairy tales. But who cares for such? Volumes in which Fairy lore is reduced to a system; and the merry elves classified like plants, shells, and minerals; with their recorded quips and cranks made matter of traditional local history. Sad work this! No wonder that they disappeared before Robert Owen undertook to organise a Fairy Utopia, or O'Connell to get up an elfine Agitation, or one of the City vestries to pave their mushroom studded rings with hexagonal blocks of wood. Crofton Croker dealt them a death-blow; and several other actualists have since been working hard to insure their annihilation. Some few Fairy-lovers have indeed endeavoured, from time to time, to resuscitate them in their original wild freshness and beauty, but the resipiscence of the scholars has been too much for them, and they are rapidly following "Jack the Giant Killer," and "Puss in Boots," into utter contempt and disbelief. Our very nurseries turn up their little noses at them; and logicians of five years old inquire, if we presume upon a Fairy tale, whether it be true? In vain has the talented Madame de Choiseul presented to us in a bulky volume "*Le Retour des Fées.*" Alas! they return not—and it is only by setting the learned and the utilitarians at defiance, by recalling our young, marvel-loving years, and by bribing the summer-wind to stir the ashes of remote times, that we can obtain even a glimpse of the "good people" of the brake and meadow—the bright-haired children of the moonlight.

Sages may shake their sapient heads, and the worldly-wise may consider all who venture upon such a confession as mere cobweb-witted day-dreamers; and let them do so in welcome; for it is not the less certain that they are not few, even now, who would greatly enjoy stealing along under the clear moonbeams on a balmy summer evening, when the stars are looking down with all their eyes into the running brooks, and their reflection is dancing upon the ripple; to hide themselves behind a fragrant screen of wild honeysuckle; or in a hazel copse, and thence to watch the gathering of the Elfin clans in the green meadow at the hill-foot.

What a pretty sight it must have been, when such things were! A crowd of tiny creatures a span high, dressed in robes of gossamer sparkling with dew, relieved by mantles of butterflies' wings, and wearing tall plumes of thistle-down. Some mounted on dragonflies, and skimming through the air like flying flowers; others tripping deftly along in the shadows of the long grass, guided by the golden lantern of the glow-worm; and ever and anon springing gaily forth into the full rush of the moonlight, in all the gladness of their little hearts.

> "Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
> Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
> To make the small elves coats; and some keep back
> The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders."

As for myself, even as I write, I seem to see their Queen, Titania, reposing upon a damask rose-leaf, under the fluted canopy of a fresh sprung mushroom, listening languidly to the soft flatteries of her courtiers! And such courtiers! Some armed with lances of feather grass; some waving to and fro, with a gallant motion, their mouse-ear helmets, crested with far-flying plumes pilfered from a moth's wing; some whispering love to their Fairy-mistresses; and some—for I fear me that the elfin nobles (especially those of the royal guard) resembled, in many respects, the Narcissus' of our own every-day world—in love only with themselves. And the lady-fays! How gracefully one winds off the silken threads of the gossamer dew from a violet, weaving at once perfume and beauty; while another fans herself with the sapphire crest of a humming-bird, brought from distant climes by an elfin traveller as a love-token!

Altogether, there is a shade of luxurious *abandon* in the whole appearance and deportment of the fairy court, which leads one to conclude that it will be fortunate for most of those by whom it is composed, should no De Grammont find his way to its private circles; and no Anthony Hamilton start up to record its "sayings and doings," for the edification of future ages. We are taught every day by the moralists the immense importance of example; especially the example set by august personages, whom so many, boasting neither judgment nor settled principle of their own, make it their boast, and the labour of their life to imitate; and, in this truth, we may perhaps read at once the cause and consequence to which we have just alluded, for we have high and incontrovertible authority for believing that "jealous Oberon" did once chafe himself even to strange reprisals, on the subject of

> "A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king,"

which drew a retort from his fair and angry consort, worthy of a mere mortal:—

> "I know
> When thou hast stolen away from fairy-land,
> And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
> Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
> To amorous Phillida."

While it would appear that the royal dame had, for once, suffered her temper to involve her beyond extrication; for, nor content with his allusion to the

"sweet changeling," her lord furthermore exclaims, while smarting under her reproof:—

> "How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
> Glance at my credit with Hippolita,
> Knowing I knew thy love for Theseus?
> Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
> From Perigenia ———?
> And make him with fair Egle break his faith,
> With Ariadne, and Antiopa?"

Questions, which, from the extreme wordiness of her reply, we are induced to suspect, were by no means pleasant to "the first lady" in Fairy-land.

Pass we, however, from the Queen to her court, which we had conjured up by the wand of fancy. We are wooed back again by the sound of music. The murmured converse of the party is drowned in the first burst of the tiny orchestra. The musicians are arranged amphitheatrically on the declivity of a huge molehill. Hark, to the blast of that winding horn! Its tone may well be sweet, for it is the honey-tube of the hedge-woodbine; and listen no less to the merry chiming of those heather-bells, and the low sighing of the wood anemone, which softens the sounds as they float over it.

And now the light-hearted elves start from their flowery couches to join the dance! What miniature graces! Hush—stir not—breathe not—lest you scare them away; for they are as timid as they are beautiful. Do you see that bearded elf with a furred vest and a star of hoar frost? He is evidently an exquisite from St. Petersburg. How incessantly he watches the stars lest he should outstay his time. He is endeavouring to teach his pretty partner the Mazourka, but she is visibly disconcerted by the roughness of his movements, and is breathless from the violence with which he whirls her round, until her light draperies are lifted above her knee. Further on—there—a little to the left—is a German fairy, waltzing with all the velocity of a teetotum, but he has met with his match; the lady is no more weary than himself. And here, close beside you, are a couple of wild young French elves, dancing the Polka, under the tuition of a Bohemian professor. But, approach we nearer to the throne of Titania, where the company is more select. Look at yonder elf, who is shorter by at least the twentieth part of an inch than most of his fellows, but towards whom they all look as they pass him, as though he overtopped them all; he carries a shield fashioned from the wing-shell of a green beetle, and his gallant weapon is the sting of a dragon-fly. All the finical court lords make way, as he leads forth the loveliest of the lady fays. He must be the Fairy Wellington.

That mincing Lothario near him, with the huge spurs of cockchafer's horns, and a glittering star (the topaz-drop of some plundered "forget-me-not"), is, beyond all doubt, one of the Queen's equerries; while there is no mistaking the solemn Chancellor, who stands apart, with a flowing wig of curled cobwebs, and an ample robe of bat's wing.

What a little world! And all these glorious and graceful creatures might be enclosed in a cocoa-nut, or carried off on a plantain leaf!

But, alas! the vision has already passed away. The Queen and her court; the merry dancers, and the no less merry minstrels are no more; and the only trace now left to us of this pigmy people is found in the bright green circles over which they have bounded hand in hand in our pleasant meadows; and where the mushrooms spring up in a round ring, like a necklace of pearls cast from the throat of some reckless beauty.

But, even although the fairies have disappeared for ever, we are nevertheless not obliged to forget that they once existed. Robinson Crusoe is no more, and his Man Friday has also passed away; Sir Edward Seaward, and the very island upon which he lived, are no longer to be found; the "thousand and one nights" of the story-telling Scheherazade have dwindled into the one night of the past; and Philip Quarl has long since laid down in his deer-skin garment to sleep the last sleep. Yet do any of us regret that we made their acquaintance? Surely not. We may sorrow that the days of such delight are over; that we can no longer, as we once did, "give the reins of imagination into our author's hands," but we are still well pleased to have hunted and planted with the castaways, and to have gazed and glittered with the Sultan; and, even in our wiser and our graver years, when we chance to lay our hands upon any of these, our old friends, do we ever fail to greet them with a sigh and a smile? A smile for the past and a sigh for the present? I can at least answer for myself; and, as I believe that no other person could, for the two last centuries, have had access to a certain old iron-studded chest, which was dug from among the ruins of an old feudal castle in Germany; and out of which, after much difficulty, I withdrew a small roll of MSS., prettily illuminated on time-faded vellum; and, despite their antiquity, strongly impregnated with a savour of violets; I am about to communicate their contents to the world.

How my eyes ached in decyphering the greater portion of them! of these the caligraphy was exquisite, but so minute that I was obliged to use the strongest magnifiers I could procure; and, even then, I have sometimes spent a day in securing a sentence. Added to which, the characters were not traced in ink, which increased the labour of my task a hundred fold. At first I was unable to decide on the nature of the different liquids that had been employed on these precious pages, but at last I mastered the secret, and a very graceful one it was. The entire packet consisted of letters; and such letters! All with the exception of the few first, which were carefully rolled about the rest, being the correspondence of an elfin beauty and her mortal lover. *His* epistles were easily read, though the orthography was quaint enough; but *hers* were enough to cause any heart save that of a thorough fairy lover like myself to fail on the very threshold of his task. They were, as I have already mentioned, written on illuminated vellum; but, on such minute pieces, that a summer wind sighing through the tangled clusters of a flowering clematis, would have sufficed to scatter them far and wide. As I proceeded with my undertaking, I discovered (and I give myself some credit for the discovery!) that the tender passages were inscribed with the juices of a blush-rose; the passionate portions with those of a clove carnation;* the learned (for I regret to say that the fay, lovely and loving as she must have been, was a little inclined to be a *precieuse*) with the dew which had nestled in the heart of a violet, and which was of clear fine blue; the ornate and emphatic with the golden stream from the crushed crown of an imperial

* In eastern countries the red carnation is the emblem of passion.

lily; and the reproachful with the pure, pale life-drops of the evening primrose. Other tints there were to express other passions and feelings; but, however prettily they were blent, and however they might please the eye as a mere picture, it will be readily believed that the mingled colours danced before the strained vision like the mazy patterns of the kaleidoscope, and rendered the perusal of the writing a threefold difficulty.

But of, and for myself, I have said enough; and I hasten to lay before the reader the contents of the mysterious MSS. I shall do it faithfully, and like a conscientious chronicler; neither adding nor diminishing; offering no comments, and combating no opinions. Opinions, said I? Truly those of a fairy belle should be almost untangible; and yet, it would seem as though the miniature beauty could feel right honestly, even though she might now and then fail to reason like a woman of the world.

LETTER I.

I am as little prepared as before, Fritz, to admit the validity of your arguments, even although they come to me clothed in all the glitter of your accustomed eloquence. Your spirit is singularly constituted; and you have imagined a perfection of moral excellence, which has certainly never yet been attained by *our* sex. Even I, sceptic as you declare me to be, can believe in, and admit the possibility of such love as you describe existing in a female heart; for women are self-sacrificing by nature; and the devotion of their all-absorbing affection flings from it every consideration of personal suffering, to secure the happiness of the one beloved. The very essence of a woman's affection is clinging confidence and almost childish trust. No pure-minded female ever raises the mental giants of suspicion, jealousy, and doubt, for the mere privilege of doing battle against them, or the weakness of voluntarily yielding to their dark spell. Dare you deny that the passion—you see that I even make use of another word to express the feeling of our grosser sex—dare you deny, I ask, that the passion of man is fed by these very vices? That out of his proud sense of power he creates visionary enemies, and, Quixote-like, wages war with the windmills of his own imaginary wrongs? Have you forgotten the fable of the men who peopled the earth by casting stones behind them? Have you to be reminded of the sowing of the dragon's teeth? You will admit the applicability of both these figures, if you are frank and honest. The lovingness of woman is rendered more beautiful by her weakness; but, even amid his spirit-thrall, man never loses the sense of his own physical superiority. This very fact proves at once how differently the sexes understand the nature of affection; to love is, with a woman, to cling, to trust, to yield, to value beyond self; to shape out every thought, and hope, and action according to a given model—with a man it is to protect, to guide, to guard, to controul. The master-spirit is never laid at rest; the spring of pride never ceases to flow. No, Fritz! the utter self-abnegation of which you love to talk is not compatible with our unyielding natures. I admit that a man who loves truly and worthily will do much, very much, for the woman whom he worships, but this fact by no means advances your argument; for he is only, by such concession, weaving more closely the web of affection about the heart of the loved one, making her, in short—and here, again, grant that I strengthen my position—more thoroughly *his own*.

I believe, Fritz; nay, I *know*, that a loved and loving woman deems no sacrifice too great, which may tend to the welfare of the chosen of her heart; but I am hopelessly sceptical as to the extent of *our* generosity on this point. You are young and enthusiastic; with fine feelings and an unthralled heart; and yet, not even of yourself will I anticipate that which you so confidently affirm to be certain. Fritz, you must pardon my prophecy. Should the trial come, you will fail, as surely as that I am your affectionate

HOFFMAN.

LETTER II.

You are wrong, dear Hoffman, believe me you are wrong in every stage of your argument. You have started on false premises, and you have persisted throughout your whole train of reasoning in the same ungenerous error. You have been pleased to allude, moreover, to what you see fit to denominate my "eloquence," as helping me to maintain an untenable opinion. I disclaim at once and for ever all claim to such an accomplishment; nor does the cause which I plead require any artificial support. Why should the nature of man be so degraded as to render him unable to love, not only purely and devotedly, but also with the depth of sentiment which must make every self-sacrifice an easy task? Why will you deny to him a quality so worthy, and, to my thinking, at the same time so easy? I believe that you are yourself capable of this virtue; and I feel satisfied that I am no less so. I scorn your prophecy! Let the trial come, and I will teach you to smile at your own narrow-hearted judgment. To the mass of mankind I am willing to concede that utter self-abnegation would be impossible, but, mankind, taken in the mass, fail in many particulars equally essential. The world is not an Utopia. We have no *right* to expect perfection as a general attribute. But what, I would ask, avails the mental and moral coercion of our early years—of what account is the discipline undergone by the student and the philosopher if he cannot attain to self-government and self-knowledge? Years do not make the sage, nor a serge gown the saint, you will answer; and I at once admit the position; but to know oneself on the subject which we are now discussing, requires neither to be sage nor saint. Nature has a thousand subtle influences, undiscerned save by the nobler spirits, which work their way truly and surely, despite all the sophistries of worldly wisdom. You know that I am young, high-born, wealthy; but what are attributes like these, when put in competition with the higher sentiments and impulses of our nature? I tell you again, sceptic! that for a woman whom I really loved, I would joyfully lay down my youth, my pride of ancestry, and my hoarded gold; and that the loss of them would not cost me a sigh. Nay, what were life itself, if, by its sacrifice, the happiness of the beloved one might be secured? Hoffman! Life also would be freely, joyfully offered up at the same shrine; for do we not ever seek the welfare of what we cherish, even to the gate of the grave? You are a scholar and a philosopher, but you are not a lover.——When the day comes, and trust me that come it will, you will be compelled to admit that I knew more of human nature than yourself. This is the answering prophecy of

FRITZ.

FLIGHT THE SECOND.

LETTER III.

You are a day-dreamer, my friend; living in an ideal world which can never be peopled by beings of flesh and blood. Our every-day system of life renders your brilliant vision impossible; and our cold and selfish human nature rivets the last link of the hard chain which social usages have coiled about us. Man was made for the world, and the world for man. Their mutual claims are imperative. Were they to be so utterly disregarded as to render your wild theory practicable, the whole social system would be prostrated at once; and human beings would walk the earth, quite incompetent to perform their allotted duties towards their fellow-men. Trust me, however, Fritz, when I assert that there is no fear of this. It is easy to imagine that we could yield up all for another, but when our truth is tested, we become weak, wavering, and undecided: our besetting sin of selfishness grapples at our hearts, and clutches them with a nerve of iron. We remember *ourselves;* and our inherent egotism saves us from the sacrifice we lately thought so light. You well know, Fritz, that I have loved; and yet you taunt me.—Had you known how I still love, you would have spared me the scoff. But, my friend, I love like a man, not like an angel; and sooner than resign my beautiful Amina to another, even though that other might make her world a paradise, I would grind him into dust, and see her crushed like a withered blossom at my feet. You will call me a monster for this avowal. Do so—until I may retort upon yourself.

Again I tell you that the essence of our love—our exacting, protecting, passionate love, is—selfishness.

HOFFMAN.

LETTER IV.

Write to me no more. We cannot understand each other. You argue upon the dregs, and I upon the essence, of human love. You will never convince me that I am in error, for I feel the living principle of what I have asserted, as it beats and burns within me. My dreams will be realised, or wherefore are they permitted thus to imbue my whole being? You will one day learn to know me better; and until the time comes, let us rather live upon the memory of our old friendship, than become estranged by an argument in which neither will be convinced. As sure as that there is a sun in Heaven, you will yet do me justice, and till then, farewell!

FRITZ.

LETTER V.

You bade me write to you no more, and for months I have maintained a silence which has pained my spirits and wounded my affection; but, Fritz, I can do it no longer. You walk the earth like one who is not of it. The whisper of wonder or the smile of pity follows upon your path. You have become sullen and unsocial. Your fine powers are negatived; your noble qualities are obscured; and I scarcely recognize in the accounts which reach me, my ancient friend of the free heart and the frank nature in the moody being who shuns the companionship of his kind, and seems to loathe the contact of his fellow-men. What spell is on you, Fritz? You were formed for high and holy things; and a cloud is on you which veils your value from the world it was meant to brighten. Unbosom your secret grief—pour out your sorrow, be it what it may, into a bosom which will sympathise with every pang—for grief and sorrow there must be to tell—and rely on the zealous and undiminished affection of

HOFFMAN.

LETTER VI.

Had I not already told you that we could never understand each other? I love you still, Hoffman—*Love*, did I say? How do men profane terms meant only for the lips of angels! But, do not seek to pry into the secret chambers of my spirit. For your own sake desist, for there dwells therein a light which would wither up your cold philosophy, and take your reason prisoner. Men look on me, you say, with wonder and with pity. Blind fools! let them look on. 'Tis not for such as they to see the spell that binds me.———Read, read, most sapient student! Gather fresh laurels from your musty pages, and learn at last from me that you know nothing; that all your boasted love is not worth a tithe of the labour it has cost; and that I have studied from a volume which you closed stubbornly against yourself, and which is the ONE book of human transport. I hear—for the world's murmurs reach me even now—that the pale pedants whom I have deserted for a dearer companionship, regret me as one who might have done them honour; and that you have won golden opinions, which you will one day be enabled to coin into a more tangible possession. Be it so. I smile, but do not envy. I would join my exclamation to the rest, if it could profit you; but I would not exchange one hour of my beatified existence for all the years of dull triumph that await you.

I dare not tell you more. Toil on, then; your path is easy, and your guerdon sure.

FRITZ.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

IT is within a bow-shot of the village. A lusty forester—a forester of old Ardennes—might wing an arrow to its nearest marge. When the summer twilight deepens, and the heavy air is hushed, you may hear the everchanging music of the nightingales' delicious song ringing through every aisle of that green wood; and if they pause, then, in that pause, an ear familiar with its murmur cannot fail to catch the silvery chiming of a waterfall—a music mellower than the birds'—as though it were a liquid echo to the songs just ceased.

Zoned by that stately wood, a broad and shining sheet of water—blue as a turquoise, yet flecked with here and there a moving image of the white and wandering clouds above—freshens the shelving sward, and laves the twisted roots that ever and anon peep out upon the clear cold stream that sleeps below.

Upon the southern margin of this tiny lake, just where a devious lane impinges on its borders, the surplus waters find a hasty outlet and form a picturesque cascade. A skilful hand—bridging the fall with a flinty arch, breaking its else tumultuous leap by stones fantastically piled, paving its bed and banks with fossils, spars, fragments of shattered sculpture, and curious minerals, and training the luxuriant tendrils of the dark ground-ivy, so that they tapestry its rugged sides—has made that waterfall a perfect picture in its kind.

But the wood—the shadowy, flowery, vocal wood! Of a surety, Chaucer must have had its fellow in his eye, when he described that "pleasaunt grove"

> "In which were okes great, streight as a line,
> Under the which the grasse, so fresh of hew,
> Was newly sprong, and an eight foot or nine
> Every tree well fro' his fellow grew,
> With branches brode, laden with leves new,
> That sprongen out ayen the sunne-shene,
> Some very red, and some a glad light grene."

For this, like his,

> "With turfes new
> Is freshly turved, whereof the grene grass,
> So small, so thicke, so short, so fresh of hew,
> That most like unto grene wool, I wot it is."

Pierced, too, by

> "Paths of little brede
> That greatly had not used be,
> For they forgrowen were with grasse and weede,
> That well unneth a wighte might it se."

Wild flowers in multitudes carpet the sward, and by the water's brim, drooping and delicate lilies of the valley shed a white gleam.

Some sixty paces from the waterfall, there is an open space—a grassy knoll—a natural dais,

as it were—the throne of one magnificent old oak, a kingly tree without a rival in its green domain. Beneath its branchy dome, a low irregular cottage has been reared; a rustic habitation, in perfect keeping with its site. But for the beauty of the porch with its rare carvings, the fair bay-windows with their antique panes of lozenge-shaped and many-coloured glass, and but for some slight evidences of taste and even luxury, discernible within, you might mistake that humble homestead, with its roof of thatch and high-peaked dormers, for a labourer's, or at best a bailiff's, cottage.

You have scarcely time to comment on the dazzling richness of the choice geraniums ranged on the benches in the porch, before a spare, attenuated, silvery-headed gentleman, stricken in years, and somewhat bowed withal, dressed in a fashion somewhat obsolete, yet in his costume faultlessly neat and point-device, emerges from the low arched doorway, and with a bland and courteous smile, and a peculiarly benign and soft expression beaming from his clear blue eyes, invites you to a closer view of his rare, blossoming treasures. Warmed by your praises of those cherished flowers, the old man welcomes you within his "keeping room;" and, with a pardonable garrulity, points out, and dwells at length upon the history of every relique garnered there:—vases and urns from Roman camps, weapons from Danish tumuli, and coins of the Heptarchy; a dinted bill, not innocent of blood at Hastings' fatal fight; and swords that had been hacked and gashed in Border frays and Northern raids. Missals, too, and venerable MSS.; and books so numerous and rare, your fingers absolutely yearn to loose their primitive clasps, and dally with the discoloured leaves, your eyes to pore upon the bold black type, and scan the quaint affected title-pages. Rome and Greece, France, Spain, and Italy,—the master-minds of all these realms meet in mute congress on his shelves: "mute," did we say? oh, what a grievous libel on the mighty dead! Not "mute," but fervid preachers, of surpassing eloquence; sage expounders of most beneficent truths; silver-tongued necromancers, with sorcery mightier than Prospero's; skilful to quicken or to calm, excite, subdue, all passions, feelings, impulses of the human heart, all thoughts and operations of the human mind, so long as human hearts shall beat and sentient faculties endure. How the sight of those beloved books has sent us wandering from the subject matter of our sketch!

Glossy, and dark with age, massive, and grotesque to boot, the oaken furniture asserts a claim to reverend antiquity. Pictures—sweet cabinet pieces—a Canaletti here, and there a Cuyp; a scripture piece by Francia; and a glorious woodland sketch, redolent of dewy leaves, and soft, moist, odorous turf, by Gainsborough; a foaming sea, from Vandervelde's creative pencil; and a vivid transcript of a southern landscape by Gaspar Poussin, grace (we could almost add) and glorify his walls. Within a niche, canopied by an elaborately sculptured fragment of a cathedral stall, an exquisite Etruscan vase—a perfect gem—rests on a slender slab of delicately-veined Sienna marble, crowned with a diadem of summer flowers, perpetually renewed, that seem to shine with a peculiar and unaccustomed light amidst the sombre furniture and rusty reliques, by which those flowers, so full of life, and grace, and youth, and fragrant freshness, are gloomily surrounded. Over all is shed a stream of many-hued and fluctuating light, tempered and tinted by the motley-coloured medium through which it pours. Charmed with the place, you turn to your benign, kind-hearted guide, and with a candid eulogy confess that he has made that room a perfect realm of Faëry; and wending homewards, ponder much upon the teeming brain, and pure large heart which seemed to prompt the eloquent discourse of your delightful and delighted cicerone.

We had often wondered what could have been the tenor of the old man's early life. We had divined that something more than a mere ordinary love of nature and of books had called him into studious retirement. We believed that those inanimate objects—those dumb mementos of departed centuries on which his heart appeared to be so much set, were but the imperfect substitutes for something worthier,—something that had been better loved, and prized, and prematurely lost. Nor did we greatly err in these conjectures, as the recital of one solitary but strange occurrence, in itself developing a little history of the past, will perhaps exemplify.

Late in the evening of an autumn day, in 18—, the tract of country bordering on Peddam Grove was visited by a tempest more terrific than any that had been witnessed for many previous years. Peal upon peal of brattling thunder, echoed along the murky vault of heaven, lit only by the livid glare of lightning-flashes riving the awful blackness of the storm. When the deafening thunder-crashes rolled away, the wild winds, roaring through the groaning trees, gave terrible responses to the elemental music. No moon, no stars, no glimpses of the ordinary light of heaven, were visible through all the pitchy concave of that terrible and angry sky.

Within his antiquated chamber sat our studious friend, buried in a not ungrateful reverie, his eyes fixed on the ruddy flickering of the cheerful fire, his mind wandering unconsciously through the "dark backward and abysm of time," and his ear but partially attentive to the hoarse wailing of the blasts without, the

creaking of the branchy trees, as they were swayed by the controlling wind, the blind dashing of the rain and withered leaves against the casements, and the solemn diapasons of the thunder fearfully audible over all. Once or twice, indeed, he started up, awakened from his reverie by what he thought to be a shout and shriek; but it was so improbable that human beings should venture out on such a night, that he dismissed the fancy from his mind, and fell once more into his former reverie.

Again the shouting and the shrieking seemed to rise more shrilly wild and desperate, as the deafening tumult of the storm sustained a momentary pause. That some one was abroad seemed now beyond dispute or doubt; and, fortifying himself against the pitiless pelting of the tempest, and bidding a domestic lead the way with staff and lanthorn, the old man sallied forth. Guided by the sound, he reached a spot where a black and bulky mass lay stretched by the roadside. By the wavering light of the lanthorn, he discerned a figure lying in the road, with his battered and bleeding head dashed evidently on a pointed stone; his lower limbs encumbered by an overthrown post-chaise, from whose incumbent pressure a lady was engaged in vain endeavours to release him; while the postillion strove with similar hopelessness to extricate the horses from the shelving bank, down which they had madly rushed. Aided by the efforts of the two new comers, the poor mutilated sufferer was released from his position, and carefully conveyed to the habitation of our friend. Returning to the spot, he learnt from the postillion that the strangers were on their transit from the sea-coast to an inland residence; that, confounded by the darkness of the night, and the terrors of the tempest, he had mistaken his road; and that the horses, dazzled and startled by the vivid lightning-flashes, had become so perfectly unmanageable and independent of control as to cause the deplorable catastrophe which had just occurred. As soon as the latter could be extricated from the road-side gully, the postillion was despatched for medical assistance, and the old man once more sought the welcome shelter of his roof.

Making some brief inquiries touching the sufferer's condition, he left him to the lady's and his servant Mabel's charge; and descending to the room below, piled up fresh logs upon the hearth, and busied himself in preparing such emollients and restoratives as were immediately at hand, haunted the while—most strangely haunted and disquieted—by the accents of the lady's voice. He chid the fancy, and still the fancy would not be effaced. Accents like those had rung within the chambers of his memory for many years; and now—— oh! 'twas improbable; nay, almost impossible. Yet the idea clung to him—clung to him the more tenaciously, the more he strove to shake it off.

In the meantime, the lady had unveiled; and the dying man (for such indeed he was) had had his countenance divested of its gory mask, and with a feeble voice intimated a wish to testify his gratitude for the timely help afforded by his host: accordingly, the domestic was despatched upon the errand, and in a few seconds the old man's gentle footfalls were again upon the threshold.

Had Medusa's snaky head glared on the group? Why stood the old man thus aghast? Why did the others, simultaneously convulsed and conscience-stricken, strain their hands upon their aching eyes, as though they would exclude some horrid vision, and shut up the sense from impressions hideous as the phantasies which nightly crowd upon a murderer's brain?

It were a tale as tedious as true if all its details were divulged. Suffice it that the old man recognized there—*there*, under his own roof, in the chamber of which he had so long been the sole and solitary inmate—the adulterous wife, whose broken faith had driven him into privacy, and coloured all his after-life with its peculiar hues, and the paramour, for whose uncertain passion, years before, she had renounced home, honour, and all that hallowed and adorned the pure sphere in which the wife and mother moved—brought, by the retributive workings of a mysterious Providence, the latter to breathe out his last beneath the roof of him he had so foully wronged, the former to become the witness of her husband's wordless scorn, her paramour's miserable and remorseful death.

We have but little inclination to dwell at length upon a subject involving details as painful as humiliating. The paramour died of the contusions he had received, forgiven (let us not forget to add) by his injured host, and was interred with plain and simple circumstance in Hemblington church-yard. The lady presently removed a little distance from the scene of the calamity, and from the immediate presence of one, whose very aspect—pure and benevolent as it was—seemed a tacit and continual reproach to her. Twice in each year, at Christmas and at Easter, they join the communicants at —— Church, midway between their respective places of abode; and to those who are acquainted with their relationship, but unacquainted with their previous history, these venerable individuals (for they are now considerably advanced in years) are the constant occasion of conjectures at once ingenious and innumerable.

JAMES SMITH.

THE ADVENT OF STEAM.

Hissing, roaring, screaming—
Hiding the sun's bright beam,
With smoky volume dense and dark—
Came wonder-working steam.
Its presence filled the world:
A thing of fire and smoke:
It lashed the waters into foam;
The thunder of its stroke

Was carried o'er the deep,
A sound unheard before;
A thing of power so wonderful
Its bosom never bore.
It cleft the mountain-wave,
Or rode upon its crest;
It traversed, with the lightning's speed,
The ocean's furrowed breast.

It stopped not for the calm;
The tempest it defied;
It walked the waters in its might,
Unheeding wind or tide.
It snorted on the land,
Like a war-horse for the fray:
But the hot blast of its nostrils
Obscured the face of day;

And cast a scorching blight
On tree, and bush, and flower;
And blackness marked its track, as of
A spent volcano's power.
And man was wasted when
That mighty thing of fire
Became his fellow-labourer,
And toiled and would not tire.

And woman's blush of beauty
Fast faded from her cheek,
As she, beside the demon power
Waxed shadow-like and weak.

And thin and squalid children,
Like sprites of sallow hue,
Amid the never-ceasing din,
Toiled with the giant too.

Alas! the sight of flowers—
The sun—the summer sky—
The verdure of the mountain-steep—
The streamlet rushing by—
The valleys clothed in green—
The foliage-loaded trees—
The thrilling melody of birds—
The heather-scented breeze—

To these dwellers in the smoke
Are almost things unknown;
But the selfishness intense of wealth
Shall yet be overthrown.
That grasping power is doomed,
Eternal though it seem;
Endure a while—the world shall see
The finished work of steam.

Its spoils are not of war—
Nor its trophies those of blood;
It bids not desolation point
To sites where cities stood.
But things that tyrants baffled
Are prostrate at its feet:
For hoary time and distance yield
To steam an homage meet.

To the corners of the earth
It bears the flag, unfurled,
Of peace; its mission—peace throughout
The circuit of the world.
With glory on its path,
And grandeur in its trail,
The ark of promise bright to man
Let all the nations hail?

J. W.

BALLAD.

Love's a bird you should not cage—
Leave him free of wing;
And with gentle lure engage
The flutterer to sing.
A prison—though 'twere barred with gold—
Would make the captive sigh,
Till, struggling vainly 'gainst his hold,
He'd break his heart and die!
Believe, believe a maiden's word—
That Love's precisely like a bird!

Speak not harshly—he can't brook
Words of chiding sound;
Smile of coldness—doubtful look,
Oft are fatal found.
Though you bind him not to roam,
Let him think he's free;
And he'll make his fetter'd home
The nest of Liberty!
Oh yes! believe a maiden's word—
That Love's precisely like a bird!

W.

A YANKEE SPARKING FROLIC.

BY THEODORIC BROWN.

"WELL, gentlemen," said the Yankee, "the lot has fallen on me to begin first, and I aint a goin' to back out; but as I can't realise any particular story jest now, if you are agreeable I guess I'll give you an account of my first sparkin' frolic, and I have a notion it's a goin' to be the last one too."

The approbation of his proposition being unanimous, and the hearth having been replenished with a couple of armfuls of maple logs, he took in a liberal supply of the Indian weed, and thus began:—

"I was born and raised in the Granite State (New Hampshire), and as dad's farm wasn't overly big, and as there were six of us boys, I didn't do much besides goin' to school and loafin' about till I was about eighteen, when I agreed with dad to buy up my time, and gave him a note for a hundred and fifty dollars to be paid as soon as I could. I had picked up considerable knowledge from books, and had been reckoned somethin' of a scholar, and as minister gave me a certificate that I had had a 'call,' the trustees of a district school about five miles off, hired me out to teach for the winter, though certainly I was pretty young for such work. They agreed to give me eighteen dollars a month, and I was to live a week at the house of each of my scholars, and have my board, lodgin' and washin'. Well—the first mornin' I came pretty airly, and when I lighted the fire, I got out the books, and sot down behind my desk, to show the scholars that I was all ready for them; but I tell *you*, I began to shake all over the worst kind when I saw about thirty head of tall strappin' fellers and gals comin' in, some of them over twenty, and they all walked in in a lump, kinder laughin' and talkin', as if they expected I was somethin' despicable, and had made up their minds to do jest as they liked. You see, the last teacher wasn't spry enough for them: he was a little old man that had enough to do to keep the breath in his carcase without lookin' after thirty boys and gals, and they thought that because I was young, they could come the same game over me. 'Well,' thinks I to myself, 'I've got myself into a pretty muss now; there aint one of them fellers there that can't lick the schoolmaster if he takes a notion.' But it wouldn't suit to seem skeered, so I kinder smiled to them all, and told them it was an awful cold mornin', and tried to look as if I was quite comfortable, and wouldn't miss havin' sitch a clever lot of scholars, no not for five dollars. When they were all in, I pulled on a long face and stood up to make a speech, which is always done on sitch occasions; and havin' given the desk a most thunderin' thump with the ruler to call attention, I said, as far as I can now remember,—'Ladies and gentlemen! I have been elected into the office of superintendin' your education by the highminded and patriotic trustees of this district school, and I trust that I shall acquit my duty to the satisfaction of my feller citizens. I guess we shall get on pretty well together if you'll only pay attention to your studies, which I have no doubt you will. Remember, ladies and gentlemen, that over our heads the star-spangled banner floats proudly in the breeze—remember, that you are the posteriors of the noble-minded Puritans, and let their example incite you on to the acquisition of knowledge and virtue.' I had written down a long oration I intended to make, and which I had stolen mostly from 'lection speeches, but I couldn't think of any more, so I wound up with somethin' of my own, which I thought would suit the present case.—'Ladies and Gentlemen,—You'll find me a pretty easy goin' horse if you treat me well, but if you think I'm a soft feller that you can do what you like with, I guess you'll find you have hold of the wrong child before you've done with me. If you git ugly, I'll curl up, and when my dander's riz, I'll chaw up all creation if it comes in my way;' and givin' a sorter bloodthirsty look at the biggest feller, I sot down. Now, I tell *you*, that speech of mine had a pretty considerable load effect on them, they never heerd so many 'tarnal long words strung together by a school teacher before, and that gave them a sorter respect for me, and the last part came home pretty strong to their feelin's. I guess that everythin' would have bin square and I should have had an easy seat if it had'nt bin for one feller, and that was Pete Tomkins. He was over twenty and an awful long feller, a reg'lar screamer among the gals, and the greatest rowdy in the country. He was'nt a bad lookin' human neither, but he was one of the ugliest devils between here and the day of judgment, always a fightin', or gettin' into some scrape or other. But the worst of it was, he was always repentin', and when minister or the elders talked to him, he would beg their pardon and keep quiet for a day or two, and may be at the next prayer meetin', he would git up and tell how he was converted, and give his experience in sitch a movin' way that all the gals would begin to cry, and then the very next day he would be up to some piece of devilment ten times worse than before. I very soon saw he was a hard customer and nothin' but hard cider would do for him. I tell *you*, when I saw the way he was goin' on while I was speechifyin', I nearly boiled over—I felt as mad as a bear with a sore head. 'Never mind,' thinks I to myself, 'I guess he aint got up early enough for me; if he don't look out, he'll git more than he can eat in a little less than no time.' The first thing I did, I asked all the fellers their names, so that I might know what to call them. They all answered genteely enough till I came to Pete, and when I asked him, says he, 'What's your'n, Bob?' I tell you I felt wrathy at this, and so I says, 'I expect it'll be best for your health to answer me at once.'

"'Lor' a massey!' says he, 'don't frighten a body, I'm narvous;' and all the gals began to titter. Well, when I heard the critter going on in this way, my steam began to get up, I felt so awful wicked I could have massacred my grandfather if he had been near me. 'Walk up

here, Sir !' shouted I, and up he came, laughin' and winkin' at the other fellers. Down I jumped from my desk, and says I, 'If you think you're a-goin' to be boss in the same room with me, you've come to the wrong market,' and before he could answer, I put my foot behind him, and hit him a blow on the face that sent him flat on his back. I tell *you* I thought, for a minute or two, that he was clean gone, but he was only stunned, and after a spell, he began to sithe and puff as if he was trying how much wind he could take in without choking himself. I 've a notion he kept raythor quiet after that, and it was quite a caution to see what an orderly school I had for the rest of the winter, and how the fellers progressed in their studies. But I guess I've got a little out of the track, but I'll come to the sparking, right away. At first I did'nt take partic'lar notice of any of the scholars except Pete, I was so busy a sorting them into classes and regulating the school, but when I looked at one of the gals, who was called Abby Jackson, I was surprised I had'nt noticed her before. She was perhaps the greatest gal you would meet with between Maine and Georgia, a reg'lar whole team by herself. She was a small, well-shaped, clean-limbed little heifer, about a year younger than myself, with long black hair, large handsome eyes, lips that would make an Injun's mouth water, and a waist that was jest the size to put a feller's arm round. I soon began to think that she had some sorter feelin' for me for the way I reg'lated affairs the first day, for sometimes when I was a hearin' of her her lesson, she would steal a look out of the corners of her eyes at me, that would go right through like a 'lectric shock, and set me a tremblin' for half an hour arterwards. 'Well,' thinks I to myself, 'this won't convene at all. It'll be a pretty fix if the school teacher becomes spooney with one of his scholars; I must remember the dignity of my office, and leave all such feelin's to boys and gals.' But it was no good, I was a gone goose, my flint was completely fixed when it was her father's turn to keep me for a week. If that gal was good in the school-room, she was angeliferous at hum. If she was dressed ever so plain, and doin' ever so dirty work, there was always a kinder somethin' about her, so neat, and clean, and inticin', that I could'nt keep my eyes off her no way I could fix it. Sometimes when she would turn round, and catch me a lookin' at her, she would turn away her head, kinder confused like, and I would become as red in the face as a woodpecker. And then she cooked so beautifully that there was no standin' it. If there's one thing that I admire more than another, I guess its Injun bread, but I never realised what it was, till I tasted what she made. The only thing I didn't like was, that she had'nt any cash, although that did'nt make much difference with me then. Well, gentlemen, you may larf if you like, but, I guess you've all been as green as I was at some time or other.

"Well, I did all I could, not to think of Abby for a considerable spell, but I soon saw it was no good, I might as well have tried to get maple juice out of a hemlock, so I kinder thought over how we could fix it to work together, but I couldn't bring it about no way. I couldn't well sot up a tavern, cos I had no money, and owed dad a hundred and fifty dollars, and nobody would sell me a farm on credit till I was over age, but still, for all that, I did'nt give in, for when a feller's eighteen, nothin's impossible. I thought it would be best not to show any likin' for her till my hiring was out, 'cause if I did the gals would be pokin' fun at me, and the old folks would think I was'nt doin' my duty to the rest; but still, though I thought I acted to her the same as the rest, and never let her off when she did'nt know her lesson, yet the hull school seemed to have found out my feelin's about as soon as I did myself. Some young devil or other, printed 'Abby Jackson' in large letters, in all my books, and the rest joked at me, till I thought I should never hear the end of it. But I stood it as well as I could, and acted so, that they all thought, after a spell, there was nothin' partic'lar between Abby and me. Well, when the spring began and the scholars dropped off one by one, the Trustees concluded to shut up the school, and so I was paid off, and again had all my time to myself.

"'Well,' thinks I, 'I guess I'll go right ahead now, and while I'm out of work, I'll find out what notion Abby has of me,'—and, so after thinkin' some time, I wrote this letter to her.

"'Mr. Ezra Jenkins sends his most respectful compliments to Miss Abigail Jackson, and would feel much obliged if you would have the condescension to let me keep company with you on Wednesday evening. I am, Madam,

"'Your respectful and obedient servant,

"'Ezra Jenkins.'

"That was'nt bad neither, was it? Well, I went next mornin' to give her the letter when I guessed her folks would be out choppin', and I squatted down behind the well a-waitin' till she should come out to draw water. I tell *you* I waited there two hours and a half, and if I wasn't about as cold as I ever was in my life, it's a pity. Well, just as I concluded to get up and go hum, if my legs wasn't too stiff, I heerd steps a comin', and in a minute the bucket began to rattle. Up I jumps, and who do you think I saw? 'Abby,' says you. No it was'nt Abby, neither; but her everlastin' old mother. The moment she saw me she gave a yell, and let the bucket fall down the well. 'Thunder and lightnin',' thinks I, 'I'm up a stump now—raythor.' Well she stood starin' at me, and I stood starin' at her, for considerable of a spell; and at last she says 'Lor' a massy, Ezry, what the dogs made you skeer a body so?' I told her I fell down and sprained my ancle, and I was squattin' down behind the well a rubbin' it. 'Well,' says she, lookin' kinder wicked, its a marcy you didn't hurt your clothes when you fell; but I guess you had better come in and warm yourself, you look awful cold.' I *was* cold, there was no two ways about *that*, and so 'tarnal stiff that I could hardly move one leg after another. After we got in, Mother Jackson told me that Abby had gone out about an hour ago, on a message to the village—I expect while I was behind the well—and I told her that when I fell I was comin' up to ask her if she had heerd of any chance of hirin' out. Well, after I had warmed myself, I told her I could'nt stop any longer, and I sot off as hard as I could, thinkin' it lucky to catch Abby by herself on the road; but I tell *you*, I changed my tune when I came in sight of her comin' hum. I began to guess I hadn't oughter to have been in sitch a hurry with this affair. I thought that maybe I had'nt looked enough on both sides of the question; but there was no backing out

now, so I walked up to her, and looked as bold as I could. She didn't pretend to notice me till I was just close to her, and then she looked as if she was rayther confused, and I guess I was much the same; but still I turned back and walked with her a considerable distance, talking quite social about the weather. When we got in sight of her house, I began to get red and feel shaky all over the worst kind. But I took out the letter and said, 'Here's a letter for you, Abby, from a friend of mine; I guess you can give him an answer after the prayer-meetin' is over, on Saturday;' and the way I sloped hum after I said that, don't signify.

"Well, I remained in doors till Saturday, and did nothin' but sit down all day, sometimes a thinkin' that I had done all for the best, and sometimes that I had acted rayther softly. After the prayer-meetin' was over, I went out before the rest of the folks, and waited on the stoop, feelin' a considerable sight worse than I did when I was a little older, when I had six Blackfeet pretty close on my trail. Abby and her mother came out together, and walked up to me, and after blushin' a good deal, and lookin' confused like, she gave me a letter. The old lady looked kinder cunning at me, and said, 'I hope you was'nt much hurt with that fall,' and she larfed right out. I tell *you*, I couldn't stand that no how, so I cleared as fast as my shanks would carry me.

"As soon as I got hum, I opened the letter. It was written quite han'somely, for Abby was a dreadful pretty writer, and she said that 'If Mr. Ezra Jenkins would do himself the pleasure of coming, she would do herself the pleasure of seeing him on Wednesday evening.' I felt kinder proud of that letter, for it was the first that anybody had ever sent me, and it was the first time I had been called 'Mister.'

"Well, on Wednesday arternoon, I fixed myself out in my go-to-meetin's, and told our folks that I was goin' to get five dollars that a man owed me, who lived six miles from us, and that I guessed I should stop all night. It was about four miles and a half to Abby's hum, and the road wasn't generally much travelled; but this time I thought there would be no end to the folks I met. They all asked me where I was goin', and—it may be only a notion of mine—I fancied they kinder looked back and grinned when I told them, as if they suspected I had been exaggeratin' a few. It was rather cold and I walked quick, so that I found I got there too soon; so I went into the bush behind their house, and sot down for a good spell, till it came dark. The snow was only a short time off the ground, and the hollers in the woods were full of water, so I cut me a staff to help me in jumpin' over the pools; but it was a reg'lar mean stick, half-rotten I guess, and as I was in the middle of a leap, it snapped right in two, and left me up to the waist in water. I tell *you* I *did* feel mad. I'd have given anything to have somebody near that I could have licked, for I'd have got cool after that; but I guess I pretty soon got cool, rayther more so than was pleasant, when the wind began to blow agin my legs. When I got agin on the road, I stood still for a minute, thinkin' whether I should go in or not while I was in that fix; but old Jackson was jest comin' in from chopping, and when he saw me, he gave a yell, and so I was obligated to go in; and in I sneaked, like a dog with his tail between his legs, and feelin' most thunderin' mean and shabby.

"I shouldn't have cared so much if there hadn't been nobody there but their own folks, but there was an aunt of theirs that I had never seen before, with a whole lot of gals. There was one thing, I was glad of, and that was that Abby was'nt in the room. The old man took me up stairs and gave me a pair of his pants; but I made sitch a figure in them I was most ashamed to go down. They were about big enough to hold two fellers like me, and room enough left to store away provisions for a week. I thought the old man would have died o' larfin', and he didn't dare to look at me for the rest of the evenin' for fear he should have called the attention of the ladies to me, which would have been very indecent. Well, after we had got supper I began to get warm and comfortable and to loosen my tongue considerable, and when the things were put away the old man said that I had better go into the next room, and I took his hint and said 'good night' to them all. As I was walkin' out, mother Jackson happened to turn round and saw how I was fixed out. She burst right out a larfin' like to split, and all the rest follered her. I tell *you* I got savage at that, and in I went into the room bangin' the door after me. It was a little place that had been used for a bed-room, but the bed had been taken out for this occasion, and it was as hot as an oven from a big maple fire that was blazin' on the hearth. Abby was sittin' down on one side blushin' away like everythin', and so I asked her how she was, and sat down opposite her, while my wet pants were dryin' on the back of a chair, steamin' away between us like a young eng*ine*. Thunderin' queer sight, was'nt it?

"Now, when a feller's got on a pair of pants twice too big for him, and feels ugly from the folks larfin' at him, and besides that, is naturally bashful, he aint exactly the kinder article to get on well in a sparkin' frolic. Abby would'nt say anythin', cause it aint proper for ladies to speak first on sitch occasions, and I *couldn't*. For about half an hour my tongue was tied, and I couldn't have spoken if it was to save my life. I was shaky all over of the worst kind, and not only felt bad, but I knew I was makin' a fool of myself all the while. Never felt so shabby in my life.

"After sittin' down quiet on the edge of my chair for considerable of a spell, looking in the fire, I said, 'I expect the old man 'll be thinkin' of ploughin' soon?' 'I guess he will,' says she. I could'nt think of anythin' more to say, so we again come to a halt for a spell. At last she says—'Did you notice Blanch Higgs's bonnet last Sabbath?' 'Carnt say I did,' says I. Well, I'd bin generally considered considerable tonguey, but now all my idees were in a jam. I asked her what she'd bin readin' lately, but she didn't take a notion for readin', so that I had to shut up completely. For the next hour, Abby and I kept lookin' at the fire; I all the while feelin' very drowsy, and wishin' it was mornin'; sometimes kinder thinkin' what to say next, and sometimes half going off to sleep, and suddenly wakin' up with a queer sorter feelin', like a man that knew he was goin' to be hanged in the mornin'. By-and-by I looked up, and there was Abby noddin' her head, bowing away to my pants like clock-work. After watchin' her for a short spell, I began to foller her

example; but jest as I was a goin' to sleep in real good airnest, I heerd a most thunderin' big noise, and when I looked up, there was Abby lyin' on the floor. I guess the sparkin' had been dull work for her, for she fell asleep and off her chair at the same time. I jumped up as quick as I could, and in my hurry knocked the chair, pants and all, into the fire. But I didn't think of them, but went to haul Abby up. The moment she fell she began to yell most awfully; and when I took hold on her, she cried out ten times worse. As I was tryin' to get her up, and she was yellin', her father, hearin' the muss, came tearin' out of the next room like mad, with nothin' but his shirt on, and with a sword in his hand, that he wore at trainin's, follered by Mother Jackson with a loaded rifle, and the old aunt and her gals, who were yellin' as loud as they could holler to keep Abby company. Now all this took place in less time than I take tellin' of it, and as I was only half awake, I wasn't jest in a right state for thinkin'. I was never the sorter feller to back out of a fair fight, but a sword and rifle agin' nothin' don't suit with me, so I yielded to the impulse of the moment, and throwin' open the winder, I was a-jumpin' out when Mother Jackson fired off the rifle. I felt somethin', but didn't stop to see what it was, and the way I sloped home after that was a caution. I had to walk up and down our lot for a couple of hours until it was day; and when I saw that our folks were stirrin', I walked in. I tell *you* they *did* stare when they saw the pants I had on, with a sizeable hole in 'em, torn by a nail, as I jumped out of the winder, not to speak of a small one made by Mother Jackson's bullet. But they didn't say anythin', thinkin' I'd tell all myself, but I kept quite quiet, and as soon as breakfast was over, I made up a small bundle of clothes, and left the house, and two days arter I was in the State of New York, where I hired out to a farmer. I have heerd since that the story of my sparkin' got over half the State; but my folks didn't say anythin' about it to me, except once they told me Abby had got married to a young Englisher. But I tell *you* I have never spoken to a gal since that more than I could help; and if ever anybody catches me goin' a sparkin' agin, I'll give him leave to turn me inside out. I will, by gosh!"

THE AUTOCRAT.

He came in his pomp from the distant land,
Where his lowest, lightest breath,
Or a wave from his proud imperial hand,
Is the mandate of life or death.

And crowds of freemen lined the shore
As he stepped on British ground;
And their sturdy cheers, 'mid the cannons' roar,
Was a joyous, goodly sound.

And women stood amongst the throng—
Mothers, and maidens fair—
And their tuneful voices, loud and long,
In the welcoming took share.

Oh Freemen! Women! had ye known
But half his deeds accurst,
Whom ye greeted then—what a dismal groan
From your sickened hearts had burst!

Ye cannot dream what hellish crimes
Are done in the face of day—
Unpunished, unchecked—in the icy climes
Which own his fearful sway.

Ye live in a land where Freedom waves
Her banner to the sky;
Ye dream not of one where shameless slaves
In bondage live and die;

Where countless millions bend beneath
One despot's iron rod,
And worship in fear, in the self-same breath,
Their tyrant and their God.

1844.

Ye know not, perchance, in those realms unblest,
Where yon proud one fills the throne,
That women—the loveliest, youngest, best—
In torture writhe and groan!

Oh husbands! lovers! ye who shared
But now in that welcoming shout,
Go, picture the form of your loved one bared
Beneath the blood-stained knout.

Behold the robe from her shoulders stripped!
Her white arms rudely bound!
And her tender body lashed and whipped
'Till her blood rains on the ground!

And 'mid the pangs and the feverish thirst
Which rack her fainting frame,
She scarce can know which wounds her most—
The torment or the shame.

And think ye, too, of a fertile land,
Whose children, brave and free,
Shed their dear hearts' blood, in their gallant stand
'Gainst that proud man's tyranny.

And ponder then on that record true,
Which blackens history's page,
How his swarming soldiers burned and slew,
And spared nor sex nor age.

And when these fearful truths ye hear—
If your shuddering hearts allow—
Ask pardon then for the greeting cheer
Ye gave that man but now.

Liber.

NEW BOOKS.

SONGS. By BARRY CORNWALL. *Moxon.*

UNIFORM with the new pocket editions of Leigh Hunt, Taylor, and Talfourd, we have Barry Cornwall's treasury of songs and poems, and at a price which brings it within the means of thousands. The book has received very many additions, lyrical and other, which, sure we are, will extend even the fame of the writer as a song-writer and a poet, standing pre-eminently out as he has done from the list of ballad-mongers who have tired the public ear with their drawing-room sentimentalities; with often at best harmonious nothings—and too frequently equivocal pandering to false morals. The sugary absurdities of the Rosa Matilda school still exist and flourish, set off by all the arts and graces of lithographic portraiture. The nonsense of the past times, newly-lacquered, is still vended by music-sellers; witness the simpering features that were first met "in the Abbey walls," that were crowned with "a wreath of roses;" and that with slightest alteration come out every week to the persecution of the victims at evening parties, and to the especial profit of the music-master. Wonderful is it to know what wretched jargon of words may be passed off and set to music! Sense is nothing; the ear is to be tickled with "love" and "dove," "sorrow" and "morrow," ending with a shake that makes partial mammas look about them with maternal pride, challenging universal admiration for the "talented performer." How many a young lady who thinks she plays and sings, does nothing more than—as we heard a sufferer once observe—"commit a breach of the peace."

The stage, too, has for many years been an allowed place for the execution of lyrical no-meaning. The singers, in nine instances out of ten, might as well have sung any set of words from a Chinese dictionary as the words wedded to the "immortal" music of the dramatic composer. Did we wish, in these days of hand-books, to collect the Hand-book of Nonsense, we should seek for no other materials than those supplied by dramatists of the last forty years. Who can forget the balderdash made current by Braham, when he sang—

——— the Maid of Lodi,
Who sweetly sang to me,
Whose brows were *never cloudy*,
Nor e'er distort with glee!

Who can forget the delicious nonsense of George Colman, which for years tickled the long ears of John Bull? Who but remembers that exquisite picture of the "little fifer," whose somnolency is to be the signal of escape to the lovers in the "Mountaineers?"

When the hollow drum has beat to bed,
When the little fifer *hangs his head*
Still and mute
The moorish flute,
And nodding guards watch wearily,
Then will we
From prison flee
And *slily slip* from slavery!

Within these last three or four years applauding audiences have hailed the song, conveying the following profound meaning:

Bending o'er thy gallant vessel
Never more thee to behold,
Like some fairy in a sunbeam,
Bath'd in waves of liquid gold!

With what beautiful simplicity did the present Dowager Countess of Essex advance to the foot-lights of Covent Garden Theatre, and—for nearly sixty or seventy nights—petition mercy for the slave!

Sons of freedom, hear my story,
Mercy well becomes the brave;
Humanity is Briton's glory,
Pity and protect the slave!

It will be seen that every one of these lines stands independently upon its own merits. The singer may transpose any of them; singing the last first, and the first last! We could go on filling pages with examples of the lyric Muse, whose true Parnassus was the ballad and marble-warehouse of Mr. Pitts, of Seven-dials, but who, nevertheless, like Goldsmith's bear, was accompanied by "the genteelest of tunes," executed to the genteelest of company. From the time of Ben Jonson, our stage is singularly deficient in lyric verse. The songs in "The Beggar's Opera," are, in nearly every instance, epigrams set to music. Sheridan's songs are the songs of a scholar, of a man who methodically tags love verses, rather than the outpouring of a full heart, and the rejoicing of animal spirits. O'Keefe wrote one noble song, worthy of the olden time. Let the reader judge:—

Flow thou regal purple stream,
Tinted with the solar beam;
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart, and glad mine eyes!

My brain ascends on fancy's wing,
'Noint me wine a jovial king!
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirsty subjects say,
A month he reigned, but that was May!

There is singular nerve and power of expression in the first verse of Tom Dibdin's "When Vulcan forged," but, as far as we can remember, it forms the only exception to the mass of jingling words with which, for nearly half a century, he beguiled the public ear.

Barry Cornwall is essentially an English song-writer. He has energy, taste, elegance, an exquisite harmony of rhythm, all subservient to the finest poetical conceptions. One twentieth part of the volume before us would make an enduring reputation; would ensure to a writer a certainty of going many generations down in, perhaps, the most beautiful phase under which literary immortality can exist—in that of lyric verse. Songs are sweetest companions. They touch the sympathies of all men. Often first heard in our childhood, they remain with us through life as echoes of the past, sounding of scenes and things we "would not willingly let die." Many a ship, whose oaken timbers are now flourishing in the forest, will resound to the sea songs in the little volume before us; which contains exhaustless variety of theme, in its universal application touching all of the family of man.

Our first extract shall be "London." There is a sweet simplicity in its commencement, ending with the sorrowfulness of experience:

LONDON.

Oh, when I was a little boy,
How often was I told
Of London and its silver walls,
And pavements all of gold;
Of women all so beautiful,
And men so true and bold,
And how all things 'tween earth and sky
Were therein bought and sold.

And so I came to London:
'Twas on a summer's day,
And I walked at times and rode at times,
And whistled all the way;
And the blood rushed to my head,
When Ben, the waggoner, did say—
"Here's London, boy, the Queen of towns,
As proud as she is gay."

I listened, and I looked about,
And questioned, and—behold!
The walls were not of silver,
The pavement was not gold;
But women, oh, so beautiful,
And—may I say—so bold,
I saw, and Ben said—"All things here
Are to be bought and sold."

And I found they sold the dearest things;
The mother sold her child,
And the sailor sold his life away
To plough the waters wild;
And captains sold commissions
To young gentlemen so mild,
And some thieves sold their brother thieves,
Who hanged were or exiled.

And critics sold their paragraphs;
And poets sold their lays;
And great men sold their little men
With votes of "Ays" and "Nays;"
And parsons sold their holy words,
And blessèd rich men's ways;
And women sold their love—(for life,
Or only a few days).

'Twas thus with all:—For gold, bright Art
Her radiant flag unfurled;
And the young rose let its unblown leaves
Be cankered and uncurled;
For gold against the tender heart
The liar's darts were hurled;
And soldiers, whilst Fame's trumpet blew,
Dared death across the world.

And so, farewell to London!
Where men do sell and buy
All things that are (of good and bad)
Beneath the awful sky;
Where some win wealth, and many want;
Some laugh, and many sigh:
Till, at last, all folks, from king to clown,
Shut up their books, and—die!

We give another instance illustrative of the faculty of the poet to invest familiar things with new ideas:

IL PENSEROSO AND L'ALLEGRO.

(NIGHT.)

Old Thames! thy merry waters run
Gloomily now, without star or sun!
The wind blows o'er thee, wild and loud,
And Heaven is in its death-black shroud;
And the rain comes down with all its might,
Darkening the face of the sullen Night.

Midnight dies! There booms a sound,
From all the church-towers thundering round:
Their echoes into each other run,
And sing out the grand Night's awful "one!"
Saint Bride,—Saint Sepulchre,—great Saint Paul,
Unto each other, in chorus, call!

Who speaks?—'Twas nothing:—the patrol grim
Moves stealthily over the pavement dim:
The debtor dreams of the gripe of law;
The harlot goes staggering to her straw;
And the drunken robber, and beggar bold
Laugh loud, as they limp by the Bailey Old.

Hark,—I hear the blood in a felon's heart!
I see him shiver—and heave—and start
(Does he cry?) from his last short bitter slumber,
To find that his days have reached their number,—
To feel that there comes, with the morning text,
Blind death, and the scaffold, and then—what next?
Sound, stormy Autumn! Brazen bell,
Into the morning send your knell!
Mourn, Thames! keep firm your chant of sorrow:
Mourn, men! for a fellow man dies to-morrow.
Alas! none mourn; none care:—the debt
Of pity the whole wide world forget!

(MORNING.)

. . . 'Tis dawn,—'tis Day! In floods of light
He drives back the dark and shrinking Night.
The clouds?—they're lost. The rains?—they're fled
And the streets are alive with a busy tread:
And thousands are thronging, with gossip gay
To see how a felon will die to-day.

The thief is abroad in his last new dress,
Earning his bread in the thickest press;
The idler is there, and the painter fine,
Studying a look for his next design;
The fighter, the brawler, the drover strong;
And all curse that the felon should stay so long.

At last,—he comes! With a heavy tread,
He mounts—he reels—he drops—he's dead!—
The show is over!—the crowd depart,
Each with a laugh and a merry heart.
—Hark! merrily *now* the bells are ringing:
The Thames on his careless way is springing:
The bird on the chimney top is singing:
Now, who will say
That Earth is not gay,
Or that Heaven is not brighter than yesterday?

There is a truthfulness in this that sinks into the heart, and we suck wisdom from a song "as a weasel sucks eggs."

"Within and Without" is one of the very many evidences of the keen sympathies of the writer for those who, too often, are rather the victims of the world's injustice than of their own misdeeds:

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

A LONDON LYRIC.

(WITHOUT.)

The winds are bitter; the skies are wild;
From the roof comes plunging the drowning rain:
Without—in tatters, the world's poor child
Sobbeth abroad her grief, her pain!
No one heareth her, no one heedeth her:
But Hunger, her friend, with his bony hand,
Grasps her throat, whispering huskily—
"What dost *Thou* in a Christian land?"

(WITHIN.)

The skies are wild, and the blast is cold;
Yet riot and luxury brawl within:
Slaves are waiting, in crimson and gold,
Waiting the nod of a child of sin.
The fire is crackling, wine is bubbling
Up in each glass to its beaded brim:
The jesters are laughing, the parasites quaffing
"Happiness"—"honour,"—and all for *him!*

(WITHOUT.)

She who is slain in the winter weather,
Ah! she once had a village fame;
Listened to love on the moonlit heather;
Had gentleness—vanity—maiden shame:
Now, her allies are the Tempest howling;
Prodigal's curses; self-disdain;
Poverty; misery: Well,—no matter;
There is an end unto every pain!

The harlot's fame was her doom to-day,
Disdain—despair; by to-morrow's light
The ragged boards and the pauper's pall;
And so she'll be given to dusty night!
. . . Without a tear or a human sigh,
She's gone—poor life and its "fever" o'er!
So, let her in calm oblivion lie;
While the world runs merry as heretofore!

(WITHIN.)

He who yon lordly feast enjoyeth,
He who doth rest on his couch of down,
He it was, who threw the forsaken
Under the feet of the trampling town:
Liar—betrayer—false as cruel,
What is the doom for his dastard sin?
His peers, they scorn?—high dames, they shun him?
—Unbar yon palace, and gaze within.

There,—yet his deeds are all trumpet-sounded,
  There, upon silken seats recline
Maidens as fair as the summer morning,
  Watching him rise from the sparkling wine.
Mothers all proffer their stainless daughters;
  Men of high honour salute him "friend;"
Skies! oh, where are your cleansing waters?
  World! oh, where do thy wonders end?

In the "Pauper's Jubilee" there is a terrible ghastliness of mirth; it is the rejoicing of skeletons; yet with a fearful humanity in it. The following has a searching pathos:—

THE POOR HOUSE.

I.

Close at the edge of a busy town,
  A huge quadrangular mansion stands;
Its rooms are all filled with the parish poor;
  Its walls are all built by pauper hands;
And the pauper old and the pauper young
  Peer out, through the grates, in sullen bands.

II.

Behind, is a patch of earth, by thorns
  Fenced in from the moor's wide marshy plains;
By the side, is a gloomy lane, that steals
  To a quarry now filled with years of rains:
But within, within! There Poverty scowls,
  Nursing in wrath her brood of pains.

III.

Enter and look! In the high-walled yards
  Fierce men are pacing the barren ground:
Enter the long bare chambers;—girls
  And women are sewing, without a sound;
Sewing from dawn till the dismal eve,
  And not a laugh or a song goes round.

IV.

No communion—no kind thought
  Dwells in the pauper's breast of care;
Nothing but pain in the grievous past;
  Nothing to come but the black despair—
Of bread in prison, bereft of friends,
  Or hunger, out in the open air!

V.

Where is the bright-haired girl, that once
  With her peasant sire was used to play?
Where is the boy whom his mother blessed,
  Whose eyes were a light on her weary way?
Apart—barred out (so the law ordains);
  Barred out from each other by night and by day,

VI.

Letters they teach in their infant schools;
  But where are the lessons of great God taught?
Lessons that child to the parent bind—
  Habits of duty—love unbought?
Alas! small good will be learned in schools
  Where Nature is trampled and turned to nought.

VII.

Seventeen summers, and where the girl
  Who never grew up at her father's knee?
Twenty autumnal storms have nursed
  The pauper's boyhood, and where is he?
She earneth her bread in the midnight lanes:
  He toileth in chains by the Southern Sea.

VIII.

O Power! O Prudence! Law!—look down
  From your heights on the pining poor below!
O sever not hearts which God hath joined
  Together on earth, for weal and woe!
O Senators grave, grave truths may be,
  Which ye have not learned, or deigned to know.

IX.

O wealth, come forth with an open hand!
  O Charity, speak with a softer sound!
Yield pity to Age—to tender Youth—
  To Love, wherever its home be found!
... *But I cease*,—for I hear, in the night to come,
The cannon's blast, and the rebel drum,
  Shaking the firm-set English ground!

The following is one of many examples of the happy simplicity that characterizes the love songs of our poet:

A SONG;

ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

Like a rose sprang Jeanie
  From a blue May hour,
Friendship all her pride,
  Virtue all her dower.

Like a rose spread Jeanie,
  Whom warm skies illume;
Like its breath, in sweetness;
  Like its dye, in bloom.

Like a rose fell Jeanie,
  Smit by winter cold;
Loved—destroyed—derided:
  So,—her tale is told!

Oh, too tender woman!
  Heed her shame—her pain:
Let's not tell her story
  A thousand times in vain!

Worthy of "The Sea" and "The Admiral," is the subjoined heart-stirring lyric:—

THE FATE OF THE OAK.

The owl to her mate is calling;
  The river his hoarse song sings;
But the Oak is marked for falling,
  That has stood for a hundred springs.
Hark!—a blow, and a dull sound follows;
  A second,—he bows his head;
A third,—and the wood's dark hollows
  Now know that their king is dead.

His arms from their trunk are riven;
  His body all barked and squared;
And he's now, like a felon, driven
  In chains to the strong dock-yard:
He's sawn through the middle, and turned
  For the ribs of a frigate free;
And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned;
  And now—he is fit for sea!

Oh! now,—with his wings outspread
  Like a ghost (if a ghost may be),
He will triumph again, though dead,
  And be dreaded in every sea;
The Lightning will blaze about,
  And wrap him in flaming pride;
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout,
  In the fight from his bold broad-side.

And when he has fought, and won,
  And been honoured from shore to shore;
And his journey on earth is done,—
  Why, what can he ask for more?
There is nought that a king can claim,
  Or a poet or warrior bold,
Save a rhyme and a short-lived name,
  And to mix with the common mould!

On reading the dramatic fragments contained in the volume—fragments fraught with the noblest poetry, and strengthened with the true dramatic sinew,—we cannot but deeply regret that they *are* fragments; cannot but deplore that the mind which has produced such exquisite examples of tenderness and of passion in its many phases, should not be tempted to work out full dramas. We would have complete statues, whereas we have only mutilated parts, which, beautiful in themselves, make us the more regret that they are only pieces of beauty.

AN UTILITARIAN.

He is a *slave* to Science. He would pull
Great Heaven to pieces; and anatomise
Each fragment of its crystal battlements:
Weigh out its hymns; divide its light, and class
The radiant feathers of Archangels' wings.
Do we not know,—doth *he* not know, that still
Mysterious Wonder aye must reign above us;
Struggle howe'er we may? Doth he not know
That Adoration and great Wonder, (like
Good deeds which bless the giver,) ever lift
The Soul above the dust, and strengthen us?

BATTLES.

Then all bad Passions mingled in the strife:
Hate, with closed lips and cold unaltered eye,

Defied his enemy: Black Revenge rushed forth:
And Envy with his hidden knife came on,
Stealing behind his prey. This way and that,
(Scared by the trumpet or the sullen drum)
Fled Beauty, mocked by Vice; and helpless Age;
And timorous Youth; whilst Murder, with hot eyes,
Spent breath, and staggering through the slippery streets,
Paused for a while, and with red dripping fingers
Wiped from his sweating brow his cloud of hair,
And reckoned his harvest 'round.

After these extracts, it is needless to recommend the volume as a constant pocket—yea, a breast-pocket companion.

Our Actresses; or, Glances at Stage Favourites, Past and Present. By Mrs. C. Baron Wilson. *Smith, Elder, and Co.*

These two volumes are written with "conscience and tender heart;" yet do we fear they will fail to give full satisfaction to those eccentric few of the reading world who take an interest in the domestic and professional lives of "our actresses." Dates of birth, registers of baptism, first appearances, and final departures from the stage, are given and chronicled with industrious fidelity; but is this enough for those who hunger for the true and particular account of certain stage favourites; of those whose very names are suggestive of "spicy" associations, to use a phrase of our biographer? Mrs. Wilson truly observes that, "Peculiar circumstances tend to give zest to biography. The heroines of the stage—in their *real* as well as in their *assumed* characters—experience vicissitude and adventure to which the unwearied tenor of plodding and mechanical industry is generally a stranger. Their lives teem with incident, which almost seems destined to realise the fictions they represent." This is well and truly said; and hence, we fear, a partial disappointment to the reader of these volumes; for Mrs. Wilson has avowedly avoided a full and particular notice of many incidents, which are, indeed, so intimately associated with the professional career of so many of "our actresses," that their biography is as nought without them. It might be very correct in a writer to eschew all mention of the defilements of the Court of Charles the Second—to shrink with sensitive delicacy from such persons as Rochester, and Sedley, and others of the like "gay debauchery"—yet we opine that the life of Nell Gwynne, composed after this strict observance of the proprieties, would be a very insipid, colourless affair. A writer is, therefore, we conceive, in this dilemma; either required to give the whole truth, or altogether to waive the subject, as one in which the public has no concern; thus reducing the biography of actresses to a few lines. We grant there may be grand exceptions to this rule. There may be actresses, who, with all their genius, are still the greater heroines off the stage: women who, with heroic hearts, endure the privations, the contumely, and more than all the flattering temptations, with which the theatre is beset; and in their daily prose life vindicate the noblest aspirations of the dramatic poet. Who can forget the noble-hearted, excellent Mrs. Clive—the fair and virtuous Abingdon—the kind, benevolent Mrs. Pritchard? All of them embalmed in the delicious gossip of Cibber—the best, indeed the *one* book treating of the stage behind the curtain. In our day, however, the picturesqueness of the green-room (if we may use such a phrase) is departed. The profession of actress is no longer held to be almost synonymous with that of gipsy or fortune-teller. The dearth of acting talent—the besetting evil of the modern stage—gives the readiest chance of success to the actress of ability. Genius does not pine from an over-stocked market; Jordans no longer make barns harmonious with their laughter; Siddonses no longer wash their own point-lace. Hence, the biographical interest arising from the triumph over difficulties, is greatly wanting to the green-room historian.

Mrs. Wilson gravely reprobates a few fair sinners; indeed, would have them altogether banished by their purer sisters from the boards. She observes:—"We cannot but express our surprise that the respectable and the good, who constitute the large majority, have *not* contrived to expel from the profession the dissolute and profligate, who still continue to keep alive the aforesaid stigma, and bring disgrace on all. To such we say, 'combine and conquer.' We have always held this opinion, that the profession of the stage can never degrade the professor;"—(a trite truth this)—"though the profligacy of the professor has too often degraded the profession." Imagine, gentle reader, a combination of "the respectable and good"—yes, imagine a deputation of the virtuous waiting upon the manager, and gravely assuring him that unless he discharged Mrs. ——, or Miss ——, or Madame ——, that they, the respectable and good, would no longer degrade themselves by receiving their salary from the treasurer; that, in a word, they would inexorably withdraw themselves from the theatre unless such purification were conceded to them. Well, Mrs. ——, or Miss ——, or Madame ——, is the manager's prime hope; it may be, his nightly "star;" and therefore cannot the reader picture to himself the demeanour of the manager to the virtuous reformers? He immediately tells them to go about their business, and fills up their places the following morning. Had Mrs. Wilson's proposition been carried into effect some twenty years ago, how many of the names now found in her table of contents would have been missing?

But with the private character of actresses, the public has no concern. We grant that managers may be found who like actresses—as men like venison—all the better for keeping, and who, therefore, make a shameless profit of shame; all this is base and disgusting; nevertheless, the opinions of the public are only fairly operative upon the actress whilst on the stage. The public gives its shilling to see Belvidera acted, and cares not whether the representative of conjugal devotion really illustrates the virtue at her own fireside.

Mrs. Wilson has evidently found herself enthralled by her subject. Hence some of her biographical notices omit all mention of circumstances with which every newspaper reader is well acquainted; whilst in others she timidly hints at certain matters, and then flies from the dangerous theme. Very pregnant side-notes might be written down almost every page, filling up and explaining away what the biographer has omitted, or left in graceful mystery. In the biography of Miss Chester, the pretty gardener's daughter who was wont to sell her posies—"herself a fairer flower"—every market-day at Windsor, and who subsequently rose to the honour of reader to George the Fourth, soothing his cares of state with the well-enounced text of Shakspeare,—in this bio-

graphy, Mrs. Wilson shews her half-disposition to play the chronicler of the voluptuous favourite of royalty; and then second thoughts assert themselves, and much of the private life of the actress is left "discreetly in the shade."

Of the soundness of Mrs. Wilson's criticisms we can speak with general commendation; and throughout it is evident that the writer has spared no pains to make the volumes pleasant summer-reading. Several portraits, charmingly executed, illustrate the work, which—bating the drawback we have already dwelt upon—is worthy of perusal from the industry and zeal bestowed upon the subject.

POEMS BY COVENTRY PATMORE. *Moxon.*

MR. PATMORE is, we believe, a very young man, and this his first book. Few, indeed, are such first books. Ere we had read the first half-dozen pages, we felt that a new spirit had asserted itself; that we might do rightful homage to a true poet. We followed him from page to page with increasing admiration, and closed the volume with a deep sense of obligation; with a conviction that another lofty mind had vindicated the age from the too-frequent charge of comic-trifling, and abject money-getting. There is a fulness, a vehemence of meaning in Mr. Patmore's verse, that strikes at once upon the heart and sways it to the purpose of the poet; there is a subtlety of perception when dealing with human passion that triumphantly proves the intuition of genius; there is a deep, searching sense of the beautiful that invests the commonest objects with new and lovely qualities; and there is a happiness, a felicity of diction, a mastery of verse, and melody of rhythm which altogether render these *Poems* among the most extraordinary first-fruits of the day.

"The River"—a poem of unrequited, desperate love—is chiefly remarkable for the aspects of natural objects as reflected in the peculiar mind of the poet. We select a few verses:

It is a venerable place,
An old ancestral ground,
So wide, the rainbow wholly stands
Within its lordly bound;
And all about that large expanse
A River runneth round.

Upon a rise, where single oaks,
And clumps of beeches tall,
Drop pleasantly their shade beneath,
Half-hidden amidst them all,
Resteth, in quiet dignity,
An ancient manor-hall.

Around its many gable-ends,
The swallows wheel their flight;
Its huge fantastic weather-vanes
Look happy in the light;
Its warm face through the foliage gleams,
A comfortable sight.

The ivy'd turrets seem to love
The murmur of the bees;
And though this manor-hall hath seen
The snow of centuries,
How freshly still it stands amid
Its wealth of swelling trees!

The leafy summer-time is young;
The yearling lambs are strong;
The sunlight glanceth merrily;
The trees are full of song;
The plain and polish'd River flows
Contentedly along.

Beyond the River, bounding all,
A host of green hills stand,
The manor-rise their central point,
As cheerful as a band
Of happy children round their chief
Extended, hand in hand.

Their shadows from the setting sun
Reach all across the plain;
The guard-hound, in the silent night,
Stops wrangling with his chain,
To hear, at every burst of barks,
The hills bark back again.

Again:

The current, in its old content,
Betwixt fresh banks doth run;
The pike, as trackless as a sound,
Shoots through the waters dun;
And languid April chesnut leaves
Have broadened in the sun.

The summer's prime is come again;
The trees are out anew;
The current keeps the dreadful Past
Deep in its bosom blue;
And babbleth low, through sleeping fields,
Grey with the falling dew.

The sheep-bell tolleth curfew-time;
The gnats, a busy rout,
Fleck the warm air; the distant owl
Shouteth a sleepy shout;
The voiceless bat, more felt than seen,
Is flitting round about;

The aspen leaflets scarcely stir;
The River seems to think;
Athwart the dusk, the lotus broad
Looks coolly from its brink,
Where, listening to the freshet's noise,
The quiet cattle drink.

The bees boom past; the white moths rise,
Like spirits, from the ground;
The grey-flies hum their weary tune,
A distant, dream-like sound;
And far, far off, to the slumberous eve,
Bayeth an old guard hound.

The "Woodman's Daughter" is a tale of broken vows, of betrayed innocence. Wonderfully subtle are the rushes of human passion abounding in it. We cannot give sufficient extracts to piece out the tale; but unless we are deceived in our estimation of Mr. Patmore, we have little doubt that we shall quote enough to send the reader to the volume itself. A "rich squire's son" steals to the wood to see Gerald at his work, Gerald's daughter, Maud, being his constant companion:

Therefore in time, when Gerald shook
The woods at his employ,
The young heir and the cottage girl
Would steal out to enjoy
The music of each other's talk,
A simple girl and boy.

They passed their time, both girl and boy,
Uncheck'd, unquestion'd; yet
They always hid their wanderings
By wood and rivulet,
Because they could not give themselves
A reason why they met.

—It may have been in the ancient time,
Before Love's earliest ban,
Psychëan curiosity,
Had broken Nature's plan;
When all that was not youth was age,
And men knew less of Man;—

Or, when the works of Time shall reach
The goal to which they tend,
And knowledge, being perfect, shall
At last in wisdom end,—
That wisdom to end knowledge;— or
Some change comes, yet unkenned;—

It perhaps may be again, that men,
Like orange plants, will bear,
At once the many fine effects
To which God made them heir—
Large souls, large forms, and love like that
Between this childish pair.—

Two summers passed away; and then,—
Though yet young Merton's eyes,
Wide with their language, spake of youth's
Habitual surprise,—
He felt that pleasures such as these
No longer could suffice.

The boy and girl are still lovers—the passion still increasing:

The noon-day fled: still on they sped,
Their hands lock'd each in each;
The youth, now and then, pluck'd wantonly
The flowers within his reach;
And both felt a strong unusual joy,
For which they wanted speech.

Such careless, riotous delight
They never felt before;
"But then," thought they, "so fine a day
We never knew before!"
So they held their faces towards the wind,
That they might feel it more.

Their new delight was not unmixed:
That indistinct alarm
Which whispers, to unsullied minds,
The coming on of harm,
Made joy sit heavily, like pain,
And half undid the charm.

Their steps now faster and faster grew,
Irregular and fast:
His cheeks were ridged with a strong smile,
Hers wore a serious cast,
And neither spoke, nor spent they a look
On anything they passed.

Questions, from which Maud knew not why
She always had abstained,
Appeared, she also knew not why,
About to be explained;
Doubts, more than ever dubious then,
Engrossed what thoughts remained.

But Merton's thoughts were less confused.
"What! *I* wrong aught so good?
Besides, the danger that is seen
Is easily withstood."
Then loud, "The sun is very warm!"
And they walked into the wood.

Merton abandons his victim; the father knows all:

——— "Poor child!—poor child!"
Was all he ever said.
Weeks afterwards he'd put his hand
Softly upon her head,
And think of her as tranquilly
As wise men of the dead!"

Months pass on, and Maud "comes out to feel the air," having "sobbed her babe to sleep."

Her thoughts now rise instead of tears:
When Merton met her last
It was just such a day as this—
How life since then has passed!
How henceforth pass it?—for she feels
Her mind is ebbing fast.

Best break at once her present plan!
Out-blush the heavy shame—
Bear scorn she cannot scorn in turn—
Unanswerable blame;
Lose—that whose worth is never felt
Till lost—a spotless name.

But Merton? He, if that were done,
Could scarcely fail to know
The ruin he had caused;—he might
Be brought to share her woe,
Making it doubly sharp. With that
She weeps aside—and, lo!

The shadow of her little babe,
Deep in the stream, behold!
Smiles quake over her parted lips:
Some thought had made her bold;
She stoops to dip her fingers in
To feel if it is cold.

The water's warm, and runs as if
Perpetually at play!
But then the stream, she recollects,
Bears everything away!
There is a dull pool some way off,
That sleepeth night and day.

The deed of madness is accomplished:

She throws a glance of terror round:
There's not a creature nigh.
But, behold! the Sun, that looketh through
The frowning western sky,
Is lifting up one broad beam, like
A lash of God's own eye.

She sees it; and, with steady fear
At what she dares not shun,
Still gazes: her astonished heart
Faints down, for she has done
An act which to her soul has made
A spy of the great Sun.

The end:

Maud, with her books, comes day by day,
Fantastically clad,
To read them near the pool; and all
Who meet her look so sad,
That even to herself it is
Quite plain that she is mad.

In "Lilian" a friend narrates to friend the means by which the soul of his mistress has been polluted and her faith broken. Deep and passionate is all this. There is an intensity of expression throughout nearly the whole of the poem, which carries away the mind with it, awakening a lofty admiration of the potency of the poet. Take the following impulsive description:

She loved; words, all things told it; eye to eye, and palm to palm.
As the pause upon the ceasing of a thousand-voiced psalm,
Was the mighty satisfaction, and the full eternal calm.

She could see me coming to her with the vision of the hawk;
Always hastened on to meet me, heavy passion in her walk;
Low tones to me grew lower, sweetening so her honey talk,

That it filled up all my hearing; drowned the voices of the birds,
The voices of the breezes, and the voices of the herds;
For to me the lowest ever were the loudest of her words.

A paleness, as of beauty fainting through its own excess ....
But how discourse of features whose least action could express
What, while it made them lovely, far surpass'd all loveliness!

Again:

Her presence was the garden where my soul breathed heavenly free,
And lived in naked silence, and felt no perplexity,
When alone with Time I killed him, with a wild and headlong glee,

In playing music she had played, that the keys might be the same
Which she had touched before me; or in pencilling her name,
With pointed glories round it, on the nearest things that came;

Or in fifty similar follies, fit to make the wise world laugh:
But you and I know better: the sweet kernels, life's true staff,
We know are in the trifles which the wise world takes for chaff.

—I now thought earthly fortune had attained its utmost height:
The things we cannot fathom we imagine infinite.
I soon found that perfecting means confiding a delight.

He feels hurt his lady-love is changed:

I sought my love. She started—I suppose that I was pale.
We talked; but words, on both sides, seemed to sicken, flag, and fail.
Then I gave her what I'd written, watching whether she would quail.

In and out flew sultry blushes. So, when red reflections rise
From conflagrations, filling the alarmed heart with surmise,
They lighten now, now darken, up and down the spacious skies.

She finished once; but fearing to look from it, read it o'er
Ten times at least. Poor Lilian! had those readings been ten score,
That refuge from confusion had confused thee more and more.

I turn'd a volume,—waiting her full leisure to reply.
The book was one which Winton had asked me to read, and I
Had stopped half way, for horror, lest my soul should putrify.

"Behold!" said I,—"from this time, back to that time, when, from France,
With many volumes laden, essay, poem and romance,
Smooth Winton came,—the riddle's all unriddled at a glance!"

She heard me; saw how surely my convictions now were built;
So stood at bay, depending on that crutch made like a stilt,
The impudent vulgarity wherewith women outstare guilt.

He thus finely salutes her:

"This book here, that lay open when I came in unaware,
Is not the first—I thought so!—but the last of many a stair
Of easy fall. Such only could have led you to his lair.

"These drugs, at first, had scarcely strength to move your virgin blood;
They slowly rose in action, till they wrought it to a flood,
Fit for their giver's purpose, who—who turned it into mud!"

"Sir Hubert" is another version of Boccacio's exquisite story of the falcon, and full of the freshest beauty. He thus paints Mabel (the Giovanetta of the original):

——— Oh, her mouth
Was sweet beyond new honey,
Or the bean-perfumed south,
And better than pomegrantes,
To a pilgrim dumb for drouth.

We must now, though unwillingly, conclude our extracts:

The wind, too, was abated,
And the trees and birds had grown
As watchful as the clouds were;
Right above the bright sun shone,
Down looking from the forehead
Of the giant sky, alone.

Then a nightingale, perhaps waking
At the stillness, shot a throng
Of notes into the sunshine;
First with care, then swift and strong;
Then he madly struck them round him,
Till the bright air throbb'd with song;

And suddenly grew silent
All amid his ecstacies:—
Laurels rustle! What sees Hubert?
Sight is sceptic, but swift knees
Acknowledge Lady Mabel,
As she issues from the trees!

For a little she stood speechless,
And the gorgeous vision seem'd
To sate the air with beauty;
Then she spoke, and Hubert dream'd
Of voices giving glory
To the utterly redeem'd.

"Sir Hubert!"—and, that instant,
Mabel saw the fresh light flush
Out of her rosy shoulders,
And perceived her sweet blood rush
About her, till, all over,
There shone forth a sumptuous blush.

The whole of this story is revealed with the power of truest poetry. We know not how other critics may deal with this book, but to ourselves it is a great delight to us to record the deep and earnest pleasure it has stirred within us.

PICTORIAL GUIDE TO GREENWICH. *Orr and Co.*

THIS little work is one of the great signs of the times, as proving the existence of a liberal and enlightened spirit, that, even in their holiday hours, caters for the intellectual improvement of the masses. It is well written, and charmingly illustrated; affording, indeed, a perfect guide from London Bridge to Greenwich, omitting no associations, historical, social, or literary, which abound in that short voyage. The following passage (we would we had room for more) will indicate the spirit of the work:

We may, during a ramble in the Park, let memory recall the Greenwich Palace of old times, and the strange events of which it was the scene. Imagination shall breathe life again into the form of the good Duke Humphrey, who first made Greenwich a Royal abode; of Henry the Seventh, who, with his usual shrewdness, saw the superiority of this river-side situation for a Palace over the merely sylvan site of Eltham, where his predecessors had maintained their Royal state; of Henry the Eighth, who was born here, and took pride in making his birth-place "a splendid and magnificent Palace;" of Catherine of Arragon, of Anne Boleyn, of Anne of Cleves—all of whose nuptials with Henry the wife-slayer were here celebrated; of the jousts, and mummings, and customs, now long since extinct, which marked these Royal ceremonies; of Edward the Sixth, who, like his father, was born in Greenwich, and after a short, uncrowned reign, died here; of Mary and Elizabeth, whose blood-stained reigns were marked by the brutal and wholesale slaughter of their subjects for matters of belief; of James the First, who hunted in the Park, and took great delight in improving the Palace; of Charles the First, whose good taste led him to regard Greenwich as a favourite abode; of Cromwell, to whom the Palace was assigned by the Parliament, but who preferred abiding at Whitehall; of Charles the Second, who pulled down the old Palace, and projected the present, but lived to complete only the west wing (the one we first arrived at and have just passed); of Inigo Jones, the adviser of his son-in-law, Webb, in the building this first portion; of Mary, the Queen-Consort of William the Third, whose kind and benevolent nature led her to give the Palace of Greenwich "for the reliefe and support of seamen serving on board the ships or vessells belonging to the navy Royall, who, by reason of age, wounds, or other disabilities, shall be incapable of further service at sea, and be unable to maintain themselves: and also for the sustentation of the widows, and maintenance and education of the children of seamen happening to be slaine or disabled in such sea service." All these actors, long since gone from the living stage, shall in imagination exist again; and, if you please, good reader, the whole group,—King Hal, with his young son, his wives, and daughters; King Jamie, in his hunting gear, his book on witchcraft peeping from his breeks; Charles the First, with pointed beard and melancholy look, as in forecast of his troubles and his fate; the second Charles, the witty and the dissolute—shall to the mind's eye pace through the modern hospital in our company, and help us to form an estimate between times present and times gone by.

RESEARCHES ON LIGHT. By ROBT. HUNT. *Longman and Co., Paternoster-row.*

THIS work is evidently from the pen of a practical man, who possesses a thorough knowledge of the subject he has undertaken to elucidate. Every one interested in the progress of science, more particularly in those yet mysterious processes of Calotype and Daguerreotype, will find this publication to be of infinite utility, and that Mr. Hunt has thrown more *light* on the subject than any of his predecessors. Not content with his own experience, he has availed himself of the researches of Herschel, Brewster, Wheatstone, and other distinguished philosophers, who have made it their study to investigate and define, if possible, the properties of that subtle fluid called Light. Our want of space prevents us from giving as many extracts from the work as we could wish; but we cannot forbear quoting the following pithy *morceau*. Mr. Hunt remarks, that—

"France declares she purchased the secret of the process of the Daguerreotype for '*the glory of endowing the world of science and of art with one of the most surprising discoveries that honour their native land.* This discovery,' says M. Arago, in his place in the Chamber of Deputies, 'France has adopted; from the first moment, she has cherished a pride in liberally bestowing it—*a gift to the whole world.*' M. Duchatel, Secretary of State, gives, as the reason for rewarding the discoverer with a handsome pension (6000 francs for life), the argument that '*the invention did not admit of being secured by patent, for, as soon as published, all might avail themselves of its advantages.*' In the face of this, 'on or about the 15th of July, 1839, *a certain foreigner residing in France*, instructed a Mr. Berry, a patent-agent in London, to petition her Majesty to grant Royal Letters Patent for the exclusive use of the same within these kingdoms.' This certainly needs no comment. It is unworthy the liberal spirit which should actuate the followers of science and of art. The patent cannot stand investigation, and it is to be desired that the necessary steps should be taken to set it aside."

Especially as our own countryman, Mr. Fox Talbot—well known to the world as a natural philosopher—discovered a similar process some months previous to the publication of Daguerre. We recommend Mr. Hunt's clever book to all lovers of this truly delightful and interesting department of practical science.

ROMANTIC FICTION, EASTERN ROMANCE, &c. &c. *Burns.*

WE would we had greater space than we are allowed, to descant upon a most beautiful series of books—chiefly adapted for the young—put forth by Mr. BURNS. They are exquisitely printed, and illustrated with a freshness and originality of style which gives a rare value to their pictorial attractions. In one volume we have a very tasteful abridgment of the principal beauties of the Arabian Nights; in another the quaint graces, sentiment, and tenderness of La Motte Fouqué, and others of kindred spirit; in another Legends and Traditional Stories of all countries, and in every instance the work put before the reader in a style of beauty, remarkable even in these days of luxurious printing and illustration. We know no present more likely to gladden and improve the hearts of the young than this choice collection of the daintiest and most fascinating kind of literature.

THE WORKS OF RABELAIS. In Four Volumes. Vol. I. *John Russell Smith.*

A REPRINT such as this has long been wanted, from the high price which the edition has borne. It is Sir Thomas Urquhart's translation, so far as he went—perhaps, the most extraordinary translation of any work extant. With a wonderful power of language—an astonishing mastery and fluency of words,—he seems to have possessed the most joyous appreciation of the great qualities of his original,—and hence informed the English Rabelais with the truthful spirit of the Frenchman. None of the subtleties of the Curé of Meudon have escaped in the process of translation—none of his humour—nothing of his strength, of his robust healthfulness. Now and then, Urquhart assuredly falls into the sin of paraphrase; but he even errs with a full sense of the original. Sir Thomas Urquhart's *Jewel*—one of the wandering tracts to which the Restrospective Reviewers have given a permanent home—proves him to have been a man endowed with the first capabilities of original authorship. In it his painting is rich and gorgeous as the hues of a cathedral window.

For a long time Rabelais was robbed with impunity. Old Burton drank heartily at the "diue bouteille." Swift disdained not to take inspiration from it—whilst Sterne quaffed from it heartily as any friar of orders grey. For this good reason,—Francis Rabelais was unknown. His was one of the names whose echoes occasionally strike the ear of the world; one of the "wandering voices" that sound and sound throughout posterity,—until at length, some man does the world good yeoman's service, making it bodily acquainted with the author himself. In France, Rabelais had for a long time lapsed into comparative oblivion. His name, to be sure, was a synonyme for any wild prank, any huge jest savouring of eating and drinking,—but for little more. Within these few years, however, cheap and popular editions have been multiplied. We have the last two before us. One—a most complete work—published by Ledentru, Paris, in which is given almost everything bearing on the contemporary history of Rabelais, rich in notes and glossary; another, with an excellent sketch of Rabelais' life—though but an *echantillon* of a forthcoming larger work—by Jacob.

Injustice has been done to the memory of Rabelais, and to the high purpose which animated him. He has been considered as little more than a buffoon; a sayer of smart things. Rightly studied, his pages teem with the finest philosophy; with the most sagacious views of life—and more than all, considering the times in which he lived, with the truest Christianity. That there are pages of Rabelais of the grossest and most degrading character, we readily admit; but they have this apology—the looseness of the age in which he lived. Romance writers have thrown about Francis the First all the graces of a most graceful court; but historic truth shows that all society was in that day corrupt and rotten at the core; that men of all ranks when they most sinned against the true dignity of human nature, only more closely followed the fashion set by the profligacy of the court.

Even many who have valued the wisdom and wit of Rabelais, have failed to do him rightful reverence for the invincible moral courage with which he attacked an all-powerful and unscrupulous church, especially unscrupulous in her means of crushing those inimical to her. It is an old truth that the heroism of one age becomes the common place of the next. Familiarized with the blessings of social liberty, we are too apt to forget the heroic, self-denying struggles of those who have left us the heirs of the legacy they fought, and on the scaffold, at the stake, or in the dungeon, finally died for. Rabelais saw his dearest friend snatched from him and burnt alive, for the heresy of discovering the corruptions of the church, yet Rabelais' stout heart quailed not, but he went on casting his fiery missiles around him, and with the terrific laughter of tragic irony abashing the foe, and heaping upon his head a crushing ridicule. Rabelais knew he wrote in danger of devouring flames, and he wrote on.

We cordially welcome this reprint. The work—it will comprise four neat pocket volumes—does great credit to the spirit of the publisher.

GENOVEVA OF BRABANT; A TALE OF OLD TIMES. *Burns.*

A LOVELY story is this, and right worthily enshrined in exquisite printing, and illustrated with drawings in beautiful harmony with the tenderness and purity of the theme. The story has come down to us in many shapes of romance and ballad; but this is a translation from the original German, in which we have the delicious history of female constancy and suffering, in all its unforced primitive beauty. It is a tale for all ages, alike: for the youngest creature who can read anything and for the student of books who has read almost all things.

THE ORPHAN OF WATERLOO. A TALE. By MRS. BLACKFORD. *Cundall.*

THIS is one of the series of "The Holyday Library," a collection of little works which, says the prospectus, is published "to resist the growing appetite for what is startling and peculiar, and to aid in the vindication of the true, the simple, and the original; the only permanent elements of literature." This is a high aim, and assuredly merits every encouragement. The book before us is simply written, and without advancing any very striking claims to originality, is nevertheless well calculated to give the mind of the youthful reader a beautiful bias to "the true and the simple." The series is edited by William Hazlitt (*clarum et venerabile nomen*).

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☞ *The whole of the Engravings under the superintendence of* E. Landells.

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THE
ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

FRANCE IN 1793.

The condition of France in the year 1793 was such, that even now, removed by half a century from the fierce passions and the realities of the scene, and although inclined to throw a decent veil around actors and victims, those who conquered and those who fell, it is difficult to believe that we are not speaking of the bloody frenzy of incarnate demons let loose for awhile to obey their natures without compunction from within or restraint from without. The Reign of Terror, as it was called, was now at its height; every hour that struck was the death-knell of many and many a one, whose only crime was living at such a period.

On the banks of the Loire, when the dawn was about to break, you might have seen a file of large boats or barges slowly drifting down the stream; in a little while a light skiff would put off from each, containing some men in the uniform of the Republican soldiers; a few minutes more—one yell of stifled agony—and the barges and their living freight had disappeared beneath the stream; old and young—the strong man and the gentle girl—the mother, with her child at her breast—tied hand and foot, had sunk together and were dead! At other times, a long file of men and women, bound together, would be hurled into the stream without even the affectation of concealment; and so were said to be united in a Republican marriage: perhaps, even, there might not be time for this more ceremonious execution—a crowd of the suspected were then huddled together, without form of trial or order in their death, in the court-yards of the prisons, or the public places of the town, and shot down without remorse, while the butchers, between their death vollies, rent the air with cries of *"Vive la Republique!"* Those who are acquainted with the history of the time will remember the letter which the monster Carrier wrote from Nantes (whither he had been sent from Paris) to the Convention,

in which he speaks of those modes of execution as laudable contrivances, "*afin d'épargner des fatigues aux executeurs de me sarrêts.*"

With such atrocities as these, the question of the right or the wrong of the French Revolution has little in common: the voice of nature rises trumpet-tongued within the breast to condemn them with one broad and sweeping censure.

Although the same scenes were passing in other parts of France, and the whole surface of the country might be considered as a hunting field where human beings were the game, those on the banks of the Loire have been particularly selected for mention, as it was there that the following events passed. Our readers will doubtless remember that Brittany was for a long while the scene of a sanguinary contest maintained by the insurgent peasantry against the Republican forces; the former were under the command of such men as Cathelineau, a common charcoal-burner; Stofflet, a poor gamekeeper on one of the noble's estates; as well as under that of the heroic Laroche-Jacqueline, the Montrose of revolutionary France. The insurrection, had it been properly seconded by the *emigrés* from without, or had the British Government acted with anything like vigour, might for a while have rendered the result of the contest doubtful; but it was fated to fall at once, and to subside into a species of guerilla warfare, which could produce no effect on the ultimate termination of events.

THE OLD CHATEAU.

At the mouth of the Loire there stood an old Manor House, half in ruins, which was nearly screened from sight on whichever side you approached; it was near the edge of the cliff, but in a hollow, which effectually hid it as you looked landward from the sea: on the side of the land the natural basin in which it stood was surrounded on every side by a deep wood, so that you might have wandered for days in the immediate neighbourhood without being at all aware of its very existence. The natural basin of turf, however, in which it stood, though comparatively small, was of such extent as to leave a considerable portion of lawn on every side of the house; even before the gradual slope began by which you ascended either to the woods or to the edge of the cliff, and this was partly laid out in a French garden of the old school, with its old-fashioned formal hedges of clipped yew and holly, set out here and there with grotesque figures in stone. Of the old chateau, that part which was preserved consisted simply of a square building of some extent, surmounted by four turrets, and round this, from the ruins of the old building, had been constructed a court, which on three sides encircled the old building, and this contained the stables and offices necessary for the accommodation of the family. At about a quarter of a mile's distance, there was a little hamlet of fishermen and their families, whose existence was almost equally unknown with that of the inhabitants of the chateau. This little village stood on the slope of the cliff, and on one side a deep gully ran up into the land, the lower part of which even at ebb tide contained a sufficient depth of water to float the barks of the fishermen, and yet so sheltered was it that even in the most tempestuous weather their boats rested securely, simply moored or attached to the bank.

Now in this chateau dwelt a family, who had contrived to remain in a happy obscurity during the frightful events which were desolating France far and wide. They consisted of an old man, the Sire de Boispreau, and his daughter, Leonie. This old man had served for years with honour in the French Marine, chiefly under the command of the Marquis de Suffren, but being disabled by wounds in the course of a long and arduous service, he had retired, in the year 1789, to his paternal estates. He had been for many years united to his wife ere they had any family; and at length when his wife presented him with the little Leonie, she herself, who should have watched over the early years of the little girl, was removed from her husband and her child by the hand of death. Her loss had been partly supplied by her sister, who had at an early period devoted herself to a religious life, and in her convent Leonie had been educated. Evil days had, however, come; in common with her companions, Leonie's aunt had been arrested by order of the Government, and was now lying at Nantes to await the sentence of the revolutionary tribunal. Before this event had occurred, the old sailor had fortunately recalled his daughter to his house, partly for greater safety—partly that, in common with others attached to the court party, he entertained a vague idea of emigrating, which, however, he long hesitated to put into execution—so strong is the chain of old associations which binds men to their native land.

Mention here must be made of the other inhabitants of the chateau. There was an old sailor, Etienne, who had been the companion of his master's voyage and toils, and who now employed himself in fighting over again with his master their perils and their toils. There was an old woman, Marie, who had been Leonie's nurse, and who now was her half attendant, half friend. Besides these there were three or four women, three or four men, servants of less note, who, with the principal personages mentioned above, formed the whole garrison of the chateau. For arms, offensive and defensive, they had nothing but a little cannon on the platform before the castle, a few duck-guns,

and boarding-pikes, the relics of by-gone days. Indeed, the fowling-pieces were the only arms which could be said to be fit for service, as they were in constant requisition to supply the family with game, although the old gentleman himself was unable to partake in the sport as he had been long since confined to his chair by gout, to the attacks of which it required all the care and attention of Leonie to reconcile him. Leonie herself passed her days in attendance on her father; and it was her duty to read to him the papers which contained an account of the public calamities, and of events every day increasing in horror—some august victim, some relation, some friend, immolated on the scaffold, which spared neither party, sex, nor age; and amongst the last, he ever expected to find the name of his wife's sister—the suspense probably being more horrible than the actual reality. At length it was determined to despatch Etienne to the town of Nantes itself, in order to ascertain if it were possible to devise any means for her relief, as well as to obtain certain intelligence of the actual state of affairs. But the news that he brought back was far from satisfactory; of the prisoner he had not been able to learn anything; general affairs were in a deplorable condition, and one which threatened imminent danger to the inhabitants of the chateau; a system of domiciliary visits was in process of being organised in order to arrest the remainder of the aristocrats, as they were termed, or generally of all persons who might fall under the suspicion of the Government; and that the *Blues*, as the Republican soldiers were called, were dispersed in small parties over the country, and were penetrating into the most remote and inaccessible spots; and wherever it might be supposed that any, not only of the Royalist faction, but of those who were opposed to the Reign of Terror, might be supposed to have taken refuge.

"These savages, then," said De Boispreau, "have determined upon the extermination of all that is noble, or sacred, or honest in France?"

"Yes," answered the old sailor, "of all; but, Heaven be praised! my captain and his family are safe. How do you think they will ever be able to ferret us out here? Why, this is a spot more fit for bats and crows to live in than Christian men—let alone a Breton gentleman."

"Still," said Leonie, "the fishermen of the village constantly put out to sea; what if they were met by any of the Republicans who pass backwards and forwards from Noirmantier to the coast—they might hear of our existence from them?"

"Fear not, Lady, for the good folks of the fishing-village," answered Etienne; "there is not one of them who would not be prepared to die in your defence; there is no danger of them."

"And if they did come," said old De Boispreau, "we are men; we have arms, and dearly will we sell our lives."

"My father, my father," said Leonie, "before they reach you, they must pierce *my* heart!"

THE STORM.

Leonie was in the habit of walking alone in the woods which surrounded the chateau, as it was necessary that either she or Marie should be ever in attendance on her father in his sickness; sometimes she would extend her walk to the neighbouring village of Saint Nayaire in order to visit the hut of some of the fishermen whose family might be sick or in distress. She had adopted for disguise, if by any hazard it might become necessary, the dress of a simple villager of the country; and often, with a little basket in one hand, and a long stick tipped with iron in the other, she might have been seen tripping softly along paths cut on the surface of the cliff, which seemed as though they would have been perilous even to the wild goat, but habit had made them easy to her. Her love to her father besides had gifted her with a vigour more than natural, and, poor girl, she thought that she might make herself aware in her walks of any danger which might threaten the inhabitants of the chateau, and that by that way she would be able to return to give them timely warning. One day it happened that Leonie was about to quit the hut of a poor woman whose husband had been long confined to his bed through an accident which had happened to him when he was out at sea with his boat; the yard had fallen on his foot and injured it severely, and it was entirely owing to Leonie's skill in simples and in dressing wounds that he had been restored to his usual health, and was now able to resume his occupation; and now Leonie had gone to inquire after her patient, and found that he had been able to go to sea with his boat; but this was not the only subject on which poor Jacqueline, for that was the poor woman's name, needed consolation. Her son had turned out badly, and, having always led an idle and dissolute life, had, in his mother's opinion, put the crowning piece to it by enlisting in the ranks of the Blues. After administering such consolation as she best might, Leonie was about to depart, but on crossing the threshold of Jacqueline's cottage, and looking up towards the heavens, she saw in them every indication of a coming storm. Although it was now only the month of May, the sky had put on that fiery hue at sunset which is generally seen only at more advanced seasons of the year; the deep gloom of twilight was contending with this for dominion in the sky, and every now and then you might have seen a brilliant flash of light-

ning playing along it, which just served to make the gloom more evident. Heavy drops, the first of a thunder shower, were falling slowly on the broad leaves of the plane trees, in that marked and sonorous manner which someway inspires the mind with a peculiar melancholy and sadness.

"You cannot go, Mademoiselle," said Jacqueline, "on such a night as this; you must at any rate stay until the worst of the storm is over."

"It is nothing," answered Leonie; but as she was speaking the heavy cloud overhead re-echoed with a loud clap of thunder, which was preceded by a brilliant flash of lightning.

"Come in, come in, Madame," said the peasant, "I am half wet through already, and so must you be I am sure; it's a long way to the chateau—come in, come in at once."

Leonie remained undecided for a moment, although the wind had already risen, and was dashing by fits the tops of the trees against each other, and night was fast coming on, when the full bursting of the rain cut short all debate.

"Well, good Jacqueline, come in I must; there is no use in thinking of stirring such a night as this. Ah! for the poor people who needs must travel to-night!"

They re-entered the cottage, and listened in silence for awhile to the play of the elements without, the roar of the thunder, the rattling of the rain on the foliage, and the sweeping sound of the little cascade, which it had already filled; when suddenly, amidst this discord of the elements, it seemed to them as though they heard a low plaintive cry of some human being without.

"Jacqueline," said the young lady, "do you hear nothing?"

"Nothing," answered the other, "but the bleating of my poor goats, who will be drowned in this torrent of rain. The cottage even will soon be deluged with it." At this moment the lightning fell upon a huge oak near the cottage, which it split into fragments, when Jacqueline, who had attended Leonie to the cottage door, threw herself upon her knees, and Leonie herself clasped her hands in silent prayer to Him whose wrath is so terrible to every created thing, when the cries again fell upon her ear.

"Jacqueline," she said, "surely, surely you hear something—it is a man's voice."

"Nothing but my poor goats," answered the other; but before she had well uttered the words, a voice was heard distinctly to exclaim, "Help, help!" in a low moaning tone.

"It is so," said Leonie, and, without hesitating a moment, she advanced from the door in the direction from which the voice came, feeling her way with her stick, and at length reached the spot where a man was extended, who at first appeared to be deprived of all animation.

"Jacqueline, come here," she cried, "come here!"

"Good Heaven! what do you intend to do with this man?" said the peasant.

"To save him."

"But he is dead."

"No, I feel his heart beat."

"Oh! but, Mademoiselle, if it should be one of the Blues!"

"What matters it? We must save him."

Jacqueline and Leonie dragged rather than carried the stranger into the cottage, and used every means which Leonie's skill could suggest to restore him to consciousness. The stranger was tall, and had just reached perfect manhood; long curls of black hair were hanging loosely over his pale damp face; he was without any hat, and dressed in a simple blue coat and trousers, and round his neck he wore a black silk kerchief loosely tied. By his dress you would have said that he was either some foreign trader or an officer of the loyalist army of La Vendée. At length he opened his eyes, and fixed them upon Leonie so earnestly that hers sank before his gaze.

"Where am I?" said he at length, "where am I? Oh! some bread and a little water, for mercy's sake!" But the accent in which he spoke was so touching and melancholy that Leonie, in her confusion, felt herself unable to reach him instantly the food he required; but Jacqueline took her place, and produced some bread at once, which she gave him, telling him to eat slowly for fear he should do himself injury, and then went to draw some cider, the only beverage which the cottage afforded. Coarse as his fare was, it was sufficient to restore the stranger to a degree of consciousness, which he made use of to glance quickly from one to the other of those two persons who had saved his life, as well as round the apartment of the poor cottage, which was dark and gloomy, as well from the advance of night as from the storm, which was still raging without.

THE STRANGER.

In a little while he endeavoured to sit up, as he was still lying on the floor; but on endeavouring to make use of his right arm to assist himself in this purpose, he uttered an exclamation of pain.

"Oh! my wound, my wound," he said, "how it pains me!"

"Oh Heavens!" said Leonie, "you are wounded—which arm, the right?—Is it long since?"—"Three days!" answered the stranger. "Three days!" said Leonie, "then you are one of the Brigands!"

"The Brigands!" answered the wounded

man, while an expression of anger passed along his pale face, and he appeared as though he put constraint upon himself in order to preserve silence.

"Yes, the Brigands," said Jacqueline; "that is the name that has been given by the opposite party to the men of La Vendée who are fighting on the King's side. Well, well! Blues and Brigands—what with one, what with the other, it goes ill with the poor country!"

Here Leonie interrupted her:—

"Whether you are a Blue or a Brigand, as they call them, matters but little. I see only in you an unfortunate being. Tell us only what we can do for your relief, and my aunt and I" (here she glanced at Jacqueline) "will do it with pleasure. Here we are, you see, alone, unprotected; all the men of the family"——

"Say no more," said the stranger; "I understand you; you have nothing to fear from me; besides am I not wounded and in dreadful pain? It is now three days that I have a ball in my arm, and if it be not extracted at once, I fear mortification will soon begin."

"Oh Heavens!" answered Leonie, "what are we to do without a surgeon?"

"We could find one at Saint Nayaire," said Jacqueline.

"Saint Nayaire!" said the stranger, with a shudder. "Oh! that would be too late! Only do you and your niece help me to pull off this coat; it is drenched you see with the rain, and with my own blood."

By the help of the women the stranger succeeded in removing his coat and laying bare the wound.

"How inflamed it is," said Leonie; "the wound is all black. Come, there is no other way, I must play the surgeon myself: you will not be angry with me if I give you pain? there is no other means of saving you."

"Alas! I fear so," said the stranger; "the heat of the season has much inflamed the wound; yet it was only a spent ball, or my arm would have been broken."

Without longer delay, Leonie, with the point of the small scissors which she took from her basket, succeeded in cutting down upon the ball, and then, pressing on either side, she at length had the satisfaction of seeing that the ball moved, and at length fell out. The stranger appeared to suffer great pain during the operation, and almost fainted when it was concluded.

"Ah!" he said, at length, "it is to you I owe my life; how shall I ever acquit myself of the debt? Would gold satisfy a heart like yours?"

"Gold!" answered Leonie, proudly.

"You see, sir," said Jacqueline, "my niece has been townward bred, just as if she was a young lady; so that you must not talk about money to her."

"Ah! I guessed it," returned the other, trying to force a smile, "one might easily see that she has not always lived in a fisherman's hut."

By this time they had finished tying the bandages round the wounded arm; and then Leonie and Jacqueline passed into a little room at the side, and prepared a homely bed for the reception of the stranger; although the sheets were coarse, they were as white as snow. To his little apartment, with some difficulty, they helped the stranger; and then Jacqueline saw him safely laid on the couch to seek the repose which he so much needed.

It was already late, and the storm had subsided; the little torrents across the chasms and the ravines had almost run themselves out, and the roads were clear of water, so that a foot-passenger might make his way along safely enough. The sky above—along which the fleecy clouds were rapidly drifting—was thickly set with stars, and the masses of vapour were becoming tinged with the silvery reflection of the moon, which was now rising above the hill; and all seemed to promise that Leonie could now make her way to the chateau in safety.

"Good night, Jacqueline," said she: "good night, I shall return to-morrow."

"What must I say to our good man if he comes back?"

"Just tell him simply what has passed—neither more nor less. Good night, I'll come to you early to-morrow. There can be no danger from him."

The stranger overheard these words, and said faintly from within:—

"Danger from me, alas! Fear nothing: am I in a condition to injure any one, even were I not bound to you as the preservers of my life?"

"I hope not," answered Leonie; "and remember that you owe that life to two Breton women, whose village has not yet been the seat of the war; see you do not betray us. Good night."

THE MESSENGER OF THE WOUNDED MAN.

On re-entering the chateau, Leonie did not think it necessary to communicate the events of the night to her father; for she knew how easily his suspicions would be awakened, and that in effect the knowledge of the stranger's presence would cause him uneasiness to no purpose. But all that night, after she retired to her room, she thought of nothing else but the handsome stranger.

"He is a victim," she said to herself, "even as we are, of the hatred of those murderous assassins. Perhaps his relations, his friends, all that is dear to him, have perished on the revolutionary scaffold. Yes, he is an officer of the

brave troops of La Vendée; Captain, Colonel, General, perhaps; some unfortunate event must have separated him from his troops. I am sure he cannot be a traitor; the sight of him has affected me with a feeling so mixed of joy and sadness that it cannot be so, I feel. Yes, I am deeply interested in him: if he were my brother now, how proud of him I should be! how I would love him!"

The next morning, as soon as she could leave the chateau, she set out for Jacqueline's cottage, to visit the wounded man. The woods were all fresh and beautiful after the storm; the sun, already at some height, was darting his rays upon the green coverts and clumps of trees, and drying up the beaded drops that hung upon the leaves from the last night's rain; while the little wood-birds in their gay plumage were making the air musical with their joyous notes; and from every side a sweet scent of the wild flowers ascended to heaven—honeysuckle and the hedge violet, with the wild strawberries, half hidden in their green tufts; and the summer insects were wheeling in fantastic circles in the fresh morning air. It was a time in which youth might well feel hopeful; and gaily did Leonie trip along to the cottage.

"How goes the patient?" said she, on arriving.

"Oh! much better," said Jacqueline; "he has passed a quiet night; but this morning, as he appeared uneasy when he saw me, I asked him his name; not that I was curious—far from it; but I wanted to see if your confidence was well bestowed."

"And what did he answer?" said Leonie.

"Oh! he said that he was by trade a pedlar;"—(here Leonie smiled)—"that the Blues had attacked him, near Saint Lazaire, as he was going to the fair, and had robbed him of his pack; and had wanted to enlist him by force, upon which he took to his heels, and jumped over the hedge; but when these men saw they could not catch him alive, they fired upon him, and so wounded him. He says, that for three days he has been wandering about in the woods, and, at length, fairly exhausted by pain and fatigue, he had lain himself down to die when we found him. He pulled from a leather belt, which he wore round his waist, a *double-louis*, which he offered me; but with an air one might easily see that all he has been telling us is not gospel."

"It is likely enough," said Leonie; "but if he desires to conceal his condition, that is no business of ours. I will go and look at his wound."

"Ah! my guardian angel," said the stranger, as she entered.

"I am no angel," said Leonie, "but a poor girl, who am come to offer you my services, if you will accept them."

So saying, she unbandaged the wound, put on fresh dressings, and when this was done, was about to take her leave; but he detained her, and repeated the same story which he had told to Jacqueline.

"With all this, sir," said Leonie, "I have nothing to do; a day or two will see you recovered; you can then leave the cottage, and we may, I think, trust to your honour not to betray us."

The stranger reiterated his assurances that she had nothing to fear from him, but that rather he would be prepared to defend her at the risk of that life which she had saved.

Leonie took her leave and returned to the chateau, still uncertain as to whether or no she should communicate with her father on the subject: but she put it off from day to day under some fresh pretext, until it became embarrassing to her to account for her previous silence, if she should resolve on making any disclosure; and, besides, she expected every day, that the stranger would be able to quit Jacqueline's cottage, and so the business would terminate quietly. But, alas! these were but the vain pretexts with which she sought to delude herself. Poor Leonie had lost for ever that heart's content and peace of mind which but a short while back made her so brilliant and so happy. The love of her father, the attachment of the companions of her childhood, are hollow and unsatisfactory; all her thoughts are for the stranger. She counts the moments from the time in which she is compelled to quit his side until the hour comes round to rejoin him and to dress his wound. In the intervals, she wanders about by herself in solitary parts of the woods, given up to thoughts and reflections of which *he*, and he alone, is the object.

One day it happened that the stranger, who had now regained his strength, was walking in the woods by himself, when he heard the steps of a man advancing quickly towards him; his first thought was to conceal himself, but for this it was too late; he determined, therefore, to await his coming, and address him boldly, whosoever he might be. No sooner, however, had he gained sight of the man, than he called out, "Dubois, my faithful Dubois, whom I thought dead!"

"Yes, my dear master, it is indeed I; yes, your Highness!"

"Hush, hush, Dubois, do not whisper my name in your dreams; but tell me how it is that you are here."

Dubois related to him his adventures since the day on which the army of La Vendée had been defeated, and he had been carried away by the impetuous rush of the flying army; and how, begging his way about the country, he had at last, drinking with some fishermen at Saint Nayaire, got upon his master's track.

The Prince, for of no less condition he was,

in his turn related what had befallen him; and how, after his wound was partly cured, he had remained in the wood, attracted by the beauty and devotion of Leonie. He spoke freely to his servant; for, in those days, a servant attached to an old family, in which he had been born and bred, was the confidant of his master's secrets, and his adviser in cases of difficulty.

"And now tell me," he said, "Dubois, what shall I do? my brothers in arms await me; in me they have put their hope; shall I deceive them? will they not reckon my desertion of them a base abandonment of her good cause? Can I, without dishonour, remain in this quiet obscurity, while Delbie, Leseure, Laroche-Jacqueline, and so many others are daily risking their lives for the King's cause, and some of that chosen band are daily giving up their lives for the holy cause of the White Lilies? Oh! Leonie, why did I ever know thee? It is in vain that you would be a sister to me; neither sister nor wife can you be: a little more than the one, and less than the other you are. The rigorous call of duty, that destiny which all things obey—the pride of the name which I inherit—all forbid me to linger here any longer. Dubois, let us fly."

Dubois explained to his master that it would be useless to attempt flight for many days to come, as the Republican cruisers were scattered in every direction along the coast, and parties of the Blues were dispersed over the country in such numbers as forbade any rational hope of rejoining the Royalist army in safety; "indeed," he said to the Prince, "it seems an especial miracle of Providence that keeps this place of refuge secure for awhile; a few days and the pursuit will have slackened, and then we shall be able to set forth; but here we must wait awhile."

"Then," replied his master, "I will take the only course fit for me to pursue. Go, Dubois, and bear from me a message to the Sire de Boispreau, and say that the Prince de Talmont is in this valley wounded, and in distress, and asks him for refuge till he is able to rejoin his companions in arms. Of Leonie say nothing; she has told me that she has not informed her father of my presence here, and when she recognizes me at the chateau it will be time for me to explain."

THE OLD PRIEST.—THE DISCOVERY.

But, in the meanwhile, another guest had arrived at the chateau who was well known to the proprietor of it. Father Vincent had been obliged, together with his brothers, to take refuge in flight, in order to avoid the guillotine and sabres of the Republicans. He had been long established at Rennes before the breaking out of the French Revolution, and there had been confessor to the convent in which Leonie had been brought up under the guidance of her aunt. Through a thousand dangers he had made his way to Nantes, where his lady was now in prison, and, having succeeded in establishing a communication with her, had come over to her brother's, to see if any measure could be concerted for her relief. He was speaking of this matter with the Sire de Boispreau, when Dubois was announced, and related his story.

The old Breton gentleman, ill as he was, would instantly have gone to welcome the Prince, had he not been detained by the priest, who commanded Dubois for a moment to retire, and then said, "We live in times, good Sir, when it is not fit to trust any speech, however fair; I am well acquainted with the Prince de Talmont's person, if it be indeed he; suffer me to go in search of him; this will bear no appearance of disrespect, if the story be true—if not, suffer me alone to be the victim; gather your men around you, and if this be only a trick of the enemy, make what defence you can—your escape, if that be possible, in case you do not find me return."

After a little conversation this was agreed to, although with some reluctance by De Boispreau, who was unwilling that his friend should run any risk; but he yielded when the other convinced him that, if foul play were intended, it was already too late to attend to considerations of this sort.

The priest set forth, in company with Dubois, and the old man, calling his daughter to him, and arranging with Etienne means for their escape to a boat which lay below, if his return should be protracted beyond a reasonable time, quietly awaited the result. They were not, however, long kept in suspense, for the Prince had followed on the traces of his messenger, so that the priest and Dubois found him already near the chateau, and hastened to conduct him to the presence of the Sire de Boispreau. Leonie's astonishment may be conceived when she saw her patient arrive thus accompanied.

"You see before you, Sir," said the Prince, on entering, "Henry Duke de la Tremouille, Prince de Talmont," at the same time he opened his vest, and displayed the cross of Saint Louis, which was concealed beneath it. "The chance of war had gone against me in the last attempt which the troops of La Vendée made against Nantes. I was wounded; wandering about to seek a place of refuge, chance guided my steps to a little cottage near your house, where I had lain down to die, when the hand of your noble daughter raised me from the earth; she restored life to me, dressed my wounds, and it is owing to her that I stand here to-day."

"What, my daughter!" returned the other, "Is it you who saved the Prince?" Leonie cast down her eyes upon the ground, while a blush spread over her beautiful countenance.

"Ah! Prince! It is not thus that I would

have received you," continued the old Breton; "but the misfortunes of the country press upon us all; some day, indeed, you will smile when you think that this poor house has ever afforded you shelter."

"Fear not, my father," answered the Prince; "feeble creatures, such as we are at best, must bow before the Almighty in his wrath; yet I cannot but think that better days are in store for us all, and despondency has past from my mind, like a cloud from the summer's sky, since I find myself once more amongst friends, and in the bosom of your family."

The old man was delighted with his new guest, and proud enough to receive so distinguished a partisan of the royal cause under his roof. What Leonie's feelings were it may be difficult to describe—delight at finding the stranger, the object of so many dreams, in as proud a position as her wildest imagination had conceived, but yet so high that it was almost hopeless to think that she could ever share his heart and his fortunes. However, a wholesome spirit was abroad, although, for the time, cruelly displayed; and things had taken such a turn that her lover, for so he indeed was, would not, but for her assistance, have been standing there that day. The punctilios of rank and ceremony had been brought face to face with the stern realities of life, and had been found wanting—what the event was remains to be told.

At this moment news arrived which demanded the serious attention of all, and showed them that the struggle for life itself was not yet over.

THE ST. SIMONIAN AND THE IDIOT.

Some years ago, a preacher of the St. Simonian sect was making a missionary tour through the valleys of the Tyrol. He was a man renowned for his eloquence, and his fame had spread far and wide. Crowded cities, and many a wood-embosomed hamlet and mountain village, rang with his praises. He wandered into the neighbourhood of a lovely village, named Clairsfort, one of the sweetest of those paradises, which stud the bottoms of the valleys, peculiar to this region. His fame had reached the ears of the inhabitants of this retired spot, and numerous and pressing were the applications made to him to introduce the new doctrine among them. The missionary joyfully acceded to their request, and ere many days the whole village was assembled to listen to him, whom they desired yet feared to hear. His eloquence produced its usual effects; earnest attention was soon productive of the deepest emotion, and with amazement the simple-minded villagers listened to scathing denunciations of old creeds and systems, and brilliant invocations to the new, of which he professed himself the apostle. Reason was dazzled, judgment bewildered, by his energetic sophistry. At will he led the multitude; he denounced oppression and the oppressors, and rage filled every breast to suffocation; he lamented the sufferings of the poor and the helpless, and tears rolled down the cheeks of the old man and the boy, the matron and the child. A word would have led the multitude to brave danger and death; they stood prepared to renounce what they had lately prized more than home or friends, or life itself. The listeners resembled the poor bird, fluttering beneath the fascination of the serpent; self-control was no more; they thought, moved, and lived in the breath of the speaker. The poison had entered the veins, it rushed to the heart, and moral death, the death of faith and hope, ensued.

Sometimes a very insignificant impediment will turn aside a mighty current; the course of popular feeling may be diverted by a word or a glance; a stroke of the ridiculous will, oftentimes, overturn a firmly-seated seriousness, as joyous hilarity is frequently drowned by a tear or dispelled by a sigh.

Among the attentive multitude was one of those poor creatures, of which almost every village has its sample—an Idiot. The Idiot is generally unsusceptible to the higher emotions of our nature; dead save to the grosser passions and appetites; but, here, among all the excited throng, no one was more excited than he. The villagers stared with amazement at the poor crazed boy, as the big tears chased each other down his pallid cheeks; his eye was rivetted on the speaker; his uplifted hands, which he sometimes wrung with despairing energy, proclaimed the fierce conflict of his passions; he turned a deaf ear to the friendliest inquiries, commiseration only increased his distress. This moving scene was not unwitnessed by the preacher, and the moment he ended his brilliant discourse, he walked up to the Idiot. The boy still continued weeping, and his grief appeared rather to increase than diminish. The preacher, interested and amazed by so singular a phenomenon, spoke to him, and endeavoured to elicit the cause of his sorrow, but in vain.

"Tell me," said he in the kindest of tones, "what so deeply oppresses you,—unfold your cares and they shall be dispelled."

Had the Idiot been willing to reply, tears choked his utterance.

"You cannot have been what men term a 'great sinner,'" continued the Simonian. "I am your friend; tell me, I pray you, what disturbs you."

Tears and moans were still the only response.

The preacher was bewildered, but again he spoke:—"Have I said aught, my poor friend, that distresses you? Let me know, and it shall be explained. Are you more reasonable than those who boast their possession of reason only to misuse it? Do you grieve over the folly and wickedness of mankind, and mourn for the rejection of the glorious and bliss-imparting system which we teach? Let me further unfold to you its beauties, and your mind will soon be at rest. Dry up your tears, and let us converse cheerfully, for we preach not gloom and misery, but joy, and happiness, and beauty."

The Idiot's gaze was immoveably fixed on the countenance of the speaker, but further than this, he was unheeded; the more the preacher said, the more the boy wept. In the meantime some one had brought the Idiot's mother to the spot. She was the only one who could control him in his wayward moods. She threw her arms about her child's neck and besought him to tell her what had happened to make him grieve. She kissed his cheek and wiped the tears from his eyes, but he was unable to answer. The spectators were appealed to, but they could suggest no other cause for his condition than the preaching of the missionary, which they believed to be the true one, and many were ready to proclaim that a miracle had been worked,—old superstitions being only for a moment forgotten—and that the boy's senses were about being restored. This was far from satisfying the mother, and she yet more earnestly appealed to her son. For a moment his distress partially subsided:—"Oh, oh, oh, mother," cried he, through his sobs,—"Oh, oh, oh—he's, he's, he's *so like my poor goat that died last week!*"

The effect of this was electrical: a shout of laughter rose on the air that the mountains echoed, and the villagers separated, all the effects of the "fine speaking" and St. Simonianism dispelled by a laugh, while the poor preacher took up his staff and walked, and hastened to find a sphere for his labours where goats were unknown, and Idiots, less sharp-sighted, more profitable listeners.

W. L. G.

LIZZY'S "BACK HAIR."

BY THE EDITOR.

"No—I'm determined o' that; they shan't touch Lizzy's hair. The girl's as good a right to bands as any lady in the parish; and if she isn't to go to school without losing her back hair, she shall stop at home and learn nothing."

Such was the declaration of Barbara Dock, delivered too with a tone and manner that proved that she had well weighed the consequences of her will, and was at any suffering prepared to maintain it.

The Docks were about the poorest family of the pauper village of Nettlefield. Days came and went, and many a day they knew no better feeding than one half meal. In winter they shivered at a fireless hearth—stern, hard-featured, inexorable poverty was ever "lord of their home and hospitality." And yet pride—worldly pride—took her seat in the miserable cottage; and surrounded by want and squalor in their foulest forms and most degrading spirit, had nevertheless her miserable delights; her small whims and fantasies; wayward, as though she played the fine, fantastic lady in the finest drawing-room. It was this pride that with witch-like malice whispered to Mrs. Barbara Dock—"Come what will, preserve at any cost your daughter Lizzy's back hair."

A few words will inform the reader in what manner Lizzy's hair was perilled.

The village of Nettlefield was about a mile and a half distant from a small, yet substantial country town, whose richer inhabitants had built a school for the children of the very poor. Now, it was one of the laws of the girls' school—a law passed in a solemn parliament of rich and respectable matrons—that the pauper pupils should be required to forego the vanity of curls and bands. We know not whether these excellent women had ever read "The Unloveliness of Love-locks" and other pamphlets born in the good old Puritan times for the especial discomfiture and conversion of those who suffered their souls to be endangered by their hair,—they, however, legislated in the cropping spirit of such writers, and required of each pupil that not only should she eschew bands and front curls, but that her "back hair" should be cut off in decent closeness to the nape of the neck. It was not thought seemly that poverty should rejoice in flowing tresses. There was danger

in them. The lady-committee were doubtless right. There have been she Samsons, carrying worse than death in their wanton ringlets.

Now, Lizzy Dock was a rough-made looking wench of fourteen. Handsome she was not, save in the eyes of her mother. Indeed, throughout the neighbourhoood, Lizzy Dock was frequently saluted with words that must have been a sharp lesson to the conceit of female beauty; the swains of Nettlefield would, in their own unsophisticated Doric, tell her their private and public opinion of her personal charms; nevertheless, Lizzy Dock had not the weakness or the humility to believe them. If, too, Lizzy was proud of anything in this world, it was of her hair. It was the colour of thistle-down, and by dint of constant coaxing she had got it to give indications of a backward curl. Now, with these white locks did Lizzy astound the propriety of the girls' school at ———. She knew not the mystery of the alphabet, and was sent, at fourteen years old, to become a scholar in the horn-book of charity.

Lizzy returned to the cottage at dinner-time —to no dinner—and told her mother the fiat of the governess. Whereupon, Mrs. Barbara Dock delivered herself of the sentence which opens our story: "If she wasn't to go to school without losing her back hair, she should stop at home, and learn nothing."

Lizzy returned to school bearing this determination, a little modified in its phraseology, to the governess. "Her mother couldn't think that she should lose her hair." Whereupon, Lizzy was sent home with a desire not to return to the school again unless properly shorn. And Lizzy returned not; but keeping her back hair, stayed at home.

In an hour at most, the whole story was talked over at every hearth in Nettlefield. Everybody wondered at the pride and impudence of Mrs. Dock; and not a few predicted a wretched, sinful ending for Lizzy; yes—"It might easily be guessed what her back hair would bring her to."

The committee of ladies, informed of the waywardness of Mrs. Dock, declared one and all, that, amid all the serious doings of human life, this impertinence to the patronesses of the school was the gravest misdeed they had ever heard of. Some judgment must certainly fall upon the woman for her pride and wickedness. However, human charity prevailed; for the lady patronesses, determining that the woman Dock should not be left to perish in her perversity, resolved upon a benevolent pilgrimage to her habitation. It was at first arranged that the whole committee should present themselves before the forlorn woman: but, on second thoughts, the intention was abandoned, lest it might produce some serious shock on the nerves of the offender: whereupon, it was resolved that Mrs. Cuckfield, the Squire's Lady,—a gentlewoman renowned for dignity at freezing point—should alone read a terrible lesson to the stubborn Mrs. Dock. It was especially necessary that an example should be made of the woman: that she should be taught to feel the presumption of her doings; and who so capable of confounding her as the Squire's Lady? Straightway, Mrs. Cuckfield deposited herself in her phaeton, and drove to Nettlefield.

A sudden silence fell upon the village, as the phaeton rolled smoothly towards it. Women curtsied at every doorstep; the children left off playing and squabbling, and, with finger in mouth, looked bashfully at the Squire's Lady's carriage. The village curs seemed struck with shamefacedness; for they ventured not the weakest bark at the horses' heels, but slunk up in doorways, and, with quivering noses and abashed countenances, sat silently upon their haunches, hardly venturing a leer at the Squire's Lady.

The phaeton stopt at Mrs. Dock's cottage. Whereupon, Mrs. Dock appeared at the door, attended by Lizzy—whose back hair by the way was in the most insolent condition of curl, —and dropt a dutiful curtsy to Mrs. Cuckfield; who, with lady-like wrath in her countenance, deigned no recognition; but, with very rigid eye-lids, passed into the cottage. In a moment, Mrs. Dock passed her apron over one of the two chairs, and presented it to the Squire's Lady. Mrs. Cuckfield threw a glance upon the ragged rush bottom; then, arranging her gown, sank upon the seat. No Lord Chief Justice ever took his place upon the bench with greater dignity: none ever looked more terrible to a culprit. As for Mrs. Dock, she instantly divined the cause of Mrs. Cuckfield's visit; and, though a little flustered by the solemnity that she felt was about to begin, she nevertheless strung herself up for the contest; and in a very few moments her face looked dogged and stony. Indeed, it may be truly said that she was armed to the teeth for the encounter.

"You've had a prize in the lottery, eh, Mrs. Dock?" said Mrs. Cuckfield, with the cutting voice of an east wind.

"Not at all, ma'am," answered the woman. "Prizes ma'am, don't come to poor people, ma'am."

"Not a prize! well I declare, I thought of course you were suddenly become very rich? and you're as poor and destitute as ever?" asked the Squire's Lady.

"If you please, ma'am," replied Mrs. Dock.

"And I suppose, nothing particular in the cupboard?" said Mrs. Cuckfield.

The poor woman made no verbal answer; but moving a pace or two, opened a corner cupboard door, and showed its empty shelves. There was truly nothing in it. "We havn't tasted

meat—not so much as a bit of bacon—these two months."

"I thought as much," cried Mrs. Cuckfield, as though she was fast coming on the guilt of the offender. "I thought as much."

"Wages is dreadful, now," said Mrs. Dock, with a sigh. "I don't know what things will come to. Them as are poor had better be in their graves."

"Perhaps, some of them," answered the Squire's Lady, with slight bitterness.

"For my part, ma'am," cried Mrs. Dock, "I don't care how soon."

"Why, you wicked creature! you ungrateful, wicked woman! Don't you blush—ar'n't you ashamed of yourself?" cried the Squire's Lady.

"What for, ma'am?" asked Mrs. Dock, with Arcadian ignorance.

"*You*, who ought to know your place? *You*, poor destitute creatures, with nothing but your hard labour to live upon—you, with an empty cupboard; half-naked, and without one of the comforts of life about you—you to dare to,—why, it's flying in the face of Providence! Wretched woman! don't you expect the roof to fall—or the earth to open and swallow you up?"

"What for, ma'am?" again asked Mrs. Dock.

"What for? Turn round your back, girl!" cried Mrs. Cuckfield to Lizzy, who instantly obeyed the order. "There," cried Mrs. Cuckfield, pointing her finger towards the felonious back hair—"Look at that and blush."

"What for, ma'am?" for the third time asked Mrs. Dock.

Mrs. Cuckfield was about to storm; but she remembered the dignity of the Squire's Lady, and with praiseworthy calmness—considering the effort it cost her—asked, "Am I to understand, woman, that you will not permit your girl to submit to the school crop? That, in a word, you insist upon her wearing bands, and keeping her back hair?"

"Poor people have a right to their hair, ma'am," said the stolid Mrs. Dock.

"It is true, then?" cried the Squire's Lady

"Poor people have as good a right to what they're born with," said Mrs. Dock, "as the rich. Quite as good a right."

"Was there ever such assurance!" exclaimed Mrs. Cuckfield.

"If God Almighty didn't think so," said Mrs. Dock, "God Almighty wouldn't make rich folks and poor folks all alike."

"Well, if ever!" ejaculated the Squire's Lady.

"Lizzy's as good a right to her back hair as the Queen of England," cried Mrs. Dock.

She had said enough. Human presumption had passed its limit, all wide as it is, and the Squire's Lady, almost aghast at the cottager's wife, made for the threshold. Then pity for human infirmity made her suddenly pause. She gathered herself up for one last remonstrance. "Mrs. Dock, you understand, that unless your girl conforms to the regulations of the school she cannot be received there. In which case, she will grow up, poor creature, ignorant as the pigs. For the last time, will you cut off her back hair?"

Mrs. Dock merely replied, "Poor people, ma'am, have as good right to their back hair, ma'am, as the richest in the land, ma'am."

The Squire's Lady passed from the cottage into her phaeton, and without another word drove off.

The school committee were more than astonished at the report of Mrs. Cuckfield. Their curiosity was piqued by the presumption of Mrs. Dock; and one by one the ladies visited her, as, indeed, they would have visited the exhibition of some strange animal. To one and all, however, Mrs. Dock observed, that "Lizzy had as good right to her back hair as the Queen of England."

Lizzy did *not* go to school. She, however, kept her back hair, and with such adornment, grew up, in the prophetic words of Mrs. Cuckfield, "ignorant as the pigs."

Miserable vanity! thinks the reader, that in such condition sacrifices mental hopes to outward ornament! Alas, good Sir, 'tis very well to shake the head in sad reproof of pauper Lizzy Dock, and her foolish mother,—but how many are there, with all the world's comforts about them, who, in some way or the other, do not sacrifice an inward excellence for some sort of "back hair"?

THE TRUE AND PARTICULAR STORY OF KING MIDAS

BY E. PERON HINGSTON.

PART I.

It is certainly wrong, when you've been at a party,
Where the glass has gone round, and the laugh has been hearty,
The punch duly brewed—
The wine very good—
The company cosy—the rites understood;
Mind, I say it is wrong—
And I'll prove it ere long,
Though you may be stout-hearted, and sturdy, and strong;
It is nonsense, I say,
Attempting to stray
Towards your home when so jolly, at break of the day,
You can't tell what obstacles lie in your way,
A demon might meet you—or still worse, a fay.
A ditch might receive you and stow you away,
Or the grass in one spot might make excellent hay,
And the carbon and azote composing your meat,
*De*composing, might give to the daisies a treat,
The poppies, o'erjoyed, grow as tall as the wheat,
The buttercups double, the cock-sorrell sweet.
No!—make it a rule not to wander abroad
After worshipping duly the Nysean god,*
But stay where you are, and sit up if you're able,
If not—there's a carpet, no doubt, 'neath the table.

Silenus—of course you have heard of the man—
Was a jolly old rascal, o'er fond of his can,
With a belly as big
As Lord Spencer's prize pig,
And a nose, which proclaimed him the fellow to swig.
They say—how they prove it is more than I know—
That he was a philosopher, too—rather low,
I should think, were his notions of man and morality,
Of psychology, physics, and mental duality:
Though speaking of things appertaining to mental,
Where would Bacchus have been,
Had his foster-dad seen
The era of Kant, and became transcendental?

Well, it happened one day,
While the rest were at play,
That Silenus all suddenly wandered away;
We are told his philosophy taught him to stray,

* Bacchus; whom Jupiter sent by Mercury to the ladies of Nysa, to be suckled and taken care of.

We are certainly told so, but *entre nous*,
The philosopher may have been somewhat o'er fou.
And as for philosophy seeking the shade,
'Tis the φιλεω for Sophy, or Clara, or Mary;
For Harriet, Constance, Fanny, or Cary,
Margaret, Julia, or some other maid,
Which peoples with sages so many a glade;
Each with the air
Of a stern *solitaire*—
A grumbling hyena, or grisly bear—
There is death in your tresses, ye cannibal fair!

Silenus had strayed till the Phrygians had found him,
With wreaths of the ivy—his ivy—they bound him.
They pulled and they tugged,
They pushed and they hugged,
They whooped and they yelled, as they gathered around him.
With his neck in a noose, and his elbows tied fast,
To Midas, their monarch, they brought him at last.

"Away! ye throng profane, away!"
Aloud King Midas cried;
"Your prisoner is a God, ye knaves;
Go, let him be untied."
The knives were drawn, the bands were severed,
And thus Silenus was delivered.

King Midas was a jolly king,
He should be living now;
He knew the trick of everything,
And what to do and how.
And, furthermore, the way to wring
Gold from the toiler's brow.

His eyes were grey, his hair was brown,
His eyebrows revelled in a frown.
His lips were projected,
His nose was deflected,
Its tip—red and round—to the sky was directed;
His forehead was low, very small, and retreating,
Bearing evident proofs of a passion for cheating:
While, had Mr. Combe seen him, he would have declared,
From the bump which, aloof, in the background appeared,
That for none save King Midas, Midas ever cared.
You could easily guess,
From his air, and his dress,
From his blandness of manner, and tact in *finesse*,
From the play of his speech, and his hollow address,
From his gestures, his greetings, and points numberless,
That he was just the man to heap up and to save,
To laugh when 'twas proper—for profit be grave,
And pass through the world a respectable knave.
For you must understand,
In that classic old land
Men were not, as with us, an enlightened band;
The Sunday-schools were not that day at command,
And children wer'n't taught all the virtues of sand;
And they didn't, as we do, prize talent alone—
Even genius received no smiles from the throne,
And the brutes they built all their best buildings of stone,
Their eyes were so dull, and their heads were so thick,
That they couldn't discern all the beauties of brick;
Nor even the grace of a stuccoed pilaster,
Nor the happy effect of good whitewash and plaster.
And as for conception
They wanted direction
In taste, which was plain on the slightest inspection;
The best of their structures looked meagre and bare,
For they couldn't the grand and magnificent dare,
Never dream that with us they'd a chance to compare;
No, no! they'd no National Gallery there!
They had not at art in its altitude glanced,
And were not to Schlegel or Fichté advanced,
But were regular gropers,
Mere muckworms and mopers.
"Young Phrygia" hadn't yet donned their white chokers,
And literature, then, was so little in vogue,
That they purchased not even "The Life of a Rogue."
While the "Mysteries of Lydia," laden with crime,
Would not sell, we are told, in that barbarous time;
In fact, the sole sign which they gave of progression,
Was a book called "Goningsby"—under revision.

Oh! who shall chain the wings of Thought?
Oh! who shall bind the free?
Where shall the iron links be wrought,
To fetter Fantasie?
The weary frame may wear away,
The aching eye grow dim,
But there is that which still will stray,
Amid the cherubim.
Silenus strayed away, you know,
And I have strayed with him.

His captive well King Midas knew,
And knowing, soon perceived his cue.
"My friend," said he, "let's in to bouse;
Come, let us frolic and carouse.
You are a jolly trump, I see,
I glory in such company,
And as for wine—there is a plenty,
If you and I were split in twenty."
Then with a sly and sidelong wink,
King Midas raised his glass to drink,
And drinking, muttered o'er the rim—
"I shan't do bad—I think—with him."

Morning and night—
Darkness and light—
Still flew the corks, while the wine gurgled bright,
There was seldom a pause to their mystic delight,
Save when it might hap,
That the King took a nap,
With the heels of Silenus stuck up in his lap—
He was such a free—such a jolly old chap!
While oft on the sly
Would the King ope his eye,
And winking it, close it as quick as a fly;
There was something he meant by that ominous wink,
A sinister something—so I should think,

Which depended on more than the strength of the drink.
Over and under—
Embracing—asunder—
Whistling, singing, and roaring like thunder,
Stay not—dear reader—to pause or to ponder,
There's not the least cause in the world for your wonder,
If you should, by mere chance,
Hear a song or a dance,
A row, or a fight, just by way of variety,
In the room over head,
While you lie in your bed—
Such things will occur—despite impropriety—
When gentlemen freely indulge in ebriety,
And spend days and nights in each other's society.

They drank and they swore,
And then guzzled the more,
Until ten mortal days were forgotten and o'er;
Then the King and his chum laid them down for a snore;
And when sobered and staid
They arose and arrayed
Themselves in new garlands—just culled from the glade.
"My buck," said Silenus, "I'll bid you adieu."
"Not yet, my old cockey; I journey with you.
We have certainly been pretty merry and gay,
But I rather think yet there's the piper to pay."
Said King Midas aside—for he never did ought
Without planning, and scheming, and plenty of thought,
How best in his meshes the fish should be caught.
When sober or drunk, he'd his eye to the profit,
And mostly guessed what in the end would come of it.

In Lydia's fields the grass was green,
On Lydia's vines the grapes were seen,
On Lydia's plains, throughout the day,
The Bacchantes pursued their play;
And he—the jovial, ruddy King—
Would 'mongst them oft his thyrsus swing.
Oh! that such days might yet return,
The incense on the altar burn;
Man trace earth's beauties thrown around,
Repeopling with the gods the ground;
Hear Orpheus sing in every breeze,
And satyrs chase among the trees.
Alas! for those old glorious days,
Alas! for fairy-land and fays,
Things—thoughts—the world—are all reverted;
And but lately I heard
It sworn to, and averred,
Father Mathew himself is but Bacchus converted;
And though he has the fame,
It was we won the game;
All he did was to *back us*, when hither he came.
"What! my daddy Silenus,
As rosy as Venus,
And sly as that imp of King Priam's—Helenus:
Why, where have you been,
And what have you seen,
And what in the name of the deuce do you mean
By looking so hearty, and tidy, and clean?
That you've met with good friends, would appear by your looks:
Their names—let me have them at once in my books?"
Silenus replied, with a comical leer,
"Looky, Bacchy, my boy, the old gentleman's here."

"What here!" Bacchus cried—
"What here! by my side!"
"Yes, it's me," said King Midas; "your daddy implied,
I have been his host, I must say, to my honour.
I've my book—pray for what shall I write you the donor?"

"King Midas, my friend, you're a regular trump,"
Said Bacchus, retailing his kingship a thump;
"And for what you have done, and for what you may do,
Ask just what you please, it is granted to you."

The eyes of King Midas were eager and bright,
The heart of King Midas was thumping outright,
King Midas himself felt all over delight.
"But one little boon," said he, "if I might ask;
I would not too much your benevolence task,
But, that is to say, I hope I'm not bold,—
LET WHATEVER I TOUCH TURN AT ONCE INTO GOLD."

"Done! A bargain!" said Bacchus. "To-morrow, at noon,
You will find that I fully have granted the boon.
Come! a glass to good luck; friends should never part dry:
Here's my hand—take great care of yourself—and—good bye."

"To-morrow!" said Midas, as homeward returning,
"To-morrow, at noon!" and his fingers were burning,
"At my palace, by Jove! I'll a banquet prepare,
And I'll show off some magic to some of them there.
There's nothing like speaking up freely and bold.
I've got it!—I've got it!—The world shall be gold!"

PART II.

The banquet was spread,
And the King at the head
Of the table sate—duly bedizened with red
Velvet, or satin, or silk, or moreen,
Tissu de verre, or, perhaps, bombazeen.
The tables were long,
Well-laden, and strong—
And around had gathered a hungry throng,
Eagerly waiting,
The hour for baiting,
The clocks, sun, and time, for their tardiness rating,
And wondering what had occurred to the King,
To cause him to take so much joy in a thing
Which he commonly spoke of as waste and as vanity,
Styling feasting and sporting—'mongst servants—"profanity."

But one hour to noon,
Which would pass very soon,
And then came the time for receiving the boon.
"Now up with the dinner!" cried Midas, "in haste,
The dinner!—the dinner!—there's no time to waste."
For to make it more grand,
King Midas had planned,
That the noon should arrive just as wine was at hand,
That he might on the pears and the pine-apples show
His alchemical power,
And wondrous dower,
To the wondering throngs at the table below,
Who were sitting impatiently all in a row,
Watching the drops from the clepsydra flow,
And cursing the moments for being so slow.

Hark!—the dinner bell's boom—
Clear the tables—make room.
Be seated—now ready—and at it they go.
The uncivilised brutes
Never stayed for the soups,
But carved the *rôti*, with cannibal whoops.
There were barons, and briskets, and legs of prime wether,
Mutton, hearts, tripe, and *rognons*, all piled up together;
Or, in shape of a dainty, a double-grilled bone,
Pork-chops, prime veal cutlets, and *pieds de cochon*.
They were in such haste, that the fish was forgotten,
And they really ate venison ere it was rotten.
The poultry came, and the poultry went,
And no one saw clearly the way it was sent.
The pies and the puddings in haste disappeared;
The cloth was removed, and the table was cleared.
They sung not "*Non Nobis*," but had up the wine,
Apples of apple trees—apples of pine—
Raisins de Corinthe, and raisins of vine,
All were in plenty, and all very fine.

King Midas had sate
While his company ate,
Quietly watching and blessing his fate,
With stomach unfilled—but spirits elate,
Till the clock showed the hour
For granting the dower,
And his Majesty felt an accession of power.
"Bring hither," he cried, "a goblet of wine,
We will pledge rosy Bacchus, the monarch divine."
The cup it was brought, and the King took the cup,
And pledging the god, to his lips raised it up,
When, lo! to those lips the bright liquor caught hold,
And there hung the cup by a hook of pure gold.

"Ah! what now!" cried the King,
"The deuce take the thing;—
Away with this cup, and those pine-apples bring—
I'm a god!—I'm a god!—Look, ye, slaves, at my skill,
Here is gold at my wishing, and gems at my will."
And the pears and the melons obeyed his command,
Turning golden and bright at the touch of his hand.

The company stared,
And the company feared,
For the whole very wondrous and awful appeared;
They thought of their wives, and they thought of their doom,
For they thought they saw Pluto steal into the room;
Yet their gaze did not once from the gold heaps depart,
And Mammon a worshipper had in each heart.

But King Midas at length
Grew exhausted of strength,
And having performed his wondrous feat,
Felt a yearning and craving for something to eat.
"Bring me hither more wine," he exclaimed aloud,
And a cup-bearer hastened from out the crowd,
Filled a cup to the brim, and presenting it, bowed.
A rare glass full it was,—quite enough for a soaking;
His Majesty took it—when, oh! how provoking!
He suddenly cried out—"I'm choking!—I'm choking!"
The cup-bearer hastened to pull it away,
But the cup-bearer not being nimble, they say,
Was struck by his Majesty for his delay;
And there on a sudden was seen in the hall,
The cup-bearer—golden, and burnished and all,
In an attitude eager—he stood with a grin,
Holding on by the cup, to his Majesty's chin!

"Hillo! what means this?—
Here is something amiss.
What!—musn't I even my *chere amie* kiss?
Why how shall I eat, or my sweetheart enfold,
If my lips, and my arms, what they touch turn to gold?

This is more than I wanted, or sought yet to win,
Oh, Juno and Jove, here's a pickle I'm in!

" Hear, Bacchus, I pray thee attend to me now;
I have sinned—I'm a fool—I'm an ass, I avow;
Receive back thy gift, let me be as of old,
There are joys in this life far more precious than gold."

His cry, relenting Bacchus hears,
And touched, at once dispels his fears:
" Go where her turrets, proud Sardis rears,
And in the river wash thy hands."
He washed,—and lo! the yellow sands
Flowed bright and golden to the main,
And Midas was himself again.

Then afar in the depth of the forest he strayed,
Afar in the hollow, afar in the glade,
Afar where the flowers their fragrance flung,
But they left all their music to Midas unsung.
He had knelt at one shrine, and had worshipped one god,
He had kneaded himself with his idol—the clod;
His ears had grown deaf, and his eyes had grown dim,
And a thousand bright things were all hidden from him.

He came where Apollo attuned his lyre
To strains which were glowing with heavenly fire,
And Pan, with his pipes, 'mongst an earth-wedded throng,
Played the barbarous air of some sensual song.
His judgment was asked, and to Pan and his reed,
The palm and the laurel King Midas decreed;
While Phœbus incensed, the rude arbiter scorned,
And his head with the ears of a donkey adorned:
With a turban of purple he hid the disgrace,
And the world seldom looked in King Midas's face;
But his barber, 'tis said—who the secret knew—
Far away to the meadows impatiently flew,
And afraid—yet still anxious, to tell what he'd found,
Dug a hole, and then whispered it into the ground;
The hole he refilled;—but afar in the meads,
From the words which he spoke, sprung a large crop of reeds,
And the rustling blades and the wind for long years,
Told the story aloud of KING MIDAS'S EARS.

DEDUCTIONS.

Be wary of men, who the first time of meeting you,
Spend their money and time, for the purpose of treating you;—
Men have motives for most things—to bless, or to curse,
And some have a motive for using their purse,
Knowing well that each piece which for you they dub down,
Is one manner of booking a score of your own.
Don't pledge Rosy Bacchus too often,—nor drink
With a man who is given to tipping the wink.
Never make it the highest, or chief of your pleasures,
To gloat on your coffers, or heap up your treasures;
For the heart that is wed to the demon of gold
Becomes rotten, and worthless—inhuman, and cold;—
And you'll feel—take my word for it—when you are croaking
As though your friend Nick down your gullet was poking
Your coins with his tail to accelerate choking,—
And there's not the least doubt you will think it provoking.

In this world there is much which is worth being sought,
But which cannot by gold nor by jewels be bought;
There is music for ever attending the breeze,
There are spirits in flowers, in fountains, and trees,
There are joys which are ever affording delight
In the blush of the day, and the shade of the night,
And beauties unnumbered, and glories untold,
Spring up by the streamlet, and sprinkle the wold;
But he who these visions of brightness would see,
Must benevolent, loving, and soul-open be,
In heart all-embracing, in well-doing brave;
They are sealed to the sordid, and shut to the knave,
Who walk in their shame—through their roadway of years—
Unconsciously showing and shaking their ears.
Your secrets keep well, nor let them be known,
Lest they into rushes be speedily grown,
And the rushes be used for the bottoms of chairs,
On which others may step o'er your head unawares.

SONNET.

THE POET'S FAREWELL TO HIS MANUSCRIPT.

FAREWELL, dear task! thou often hast beguiled
Pain from my heart, and sickness from my brow—
For other eyes than those which wept or smiled
O'er thy progressing page will meet thee now!
Farewell—farewell! my weak and friendless child!
Thy parent's love can no assistance lend
To thy young dawn upon a waste so wild,
As this gay world may be without a friend!
Yet will I crave for thee where'er may bend
Thy timid footsteps through its wintry waste,
That thy hard lot (if hard betide thee) end
In thy first day—that thou shalt not be traced
With the slow slime of sorrow from the hour
Thou'st dared, like me, at things beyond thy pow'r!

W.

THE SANATORIUM; OR, HOME IN SICKNESS.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

THE sick-room! What hosts of dolorous recollections does the word call up! What visions of things medical and disagreeable! The darkened room, with here and there a ray of sunshine streaming in through an opening in the drawn curtains, and giving evidence of the merry laughing day, barred out so rigorously from your sight; the dreary array of phials on the chimney-piece, labelled "The draught as before," or "two table-spoonfuls at bed-time"—nauseating souvenirs; the tumbler of water which forms the prison of half-a-dozen leeches, writhing, and twisting, and fixing their suckers upon the sides of the glass, in the vain attempt to extract blood from crystal; the pill-boxes—empty as you know to your cost, or full as you dolefully anticipate; in short, all the armoury of the apothecary's shop transferred to your room, and ranged around their victim. Then the tiptoe step, and whispering noises round you; the faces appearing and disappearing at the borders of the half-drawn curtains; the under-breathed "How is he (or she) now?"

The cheerless answer, "Very poorly, indeed; not at all better."

"God bless me! I'm sorry for that. What did the doctor say?"

"Oh! that"——

And the whispering sinks so low that you cannot distinguish the words. You raise yourself silently, and listen with all your ears. It is not always that you can get the doctor to give you a candid opinion. He puts off your inquiries with an "Oh, don't alarm yourself—it is—why, in fact—by the way just let us see your tongue again: ah, a good deal furred; I thought so. Now, do not forget that draught to-night; and the powders; eh, Nurse, do you hear—don't let Mr. Smith forget his draught."

And this is all the satisfaction you get. You listen therefore to the conference going on, with painful anxiety. What can they be saying? Confound them, how they do whisper. Hush! You catch a word here and there:—"Alarming"—"day or two"—"all over." Good heavens, is it come to this? You forget your sickness a moment in your fright. "Nurse," you thunder out; "Mrs. Potts, I say."

"Goodness gracious me, Mr. Smith. How you frighten one to be sure. Pray keep quiet. The doctor"——

"Tell me what you have been saying. Come, the whole truth; tell me, I say." And you look as if you were not to be trifled with.

"Well, well, I will," says Mrs. Potts, quite terrified; "I was only saying to Mr. Thomson that the doctor told me this morning"——

"Well? Make haste!"

"That the alarming symptoms would in a day or two be all over."

"Yes, my boy, that was all, I assure you," chimes in Thomson; "but keep yourself quiet; the doctor says all depends upon quiet; try to take some sleep."

You sink back on the pillow, and wipe your forehead.

"I think I can sleep a bit," you say.

But all this is the best side of the picture. Your illness may not, with care and attention, be dangerous. You are carefully watched and tended; loving friends are around you; cheering words sound often in your ear. Nice little bulletins of all that takes place down stairs; how Jones called, and how sorry Mrs. Johnson was to hear of your illness, are every now and then recounted to you. You feel yourself quite the hero of the house; everybody is evidently talking of you continually; you begin to get rather proud of yourself; are extremely fond of dwelling with vast complacency on all the unpleasant symptoms you have got rid of; and, as marks of approaching convalescence

appear, you think yourself rather a smart fellow for having got well so soon; and deliver it as your decided opinion that if it had been Jones, or Smith, or that chap Tomkins, he would not have got over it in such a hurry; but you had always such a constitution, to be sure. And you get as proud of your constitution as a dandy of a handsome waist.

This is all very well. We have glanced at the lights—let us look for a moment at the shadows of the sick-room. Verily, after all, the lights are dim and ghastly; but the shadows are awfully black and terrible.

You are alone. You are poor—perhaps living in chambers or lodgings. You are wrestling with your malady as you best can in solitude. The world bustles and hurries on as usual around you; but it minds you not. You are not able to fight and struggle for yourself, and the crowd rushes by; no man stopping to cheer you or aid you. After all, solitude and neglect are what make sickness terrible. With the prostration of your physical strength comes nervous and mental weakness. You are ashamed of yourself for giving way as you do. In health you could not conceive it possible; you would have perhaps said you had more nerve than to take on so; but "Nerve" has little chance against the wasting fever and the helpless limbs.

Alone! 'tis a dreadful word in sickness. We remember that never as a boy did we really pity Robinson Crusoe until the fever and ague came upon him in his desolate island, and he lay by turns burning and shivering in his cave. Then, and not till then, was he helpless. Then, and not till then, knew he the full force of the words he taught his parrot, "Poor Robinson Crusoe!"

Sickness in a cave in the island of Juan Fernandez! Sickness, and poverty perhaps, in a lodging in London! Which is the most melancholy? To be alone, because there is the solitude of the desert and the sea around you; or to be alone amid millions; your poverty and want making the crowded city to you as a desert or a sea.

You lie and count the slow hours passing. The full hum of London—that sublimest of sounds—rolls in at your opened window, and tells you that, stricken as you are, heart-sick and utterly overthrown, the grand machine, of which you form now so useless a part, is whirling on in its unwearied course without pausing for an instant to glance at those fallen from its mechanism and crushed beneath its wheels. Ten—eleven—twelve—how slowly these hours pass. To watch the jingling chimes from the steeples around has become one of your sad amusements; but you try to shut out the noise when that doleful minute-bell warns you that Death has been busy near.

"Who can it be for? Perhaps for some one who has died of my sickness. I heard that it was raging. That minute-bell may soon ring again—when I shall not hear it! Oh, nonsense; why should I frighten myself? but I can't help thinking so when I am alone. Oh! I wish I had somebody to speak to; somebody might call in. *I* would not leave my friends if they were ill. But no; no one comes—no one asks for me—no one cares for me. It would not be so if I were at home; that is, if I had a home; but here"——

The visit of your medical man is almost your only solace. True, once, or mayhap—if she and your landlady are in good humour—twice a day, the slip-shod maid of all work gives two startling raps at the door, and pokes in her very dirty face, with "Please, Sir, Missis wants to know if you want anything?"

The words are the words of kindness, but the tone is the tone of indifference. It is the visit of course—the inquiry of course; and you would be thought very unreasonable if you return any answer other than the answer of course: "No, I thank you, I don't want anything."

You would hardly dare venture upon any other, after having overheard your hostess remark to the girl—after having waylaid and questioned the doctor on his way down stairs—"Drat the man; is he going to turn my house into an hospital?"

But the doctor comes. You hear the rattle of his smart cab—you used to call it a pill-box; and presently the man of medicine is beside you. He has an extensive practice, and he is therefore in a hurry. Besides you are not a-guinea-a-visit patient.

"Hum, ha! You require the most careful attention."

You groan.

"Perfectly quiet?"

"I am in a lodging-house, doctor."

"Well?"

"Well the gentleman in the next room plays 'God save the Queen' half the night, on the cornet-à-piston, and sounds every note false. While my neighbour on the other hand is a professional ventriloquist, and keeps his voice in order by speaking down my chimney."

"That's unlucky, but keep as quiet as you can, I'll speak to your landlady."

"No, doctor, for Heaven's sake, don't do that, I must get on as well as I can—I"——

"Ah, very well, as you like, your neighbours ought to have some consideration, but don't forget the powders—and remember the pills—you can apply the leeches again yourself—nothing so easy—and—ha! half-past one—good morning—be sure to keep yourself quiet—I'll call in to-morrow—perhaps—ah! the

fee—thank you, thank you. Good morning—don't forget—the pills."

The door shuts on the doctor, the cab rattles away, and you are left to another twenty-four hours of solitude—to live, if you can—to die, if you can't.

Now, how many thousands are there in London whose cases may be similar in a few hours? Persons of small property—clerks—reporters—students—literary men—governesses—and their situation in illness must always be particularly deplorable—all that large class of society, in short, composed of those toiling and struggling on amid the competition and the heartlessness of London—in a great measure isolated from friends—although, perhaps, boasting of plenty of acquaintances, and whose circumstances do not permit them to re-construct round themselves that home—that web of domestic ties and affections, which they left to throw themselves upon the world and their own resources. How constantly exposed to all the horrors of solitary neglected illness, are such unfortunates. Comfortless and cheerless, however, as they may be in lodgings and chambers, the hospital is an idea which they would all shrink from with horror. True, at any of these excellent institutions, they might have the best of medical advice, and the most careful attendance; but the feeling of honest independence is strong within them. "The cold charity of man to man," stern necessity only would force them to endure, and many a privation would be undergone—many a sigh would be stifled—perhaps, many a proud heart would break, ere a reluctant consent could be wrung out—to lie down in the wards of an hospital.

And it is right that this should be. Charity is good, but the prevention of the necessity for charity is better; and yet, although a small stipend suffices for the necessaries which health requires, it must often fall far short of the requirements of illness. In the principle of co-operation and union, the remedy for this is to be found. We have associations and societies for all purposes, speculative and practical. We have clubs for politicians—clubs for merchants—clubs for military men—clubs for literary men. The Sanatorium is a club for invalids, and, God knows, it was not the least required of the hundreds of associations conducted upon the same principle everywhere springing up around us. In any one of the west-end clubs, a man, upon £200 a year, can command the luxuriant appliances, the splendid furniture, the delicate cookery, the liveried attendance (if he care for such things), which, without the principle of union, could not be purchased for thousands, instead of hundreds, of pounds. The Sanatorium applies the same principle to medical attendance, and to all the comforts and luxuries—the thousand and one little attentions not cheaply to be purchased—which illness requires. It is a club in all a club's best features; it is an hospital, without an hospital's objectionable points. No man or woman can be degraded in his or her own estimation by becoming an inmate of its walls; they do not leave their independence at the threshold. They "pay their way" in sickness as in health, only receiving within the walls of the Sanatorium for a penny what they could not purchase without them for a shilling. For two guineas a week, at the utmost, the patient receives board, lodging, medical attendance, nursing, medicine—everything, in fact, which sickness demands. It would, no doubt, be very desirable to lessen the amount even of this charge; and the object can be effected, and, we have every reason to hope, will be, by the increasing number of persons who will enjoy the benefits of the Sanatorium, thus reducing the cost to each.

The Sanatorium was opened on the 30th of March, 1842. Many of our readers may be aware that it is situated in the New-road, near the Regent's Park—one of the most open, airy, and healthy portions of London. There is nothing in its internal arrangements to put the visitor in mind of an hospital—no dismal, long wards, with their formal array of iron bedsteads, placed almost touching each other. Every patient occupies a room of his or her own, all neatly and comfortably furnished. On the ground floor are the dining and drawing rooms, the surgery, and the apartments of the resident medical officer, all furnished in a style of neatness and comfort suited to the habits of individuals in the middle ranks of life. The first floor is set apart for the accommodation of male patients. The apartments are so fitted up as to combine the comforts of sitting and bed rooms. The next story, similarly fitted up, is appropriated to the female patients. At present the institution can accommodate only a limited number of inmates. It is, therefore, quite in its infancy; in fact, merely the germ of what its supporters hope it will attain to.

Turning to the reports, issued by the managing committee, we find that the progress of the institution, although not rapid, has been steady. In their first report, dated 1843, the committee inform the members, that since the opening of the institution, in March, 1842, their numbers had been increased by 104—by life members, 19; annual members, 85. The total number of members was stated to be 290. Continuing their report, the committee state, that since the opening of the institution, thirty-six inmates have been admitted; of whom, thirty-two were patients, and four friends or attendants, who came to reside in the house, to be near the patients in whom they were interested. Of the thirty-two

patients, twenty were gentlemen, and twelve ladies. Among the former were:

Persons of small independent property	5
Persons engaged in trade	5
Commercial traveller	1
Merchant	1
Farmer	1
Surgeon	1
Clergymen	3
Captain in the army	1
Banker's clerk	1
Merchant's clerk	1

Among the ladies were:—

Governesses	5
Companions	3
Dress-makers	2
Clergyman's widow	1
Young lady	1

Twenty had left the institution cured, five relieved, and only one, admitted in an advanced stage of consumption, died.

It will be seen that the arrangements which the Society have yet had it in their power to make for the accommodation of patients have been extremely limited. But it is to be hoped that its progress will be rapid. So soon as sufficient funds can be provided, separate buildings will be raised for the male and female patients; a third is also contemplated for persons afflicted with contagious disease. Other arrangements, calculated to extend the usefulness of the institution, and depending upon the application of profound medical science to what are generally considered mere matters of mechanical detail, are in contemplation. We allude particularly to the intention of forming suites of rooms, kept at such a particular and equable degree of temperature as shall afford the climate best calculated for the prevention in threatened, and the cure in actual cases of pulmonary disease. This is a matter of very great importance. Consumption is peculiarly the disease of the English. Our variable climate sows its seeds, and prevents its cure. It is also too frequently the disease of the sedentary and the mind-worked classes of the community, for whom the Sanatorium is specially intended, and the introduction into the establishment of such means of prevention and cure cannot but contribute largely to its efficiency.

To secure these improvements, public support is of course necessary. We can hardly conceive that it will not be forthcoming. Look at the Sanatorium; think of its merits; balance its claims. It is a home in sickness; a quiet, genteel house. It affords comfortable, well-lighted, well-ventilated apartments—the most careful nursing and attendance—the most skilful medical advice that London can give. The patient, if it be deemed needful, can be accompanied by a friend to watch over and comfort him; his own medical adviser may alone attend him. In one word, he can, in every reasonable sense, be both in the Sanatorium and at home.

From all sources, the projectors and friends of this Institution receive support and encouragement. The names of those highest in rank—in literary and scientific fame—stand foremost in the list of its patrons and friends. The Press, of all parties and all shades of opinion, give it their warmest support. In this good work, the *Morning Chronicle* aids the *Standard;* and the religious press, the medical. We would add our own tribute of admiration and word of encouragement. Looking *to* the objects of the Institution, and its means of accomplishing them, we can hardly believe that it will not go on prospering and to prosper.

The list of the benevolent Institutions of this great metropolis, is a proud one. In no city in the world is the like to be found. For almost every variety of disease which can afflict poor humanity, an hospital is ready. Misfortunes of almost all kinds meet their antidotes. The hapless debtor may be rescued from prison by one benevolent society; the shipwrecked sailor, temporarily provided for through the instrumentality of another. Here, medicine may be obtained for the sick; there, food for the hungry. Fire for the shivering, and shelter for the homeless, the active benevolence of London labours to provide. This is charity—true charity—good charity. But we appeal for that support which may, in many cases, do away with the necessity for charity. The disease speedily assuaged or cured in the Sanatorium might have led to lingering sufferings; these, to a loss of the very means of livelihood; that, to the cold house of charity, indeed. It is a good thing to relieve a poor man; but it is better that you should have no poor man to relieve.

The Sanatorium has probably some prejudice to contend with. To the thoughts of many, the moral atmosphere of an hospital may still seem to linger round it. They will say that they can't help having a feeling against it; that there is some indefinite horror connected with anything having even the remotest semblance to an hospital. To all such we say, think—as many well-informed and independent men have already thought—seriously and dispassionately upon the subject; conquer prejudice when it has been proved to be groundless; and look upon the Sanatorium as what it really is—a place where no sacrifice of independence or feeling is called for, and which may prove the greatest of blessings to thousands of educated, intellectual, and high-minded, men and women.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SCAMP;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY; CONTAINING MY BIRTH, PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND FORTUNES AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS WE SEE EVERY DAY, AND MY TRAVELS AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS HAVE NOT HITHERTO BEEN SEEN BY MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN; DIGESTED FROM MY DIARY, AND OTHER MEMORANDA, BY ME,

GEORGE AUGUSTUS DELABOUE BAGGES.

CHAPTER III.

MR. SMUG'S SYSTEM.

I HAVE heard of an invalid so occupied with nursing his wounded leg, that he became quite melancholy when it grew well again; so it was with my mother when the time came for my going to school. I was rather pleased to think she fretted about it; I justly observed, "as it was all her own doing, it served her right." Crying over me in the fear I should be ill while away from her, to which I dutifully replied I dared say I should, she arranged, with her own bounteous hands, the cakes, sweetmeats and preserves with which my play-box was to be loaded. I have since thought of these words with some remorse; but, after all, it was not for me to contradict my mother, as she had herself often found occasion to tell me. The carriage was ordered, my luggage was packed about it, I had taken leave of my father, and amid smiles from the servants which indicated more satisfaction at my leaving than attachment to my person, I got into it. One aspiration reached my ears which might be considered affectionate—"Good luck go with you." My mother and I drove off. We were received at the Manor House by Mr. and Mrs. Smug as may be supposed. My mother lingered over our first parting, for it was our first, rather tediously as I then thought, added another half guinea to my already full purse, and begging of Mrs. Smug to let her know immediately if anything should ail me, or even if I should appear unhappy, and desiring me to write to her often and quite at length, she managed at last to get away.

I felt of course as solitary, as shy and awkward, as all boys do when they are left among a number perfectly unknown to them. I was as unable as any other lad in such circumstances to do justice to my own qualifications when they came to be examined by strangers, with the additional disadvantage that I had scarcely any that the kindest catechist could have discovered; and I was dismissed with more than ordinary contempt by the masters who thus examined my capabilities. I saw that I was laughed at, heard some such ejaculation as "At his age!" I was sent down among boys scarcely more than half as tall as myself, but I had one consolation, I knew I was not to be thrashed.

In due time, I formed alliances and friends with my fellows, fought myself into my right place as far as personal prowess was concerned, so that it was ascertained whom I could "lick," and who could "lick" me, and enjoyed the advantage of that ascertained position in never offending a stronger boy or omitting my rights over a weaker. In this process I received a black eye, and gave one or two, and as these were outward and visible signs which Mr. Smug had never been known to pass over, it was expected that I should be well caned, and I began to tremble even in my citadel of irresponsibility; but Mr. Smug managed to shut his eyes upon the adornment of mine, even though some of the boys rather maliciously gave him full opportunity to observe it; and it seemed as if his ushers were as blind as himself on this particular occasion. There is nothing so necessary, especially for an educational establishment, as this perfect understanding, that the chief and his assistants should be, as it were, of one mind. One of my opponents, to be sure, got doubly thrashed, because, as a point of honour, he would not tell whom he had been fighting with. I must say that I acted gratefully to him—I gave him so much of the home-made wine I had brought, and which had rather fermented in the carriage, that he was very unwell in consequence.

Our fare at table was not certainly bad in itself, except that sometimes our milk and water was sour, the cheese like ill-smelling soap, and the beer of the consistency of pea-soup; but then, as Mr. Smug observed, it was impossible in so large an establishment to avoid accidents of that sort. The meat, carved in the approved fashion of cook shops in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's, was not very appetizing, but as I spent all my money in pastry, and had frequent supplies both of that and of eatables from home, I rarely troubled the carver for more than a single slice. Whatever else I might be deficient in, I knew what good living was, and appreciated Mr. Smug's ordinary accordingly. It is but just to declare that his cook was not dishonest; if there were to be suet puddings, there were lumps of suet as big as hazel nuts, to prove that no deception was practised in that respect.

As most parents justly consider the system of teaching quite subordinate to the system of feeding, I have postponed the intellectual regime to the physical. Indeed, even the Legislature

is said to be becoming aware that to enable you to educate people properly, you must keep them more than half alive, and that very curious points of orthodoxy are not easily comprehended, perhaps not quite patiently listened to, by people with pains in the stomach. I am not quite sure whether this information is correct, as I write this away from England. I can only say that it is "wonderful IF true," as I left the Parliament of my native country by no means in that state of mind.

It is a pity Mr. Smug did not live a few years later; if he had, he would have taught by steam, or at all events have adapted Babbage's calculating machine to the purpose, setting certain questions and exercises in language upon it, and expecting the replies to come off in print. This is a saving still left for his worthy successors, and to their serious attention I beg leave to recommend it. As it was, he adopted such aids as existed in the rude state of society thirty years ago or more. There were then Grammars of History, Grammars of Philosophy, and Grammars of Geography; nay, I believe, every art and science was gradually rendered grammatical. To put the condensed information contained in these duodecimos into one's head was one of the main duties of the scholar, and I so far succeeded in this kind of learning that the assurance that "to him," (I forget whom) "succeeded Tiglathpeleazer and Nabonassar and after them Naopallasser," still gives me a distinct notion of the succession of sovereigns in Assyria, while "Henry the Eighth had six wives, and was cruel and tyrannical," furnishes me with clear historical views of the first reign of the Reformation. The names of all the capes, gulfs, rivers, and mountains in the world, and their situations, were, of course, the acquirements necessary for geographical proficiency, and it was curious to see how boys, rather dull in other matters, could make themselves masters of this enormous alphabet of odd sounds. This, if it did nothing else, Mr. Smug said, "exercised the memory;" besides there were the facts, the skeleton of learning, and if they were not fixed in the mind when young, nobody ever thought of studying them afterwards. While this process was opening the mind in one direction, equal care was taken to cultivate the imagination. The poets of our own country we might read if we pleased; such books as "Paradise Lost" were in the boys' library, to which the parents regularly subscribed as an extra in the bill; it was their own fault, therefore, if they were ignorant of the British classics, which they were always at liberty to enjoy in their play hours. Ovid, Virgil, and Horace were construed in daily portions by the various classes, not quite regularly perhaps, as concerned each individual scholar, because if he had got through a quarter of one author, and happened to be raised into another class, who were construing another, the three quarters were left behind, or if it was thought that the boys of a certain age "ought to be in Virgil by this time," into Virgil they went bodily and in a lump. Of course this was right, because, somehow or other, they must be forwarded in their education, and if they went too slowly at one time, what was left for it but to jump on at another? Besides, as Mr. Smug said, "it was all Latin, and Latin was the matter in question." Changing the classical master every half year or so might be said to add to the desultoriness of our studies; but the boys never complained, they could take up the old lessons to a new teacher, and besides, wherever he might happen to choose that they should start, they had to construe and parse so much of the language, and be thumped if they did not, which gave them a pretty equal taste for any volume of the Delphin classics. To me all this instruction came *minus* the beating, which, being the only inducement to apply, left my knowledge in that behalf a light burthen to me. Not but that I listened a little to my class-fellows sometimes, from sheer want of other occupation, and picked up odd scraps in that more accidental and pleasant manner. French, Mr. Smug made a point of; of the learned tongues, as far as we could judge from a most prudent reserve, he was profoundly ignorant, but with the French he had a sort of acquaintance of which he was not a little proud, speaking the vowels with a sort of double breadth, to show his profound appreciation of the difference between them and the English ones. Thus, "*la quatrième classe*," became in his racy, energetic pronunciation "*law cawtrième claws*," and he did his best to keep the rest of the vowels up to that standard.

Mr. Smug took, therefore, a very usual, but not inefficient plan to make the boys speak French, wisely judging that to speak it they must know something about it. One French master could not, of course, be personally attentive to the conversation of a hundred boys, so in each class a piece of wood, called a mark, was given out to be handed from one boy to another as he detected him speaking English, or French bad enough for the spy to correct. By ascertaining the possessor of this luckless token so many times each day, fining him each time during his lease of it, and thrashing him besides at the end of the week if he kept it too long, the boys had a pretty direct interest in circulating, or, as it was called, "passing the mark." I saved my class, to be sure, much of this labour, for as I had plenty of pocket-money, I did not care for the fines, and my immunity from the cane was perfectly at the

service of the class if I could so far extend it. The only effect upon me, therefore, was to keep me as to French among my very decided juniors. The sharp-wittedness which such a process called forth among the lads—the ingenuity, if not ingenuousness, which it provoked by making them all in turn spies on each other—the breaking up of little friendships, by what might be called a sort of compulsory shabbiness—were seeds of policy, and needful worldliness, which have doubtless grown with many of Mr. Smug's pupils to their great advantage in after life. The world is full of such little struggles conducted precisely in this spirit. Every one is anxious to "pass the mark" to his neighbour, and why should not the youthful mind be prepared for its vocation, hardened for the certain encounter?

Thus, and in many other instances, was Mr. Smug's establishment conducted upon the great modern principle, the saving of labour. It is true that there was a liberal allowance of ushers, four or five being occupied in hearing what we had taught ourselves, from six in the morning until five in the afternoon, with very short intervals of rest either for master or scholar. We had besides the advantage of a further hour of study in the evening, which may indeed appear necessary, considering the galimatias of lessons we had to repeat in the day. The duty of the ushers was, as it always is, simple enough; they had to hear what we knew or did not know, and report us accordingly to Mr. Smug, who reserved the execution of their judgments to himself. It was natural enough that we should then be heartily glad to get rid of each other; the boys were watched from falling into mischief; the masters, all but the unlucky one whose tedious duty it was to preside over our amusements without partaking them, chatted, or fluted, or read as might be. Except in the case of a special favourite or two, therefore, the teachers and the taught knew very little of each other. The boys were put into the machine to be ground into learning, and the masters were the cogs, nothing more; Mr. Smug and his money were the mainsprings. The ushers breakfasted and drank tea in the parlour, but no boy ever entered those precincts, unless it might be to be horsewhipped, when Mr. Smug was going out and had no time to dispense his paternal correction otherwise. For, as I have said, this department, along with the writing, he kept sacredly in his own hands. Daily at one o'clock the report was read over, and for half an hour, especially on the Mondays, when the week's account of the mark was made up in addition to the ordinary delinquencies, the schoolroom echoed with the blows of the cane and the cries of the patients. It was curious to observe Mr. Smug on such occasions. He was wont to address three or four words of fatherly sorrow to his victims. "You will oblige me to do this!" "Why will you give me this pain?" But the corners of his mouth shewed that use had reconciled him to this duty, nay, as is providentially the case with all disagreeable duties, that he had come to take a pleasure in it; doubtless not for its own sake, but for the benignant consequences he foresaw. It was doubtless to impress us with the salutary awe so necessary for discipline, that, having once forced his nature to take upon itself this office of executioner, he forbore to lessen its terrors by any other communication with us, except indeed before our parents, when Mr. Smug was graciousness itself, as it became him. He was then at liberty to throw off his forced and fictitious character, and to be himself. We wondered at the change, without perhaps doing him complete justice. We were too apt to think the kindness assumed instead of the severity. Heaven forgive us! The thoughtlessness of youth. Besides, as Mr. Smug said, "he showed by this that he had no favourites; the boys were all treated alike." It is true that different dispositions throve differently under this equal treatment; but was that Mr. Smug's fault? He had a hundred scholars; how could he find time to inquire into the character of each? Even if he had ascertained it, how could he act upon it? Was he to make differences? No, there was a system; if it did not succeed equally well with all, it was nature that made the distinction, not he. "I do my duty to all alike," said Mr. Smug, with the ineffable satisfaction, the holy pride of a clear conscience. And while some of inert or retiring natures got little education at all, and "fell, therefore, into their natural station of life," others, even of those, educated themselves after they left school, of which education Mr. Smug had of course a right to the credit; he had sown the seeds, he would observe, although they had not instantly germinated. So between the average success of the average mind and constitution—the chances of genius in the number, and the afterwork of those who perceived their deficiencies, and had sense enough to repair them, though a few delicate spirits might perish for want of hot-house warmth or genial climate—Mr. Smug's reputation stood upon high grounds, being always further supported by a fine handwriting in himself and scholars.

Every man's glory has some visible sign, some festival of culmination. It was not then the custom to present so much plate, or doubtless I should have an inscription to record, which would save me altogether the description of my instructor's merits. No one will deny that the theme would have been as fertile for panegyric even as the virtues of managers who

keep their theatres open as long as it answers their purpose to do so, pay the salaries the law would compel them to the actors that they want, and purchase such plays as they happen to prefer. These are doubtless great merits, indeed a selection of them serves for a fête; but let it be remembered that I claim for Mr. Smug a perfect equality. Let this volume be his memorial; not written on silver indeed, for authors are not expected to furnish eulogies so costly, but transferred from my heart to the paper, as the payment of a debt to him, and a valuable encouragement to his successors in the true path of educational science.

But Mr. Smug's days of triumph were the speech-days. Once a year, or thereabouts, were the friends of the scholars assembled to hear them declaim not only in their native tongue, but in French, which the boys understood pretty well, Latin, of which some had an indistinct idea, and Greek, the special meaning of the special speech being imparted to the speaker for that special (I had nearly written "specious") occasion. Then were exhibited those visible and unanswerable proofs of improvement, the medals, and silver pens, and well bound books, distributed as prizes, backed and supported by the evidence of the drawings, retouched by the master, laid out for inspection, and the copy-books, which, as Mr. Smug declared, "really *were* the boys' own doing." Then it was that Mr. Smug, in black more glossy than ever, smiling that his jaws must have ached at it, if they had not been so well practised, moved with noiseless step amid the admiring crowd, congratulating one and reassuring another upon the merits of their respective offsprings, a benevolent dispenser of parental content and domestic peace for all the next holidays, should no cruel, ill-advised friend intrude a pitiless examination of the happy dream.

"Happy!" And I wonder whether those days really were happy! I remember it was particulary insisted upon at the time, and we believed it religiously, that is we supposed we believed it, according to the faith of the world. It appears to me, upon re-examination, that there was much exaction of work for which there did not appear any definite purpose, and in which there was no enjoyment; that we were expected to be industrious without one circumstance that I can remember to excite enthusiasm. Indeed our own plays, our courts of justice, and our theatrical representations among ourselves, are all the mental exercises that I can remember entering upon with spirit. But our parents and our teachers declared that it was the happiest time of our lives, inculcating the fact with its just inference—the gratitude that was due to themselves for affording it to us. This happiness and gratitude we were expected to express, and with the heroic virtue boys glean from "Plutarch's Lives," of which there was an English copy in our library, we did express it. To be grateful and happy was to be praised, *ergo* we were grateful and happy. Put it to the test, would I live these years over again? I should directly say, "Heaven forbid!" But that test is not a fair one, for ask any man whether there is any one entire day in all his life that he would live over again, and I think his answer would be the same. We must find, therefore, some lower standard for happiness.

Or we must admit that its occasions are rare and short, for some such I enjoyed even at school. They were devoted to friendship; and a schoolboy's friendship is as pure and ennobling a sentiment as can exist. It lasts with me to this moment as among my happiest and best emotions. Often have I and Charles Willis walked arm in arm up and down the unpicturesque playground of an evening; the task for the next day studied and laid aside, or still more resolutely laid aside without being studied at all. We had one, the greatest portion of the natural sublime, to be sure, to contemplate, —the sky; that is shut out only in prisons and union-workhouses, and by the necessity of dwelling in cities, which necessity partakes of the pleasures of both. Then and there, talking of the highest of all subjects, guessing at it from what we could see of God's own handwriting in nature, we enjoyed a communion, one of the most unselfish and exalted that has come within the experiences of my life. Indeed, all the bits of time that I really could live again, have most resembled those conversations. I speak of course of my career in England, since I have been more cheerful, but still from a repetition of the same causes. At that time, ay, and even now, I believe our regard would have stood the strongest test; as it was, we were in the same class, and should as soon have cut off a hand, as of thought of passing the French work to each other. I have often walked about with it in my pocket, conversing in English with him, by the hour, and leaving the class in equal liberty. Sometimes we talked of those whom we loved in our own families. I began to understand my mother's kind-heartedness, by hearing him speak of his, and the picture which he drew of a younger sister devoted to him, and whose young dreams were nothing but of future fame and rank for her brother, made me fancy myself her lover, while he, with earnest affection for both, declared that I should see her, and no doubt at the proper time marry her. I did not think so well or so kindly of my own sisters, so I could not return the compliment.

By the light of that friendship, I have always fully understood what Shakspeare meant, when he made Rosencrantz and Guilderstern Ham-

let's schoolfellows, as well as his betrayers, and thought Hamlet's dooming them to death for that unnatural rascality, the lightest and best-deserved punishment that ever was inflicted.

Willis was a slight pale boy, not over strong in health, but good-tempered and cheerful; assiduous, because he knew his parents were comparatively poor; and the only wrong he ever did me, was to take as much of my education as he could to himself, by writing my themes and calculating my sums, whenever my idleness required it of him.

CHAPTER IV.

MY FIRST GLIMPSE OF PUBLIC LIFE.

By the time I was nearly sixteen my education at Mr. Smug's was concluded. About a year later than the average I had gone through all the course taught in that academy, with such gaps, to be sure, as might be occasioned by longer holidays, and the need, for very shame at my size, of lugging me out of a lower class into a higher. I did not know much, but Mr. Smug professed to teach no more—his system was exhausted—I was, or ought to be, as wise as my master.

"It is true, my dear Sir," observed my instructor to my father, on the last occasion of my starting from the Manor House; "it is true that your son, Sir, may have taken a year or so longer than other boys to complete his education; but what is here, Sir"—and he actually patted, or rather slapped, my head—"is sound, sound. What is longest in growth is strongest. And, after all, as he has had a father born before him"—my father chuckled; the allusion always touched him, and Mr. Smug knew it—"as he really can say that he has had a father born before him, his time will be easy enough, and it cannot matter. Indeed it must be rather an advantage to him to have spent one more year of it in 'The Groves of Academe.'"

As I was heartily glad to get away, we parted good friends; and Mr. Smug trusted that I should sometimes revisit the cherished scenes of my boyhood. I did not see why I should. Willis had left half a year before, after gaining all the medals; but I thought perhaps that I ought, so I said that I certainly should. I never intended to do it—and I never did.

After I had been about a week at home, my father began seriously to talk of my future pursuits. I was as much in his way now as I had been in my mother's—usurping with the utmost ease all the comforts he had so long appropriated to his own sole use—from his horses out of doors to the very study he took his nap in within the house; and managing to appropriate the attentions of all the servants in the establishment. This, with the circumstance of my making some alterations in the hours—for he was a man of punctuality—a little tried his temper, and he began to think that I must do something to be kept out of mischief. I said I should prefer going on as I did, but my father was determined, and a choice of professions, which I considered a choice of evils, was laid before me. It was not necessary that I should really do anything in one of them—if it occupied me, that was enough. I imagine my father must have taken his idea from those ingenious masters of workhouses, who set paupers to digging holes, and then filling them up again. My proposed occupation without a purpose was received by me with about equal zest.

A circumstance, however, gave me a respite. By the death of Alderman Sir Peter Podgely, who fell a victim to apoplexy during the height of a remarkably hospitable mayoralty, the representation of Swinestead became vacant. It was one of those fortunate boroughs which sent two members to Parliament, with a constituency of about five hundred; and the electors were fortunate, for they managed to make these five hundred votes cost the members as much as if they had been five thousand. The time-hallowed customs which could be shown in Swinestead for drawing money out of a candidate's pocket were the glory of our ancient constitution. There was no borough like it—and that is saying much. Not that many did not possess some of its advantages;—it was in the complete collection of all forms of treating—the code of friendly understanding between represented and representative—that its pre-eminence consisted. Most of these usages had been fixed upon the place, or at least enlarged to their present value, by a scapegrace who fulfilled some of them with other people's money, and promised all the rest; and were then carried into earnest practice by the determined efforts of the townspeople, who, with a true Swiss virtue, would afterwards sell themselves for no less.

Even my father did not seek the voters of Swinestead. He had long been desirous of a seat; but, as a man skilled in the market price of all things, he knew that Swinestead was a dear bargain. Alderman Podgely had died with an election petition undecided; and no member had been elected, time out of mind, without a petition being lodged against the return. He wouldn't mind the expense of the bribing; but it was too bad to pay the costs before a committee, and be unseated into the bargain.

A deputation was in town, and my father knew it. At the head of it was Mr. Sucker, the patriotic Mayor. Patriotic was he in the truest sense; for if it be patriotic to prefer one's country to all the world, right or wrong, still more concentrated and refined must be the patriotism that does as much for one's native

town; and the virtue, doubtless, increases in intensity as it is double-distilled into family and self. So thought Mr. Sucker. He was, as he himself said, neither Whig nor Tory: his party was Swinestead, and nothing else. His opinion was that the people ought to be represented; and how could they be represented unless they had a choice? There ought to be two candidates at the least always started on each side, and then the freemen got fair play. Everybody knew what the freemen's share in the Constitution was—it was the pickings at a contested election. They never got any other good by their representatives that he ever heard of; and it was the business of a public-spirited man, that really cared for his fellow-citizens, to see that they had that. His influence, such as it was, was at the service of those who did most service to the town; and a number of the freemen, well aware of his skill and disinterestedness, would hold back the thirteenth day, and sometimes the fourteenth, to turn the scale as the Mayor might desire. Then would he bring in Whig or Tory as he had the positive proof it would be for the benefit of his fellow-townsmen. It was not his way to seek candidates. Oh, no! It was enough that folks should know that Swinestead was "to let," that was his word—they knew to whom to apply.

But, as I have said, the nomination day was close at hand; the Mayor had even come up to the great mart of Parliamentary traffic, and yet there was not a bidder. Worse than all, an old Whig family, that had long held some possessions near the town, was preparing to re-assert its ancient influence; and a young Tory, just come from Oxford, had put forth, with juvenile impertinence, a handbill, to say that he offered himself as a candidate for their suffrages, upon the principle of purity of election; and that if they would give him but one vote, he would undertake to give them the chance of clearing their borough of its corruption.

"Clear the borough of corruption, indeed!" exclaimed the indignant Mayor, as a copy of the bill was handed to him. "Not while there's a brickbat or a paving-stone in it, I trust. I hope I have not presided over nine elections to give such a fellow as that a chance. I trust the constables of Swinestead know their duty. Let us catch anybody with his colours in the streets, that's all!"

This he said in the energy of despair, for the time was drawing nigh. He must start by the coach for the nomination that very night.

"Swinestead never went a-begging yet," he observed indignantly to his companions. "My heart's a'most broke to think of it, but we must make a deputation to Mr. Bagges. I know he wants to be seated. We shall make but a bad out of it, having to go after him. Indeed I shall feel disgraced to see Swinestead again. One can't ask him anything additional; and I did think a public dinner once a month, as a tribute of respect from the members, would have been agreeable to the Corporation. As it is, we must go in for the usuals; and if he won't stand them, why I'll resign the mayoralty, and go into Parliament myself in the character of a warming-pan, till somebody makes it worth while to take the Chiltern Hundreds."

The devotion expressed in this speech was applauded by the deputation; they answered Sucker with an unanimous cheer. It was half-past one.

"I move, Mr. Mayor," said his second in importance—a very round personage, called Butt—"I move that we dine. We must do that, even if we're forced to pay our own expenses. If we are to go after Mr. Bagges, instead of sitting here, as we ought to do, for people to come to us, we shan't have too much time. We must see him by five; and in a tavern they expect us to take a little wine after dinner?"

This was carried, of course, *nem. con.*

"Let us hope it will be at Mr. Bagges' expense," said the Mayor.

"Lord send it may!" echoed the deputation.

My father got home that day from the City by four o'clock. He dined usually at five, which was not considered then a disreputably early hour, although the Prince Regent had done much towards a wholesome reform in that particular. He was agitated. He wished to be the Member for Swinestead. He knew if he was, he should pay too dear for his whistle; but he wanted the whistle after all.

"Send to them, love," said my mother, "I'm sure I shouldn't balk my fancy for a few thousands; if you like to be a member, why, be a member; I'm sure your family can't begrudge it you."

"It isn't a *few* thousands," said my father, with a sigh, "when Swinestead is in question; and yet, when I think what it might lead to! Commercial men, especially the heads of banking-houses, are made Peers now-a-days. It isn't every body that has the claims upon his country that I have even now. I have supported the Ministry in the City through thick and thin these five-and-twenty years, ever since I was a man, or had a right by my means to call myself one. And Swinestead is an independent borough. It is well known that a few votes there will turn the scale; sometimes the Tories, sometimes the Whigs, just as the candidates happen to be judicious. To secure a vote in the House for Swinestead, every Minister knows is getting it out of the fire; ay, and burning one's fingers for it, too."

"Humph!" said my mother, "if it makes such a serious difference to your family——But yet, to be sure," she continued, "a title is a

title, and it might even save expense in settling George Augustus, to say nothing of the pleasure of it."

"If it were any place but Swinestead, or if they would come to me," said my father; "but it would lick up too much; no, no; we shall have something better in the market presently."

Dinner was announced, and my father, in a melancholy mood, was proceeding down stairs, when a loud knock came to the door, two hackney coaches having stopped before it.

"Back to the drawing-room, love," exclaimed my father, and with an agility he rarely deigned to use, he sprang up the stairs, nearly knocking me down, who happened to be leisurely following him. He held the door open in his hand to listen, while my mother looked out of the window.

"The deputation—yes, it must be the deputation, my love!" exclaimed he; "they are assembling in the hall."

"They are assembling rather irregularly," said my mother; "some of them don't get out of the coach very easily."

"My love," exclaimed my father, with a sudden thought, "have the cook called up to the back drawing-room while we are talking. How many of them are there?"

"About six," replied my mother.

"Then dinner for sixteen, in half an hour," said my father.

"I think they have dined already," said my mother.

"What has that to do with it?" said my father. "Now for love of mercy"——

"The Mayor of Swinestead, and a deputation, to wait upon you, Sir," announced the butler.

"Show them here directly," replied my father. "Now, my love"——

But my mother was gone—she knew her duty in great emergencies.

My father walked up and down the room for a few moments, if not to recover his equanimity, at all events to regain as much as possible of the appearance of it. "M.P.! M.P. for Swinestead!" he muttered to himself.

The Mayor appeared at the door; both parties bowed profoundly, measuring each other nevertheless. The deputation advanced, somewhat irregularly, as my mother had observed; but rather with an extra composure and gravity on that account, as if each feared he might compromise the dignity of the Corporation by any indecorum. All were silently seated, and all looked with the most profound—I might say the most owl-like—steadfastness on the Mayor. He seemed to be to them what a point is to guide a dancer on the tight-rope, something to keep them from stumbling. His worship then remembered that he had not introduced his colleagues. He could rise himself firmly, and he was evidently proud of it. He begged them to sit while he mentioned their names, it would save trouble. This done, all parties looked at each other again profoundly for a short space. My father broke silence:

"To be frank with you, Mr. Mayor," he began, "I am rather at a loss to guess the object of this visit, honoured as I must always feel by the attention of a public body, especially one constituted as yours is."

"It is your modesty, Mr. Bagges, Sir, not to guess, Sir, at our reason for calling, Sir," replied the Mayor. Swinestead is unrepresented; Sir Peter, poor dear Sir Peter, is gone, died of apoplexy; it is what we must all come to."

"Ah!" said my father, "My dear friend, Sir Peter! true; well?"

"You have an eye to Parliament, Mr. Bagges," said the Mayor.

"Why," replied my father, in a qualificatory tone, "that depends, Mr. Mayor, that depends"——

"On opportunity, Sir, of course," rejoined his worship: "here is one."

"I understand there are two candidates in the field already," Mr. Mayor.

"Candidates! Mr. Bagges, do you call them candidates? Not for Swinestead, Sir."

A general grumble of his auditory confirmed his contemptuous observation.

"What will either of them do for Swinestead, Sir? No; we are better judges than that."

"True, true," said my father; "I have happened to read the addresses in the papers: Mr. Quickset talks about purity of election, and the Honourable John Montfort about family connections; strong claims, Mr. Mayor."

"Depends on how they are backed, Mr. Bagges. We want a man of capital, of enterprise, of liberality."

"Ay, ay," said my father.

"Principles are very fine things, but 'fine words butter no parsnips,'" said the Mayor. "You are a commercial man, Mr. Bagges; you will understand us."

"I think I do," said my father; "the town expects advantages?"

"Swinestead is used to them," replied the Mayor. "In the first place," said his worship, "will either of them settle the account for our journey upon the Corporation business, purely to listen to the claims of candidates likely to do good to the town?"

"Very true," said my father, "that is a claim quite irresistible; no honest candidate could think of trifling with it."

"Hear him! hear him!" cried the aroused deputation.

My father's cheek mantled; he fancied himself already in Parliament. "If I had the honour to be your candidate, merely your can-

didate," continued my respected parent, "that is an expense I should consider purely mine."

"Hear him! bravo! hear him."

"Whom do we look to for a candidate but you?" said the Mayor.

"Enough," said my father; "ring the bell, George, or rather, step into my study for a cheque-book; 'short reckonings make long friends.'"

"It is lucky that I have the bill in my pocket," said the Mayor; "we leave town to-night, and it is settled of course."

"The amount, let me only look at that," said my father; "forty-seven pounds three."

"Ah! we've been in town the six of us for four days," said the Mayor; "and we must do something for the house; and what with boxes at the theatre, to relieve the mind after exertion, and so forth"——

"Pray don't condescend to items," said my father. "I can guess at your travelling expenses, I think, and then there's your valuable time—give me the cheque-book, George—a hundred and fifty will cover? If not, pray speak."

"Oh!" exclaimed the delighted deputation, "liberal, liberal!"

"Now," said my father, "having cleared this trifling point of etiquette, we can come to business. You have two candidates in the field; how are we to deal—no seat, no pay? or am I to speculate on the chances?"

"Sir," said the Mayor, with some slight indignation, "we come to sell the borough; we are honest men; I trust we shouldn't deal for goods we can't deliver. Other people, Mr. Bagges, in some towns may pretend to bargain for seats it isn't theirs to dispose of—that's not the case at Swinestead, Sir. We are upright and down-straight. Let the needful be forthcoming, I'm Mayor, and I'll see you duly returned. When once that's done, it is your business. We never guarantee about Election Petitions and Committees; everybody knows, Sir, they depend upon your party in the House. Get a proper majority of your own side, and when you're in, you'll keep in; that's your business among one another. You can help each other, and that costs you nothing. We sell the borough, Sir, that's ours to sell; we don't sell the Parliament, Sir, that makes its own bargain."

"All very correct," said my father, "but the expense of counsel and witnesses?"

"We allow for the witnesses; that's a little holiday for some of our towns-folk generally," replied the Mayor, "a little trip to London which electors like when their time is properly settled for. We allow for witnesses."

"Ay, ay," said my father; "and then the chance of being unseated?"

"We have the chance of being suspended in our writ," argued the Mayor; "tit for tat. Besides, Sir, all depends upon your agent. You must have somebody, not at all connected with you, that never saw you in his life, nor you him, that you can trust as if he were your own brother—your own self, I should say. Now as to this little matter here, that goes for nothing; besides, we've been brought up in Swinestead, and I undertake to say, such is our conscience, that there's not a man in this room as will have any clear recollection of what took place in your house when he leaves it; he won't remember distinctly to please any Committee."

"I trust you will do too much justice to my cellar, gentlemen, for any such useless memories," said my father.

"That's the accurate way of settling it, Sir and Gentlemen," observed the Mayor. "We were at Mr. Bagges's in a merry condition, and can't properly recollect; that will do for any Committee on the right side; besides, there are proper travelling charges."

"Of course," said my father.

"Dinner, Sir, is on table," again announced the butler.

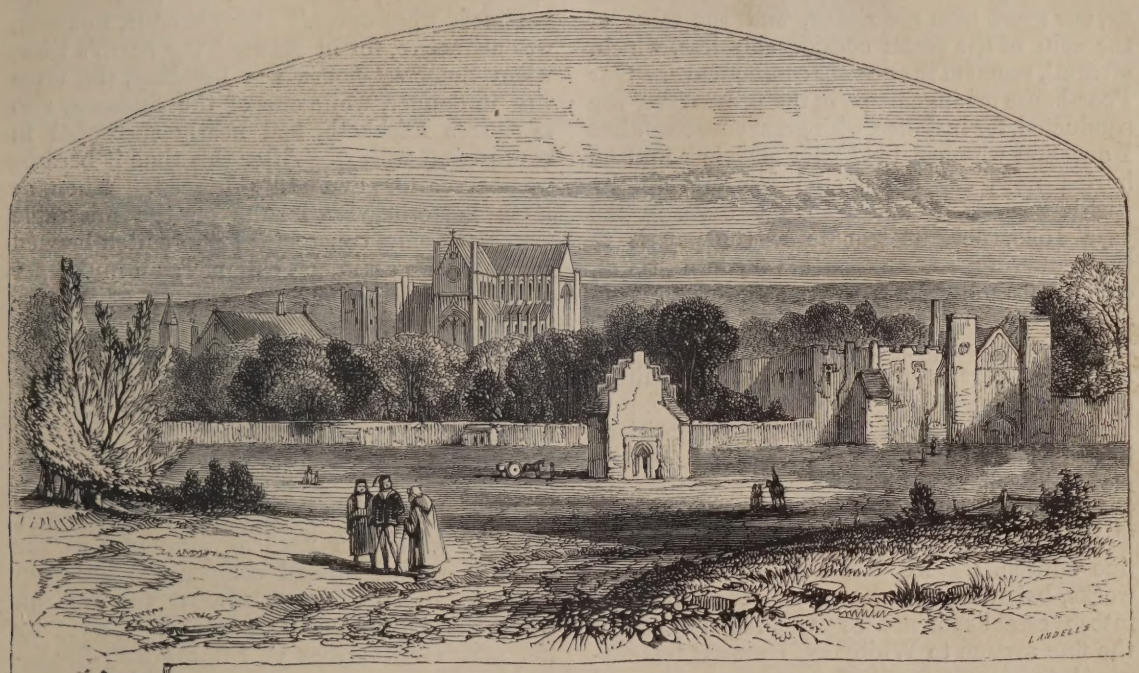
WORDS FOR MUSIC.

SUMMER is on the bright and laughing earth,
The low, soft breeze scarce ruffles tree or flower,
And honey-bees wing by in reckless mirth,
Laden with sweets from every wild-wood bower.
The blackbird's note swells in the balmy sky,
But oh! it hath no power my soul to cheer;
My lone heart sickens at its melody,—
Thou art not here!

Moonlight, and balm, and dew, are with us now;
And nightingales and streamlets mix their wail;
And fragrant rose-wreaths, meet for maiden's brow,
Garland the hedge-rows with a blushing veil:
Alas! for me their spells have passed away,
Scenes, most beloved of yore, are scarcely dear;
For streams, and birds, and flowers, all seem to say,
Thou art not here!

M.

TRAFALGAR-SQUARE—A GLANCE AT THE PAST AND PRESENT.



THE past and present! how much do these two words imply of stirring interest to all human interests, and yet how little we know of the one, and how anxious we are to escape from the other! That which is, gives us promise of something better; but the things that were, we leave to musty antiquaries, to the learned tomes of old societies, or to the tattlings of octogenarian gossips, who remember how "their father used to say, that when *his* grandfather was young, they did so and so"—yet all these matters concerned our ancestors, men and women like ourselves, who lived and thought, and ate and drank, set the fashions of the day, thought themselves better than all the world, as we do, laughed at the absurdities of their forefathers, loved scandal and hated poverty, frequented the Cockpit as we do the Opera, and affected cudgel playing as we do the Ascot or the Derby. It is our cue, however, to look back upon these old folks, with an ill-suppressed laugh, and to consider them as little better than an odd, poor, barbarous sort of people altogether; and as we read old Pepys, or some other quaint journalist of the times, and enjoy the humour of the thing amazingly, we feel as if looking on at a good farce, a little over done perhaps, and when convinced that the actors were indeed our own plain-thinking, quaint-speaking, clumsy old ancestors, we sooth our self-esteem, by observing how immeasurably they were behind hand with us; and as we encourage a half risible, half pitying scorn for them accordingly, congratulate ourselves, that our descendants in the third and fourth generation will think very differently of *us*, a fact, however comforting, that cannot be proved for the next six hundred years perhaps. As a rational people, it pleases us to find a satisfactory reason too for our strictures and anticipations, and we look with infinite complacency on all that tends to this effect, which indeed seems every where around us now in populous, growing London, if we do but look about us, at our squares, clubs, parks, streets, columns, and costumes, and then go in to some old registry, and pore over ancient maps, histories, and records.

Perhaps these changes have carried away from us a certain degree of freshness and merriment; there is less picturesqueness in our sight, less revelry in our ears, but we can afford the loss. We are now a thinking, commercial, railroad-making, colonizing people; instead of an old Maypole in the Strand, 125 feet high, decorated with flags, gilt balls and trumpery, we have omnibuses to the Bank, that are much more spirit-stirring than old Morris-dancing and such mad nonsense. We do not require fairs at St. James's once a fortnight, as in Charles the Second's time, who, by the way, with amusing inconsistency, abolished them at last, because they led to levity and debauchery among the people; nor cudgel-playing in St. James's-square, nor tilting yards at Whitehall,

nor jousts nor mummings, to keep up the spirits of the Queen's subjects; steam and smoke, money-making and politics do that now-a-days, and although we have more poor men among us, our great men are richer, and the value of the coin of the realm considerably less, which, after all, seems of the greater consequence. Our Poor-house arrangements in the present day are conducted, for instance, with great economy; but I question whether 1447 poor people could be buried now, for one pound sterling, as, by parish records, it appears they were, in the year 1625, nor, inadequate as the pay is to the suffering sempstress of modern times, could four-and-forty coats be made for two-and-twenty shillings; but there was more food then, more people to be laboured for, and fewer labourers, a great secret in the condition of the working orders.

For my own part, I love to note transitions in the aspect of a people, their cities, amusements, opinions, and condition, and thus, in passing our new point of metropolitan pride, Trafalgar-square, with its National Gallery, fine church, statues, and Parisian-like water-works, balanced as it were with the two Macintosh establishments at Charing-cross, and the fine avenue to Whitehall, I always feel disposed to close my eyes for a second, to recall some periods in its history, when its aspect afforded some of the strongest possible contrasts to that which it now bears. Perhaps the reader may feel some passing entertainment in following my example, and may not find his walk the less agreeable, for the power of looking back a little to the time, when, instead of fine stucco, asphalte, and caoutchouc, fountains, statues, and space, there were houses tumbled by decay into all sorts of convulsive shapes, pebbled footways, hedges, and gardens, with inns standing among them, as an old writer quaintly observes, like patches on a beggar's garment.

The village of "Charryng," in King Edward's time, must have been but a very poor place, its hermitage and cross, with a few huts, being the only notable matters about it; and yet, in after times, the Bishop of Radnor seemed right grateful to lodge in the cloisters of the hermitage when he came to town, as King Henry gave him leave to do of his royal goodness; and as to the poor cross of Charing, erected by Edward, as the last resting-place of Queen Eleanor's coffin, on its way to the Abbey, it seems to have been the most ill-used cross in Christendom, to judge by its complaints, made in a very rare and quaint pamphlet, entitled "A Dialogue between the Crosse in Cheap and Charing-crosse, comforting each other, as fearing to fall in these uncertaine times" (1641), where Charing-cross complains that "she has been searched and undermined most grievously by her enemies, but that their evil-will did little, she being made of white marble cemented with mortar, callis sand, whites of eggs, and the strongest wort, that defied all hatchets and hammers whatsoever." The marble, however, was attractive, for in Edward the Sixth's time, when Somerset-house was building, the cross was in danger, while one of the footmen, also of Queen Elizabeth, had nearly succeeded in running off with it. After this time it became weather-beaten, and sadly defaced. When, as if to heap heavier insults on the miserable wreck, the chief constable of Shoreditch begged part to make a kitchen chimney; an innkeeper of Holborn bargained for enough of its material to make two troughs, one to water horses with, and the other to give his guests' pigs food in, while the Harrow people determined to repair an old stone bridge on the hill with the remainder. Its beauty, hardness, and stately steps, however, saved it until the times of the Puritans, who, in their war against all symbols, destroyed the old and ill-used cross, some of which was used as pavement in the front of Whitehall, and complaint being then made by the neighbours against the rubbish being allowed to remain, it was carted away by the parish authorities of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, at an expense of two hundred and four pounds, fourteen shillings, a very large sum in those times. The beautiful equestrian statue of Charles I., made by Gibbon and Herbert le Sœur, for the Earl of Arundell, was then placed on the site, but the populace threatening its destruction in the Commonwealth, John Revet, a brazier in Holborn, concealed it in his cellar until the Restoration, when it was placed in the present fine position, exactly on the site of the ill-used and grumbling old "crosse." Of course, poor John Revet was compelled to exert his ingenuity to escape the sapient inquiries of the Long Parliament, who had ordered the destruction of the royal brass, but he succeeded, wise as they were, by showing them some mutilated morsels of the supposed effigy; and a learned French writer asserts the amusing fact, that this brazier made a considerable sum by casting a vast number of knife handles in brass, which the Royalists eagerly bought up as relics of their beloved Sovereign, and the Rebels, as tokens of their triumph over their murdered victim. John Revet's ingenuity was certainly successful against the intemperate bigotry of the Puritans, and we owe him much for the courage and zeal that have saved to us, of modern days, the most beautiful of our English statues.

Every one remembers the King's Mews, with the fine cream-coloured horses, and the great gilt coach, and these, next to the Old Cross, were the claimants to the highest antiquity in the neighbourhood of the present Square. In the

old maps, the word is written "mewse," being derived from the Latin muta, signifying change. They were originally houses for the King's falcons, during their moulting time; and in the thirteenth year of Edward II., the King granted to John de la Beche the custody of "the King's Houses de Mutis at Charryng, near Westminster." I do not find what the knight got for his pains, perhaps, however, not more than sixpence a day; for the Dean of St. Stephen's, in the reign of Henry VI., got no more from the Royal Exchequer for keeping the clock-tower at Westminster Hall; and another great man, who looked after the lions in the Tower, was similarly paid. But when we remember, that on the great occasion of the Protector's funeral, the man who shovelled in the earth and spread the gravel received but twelve shillings and sixpence; and the ringer, when the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots was buried, received but two-and-sixpence —the Keeper of the Falcons seems well paid. When the Royal stables at Bloomsbury were burnt, the King's horses came as successors to the falcons; and in Charles the Second's time, some moneys being owing, the overseers of St. Martin's seized a horse in the Royal stables, for which *all* the overseers were imprisoned, and a quaint charge entered on the parish-books, for the "maintenance of all the overseers of this parish while in prison." It is now, I think, singular and curious to stand on the steps of the National Gallery, to carry the mind back some three hundred years, and to suppose ourselves viewing the surrounding scene as it then was. From the Old Cross to Westminster are seen fields and gardens, dangerous enough after nightfall, and on the left an open road leading to the City, a heavy miry track, that the Judges going on mules to Westminster find it difficult to get over. Then there is the Hospital of St. Mary of Rouncival, and the little hermitage, almost leaning against the Old Cross; and a chapel, now St. Martin's Church, standing in the open fields, with the green lane, and tall hedge-rows leading from it, with that "house for distraught people" in the midst, of whose erection no record exists, but which one of our early Kings, "not liking such a kind of people near, caused to be removed to Bethlehem without Bishopsgate;" and there in front are the houses for the King's falcons, and the little road-side inn, at Charing; and down on the right, among large gardens, stands the chapel of our Lady of the Peu, where the Pelican Fire Office now is, and the passengers moving to and fro are, for the most, in monkish dress; but they who are not seem vigorous and manly, such as a hardy people would be, exposed to the privations of war, when forced to expel Danish and Saxon invaders, and accustomed, when at home, to violent games and exercises. A little later, and houses are to be seen scattered here and there, contrived of stacks of wood overhanging a pavement of rough flints; and King Edward VI. issues an order, that "all sorts of dirt and ashes, oyster shells, and the offals of dead poultry and other animals, will *no longer* be suffered to be thrown in the streets, but must be kept until the dustman comes, nor will the annoyances erected by coachmakers be permitted; and when a house is pulled down, the annoyances must be carried to a proper place, and not left in the streets;" but the houses are miserable places, the windows full of chinks that let in the wind, and the clay floors covered with rushes, grown in the fens, that for twenty years together are never cleaned, and the ceilings are so low that the men must remove their tall-crowned hats to enter; and as you pass, there is a terrible effluvia of tobacco and salt fish; and a ball runs between your feet, well nigh upsetting you, for the people have all their manly exercises in the street, and the incident has not yet occurred, which somewhat corrected this, of Prince Harry chancing to beat his preceptor, who came behind his stick whilst playing goff, and when warned of his presence, remarked,— "Well, I shall but pay my debts,"—a good and princely jest in such times of liberty. Barrels of beer too, are standing about, pest-houses erecting, and the people looking ill and squalid; but Sunday the first of September, 1666, has not risen to purify the City, and between the Conquest and the Fire, the Kings of England seem to have thought little of the instinct that renders man inimical to dirt; it was not wonderful, therefore, that plague and leprosy raged, but it was rather wonderful that the City was ever free from them. The nobility in these times called their palaces inns, as the old Thebans did, not perhaps with the same philosophy, yet with a humility well suiting the humble character of these architectural pretensions. True, the fire in no way affected the village of Charing, or its neighbourhood, but it led to more cleanliness, and a better style of building generally, while its non-extension saved us one of the most singular records of old times in the shape of the old wooden whipping-post, erected in 1602, near the watch-house at the bottom of the Haymarket, which was removed in the Merry Monarch's time, by stipulation with the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, persons taking leases of the neighbouring houses complaining of the annoyances caused by the cries of the whip*pees*, and the irregular occupants of the Round-house. This curious old post, which is about eight feet in height, and singularly carved with the images of the whipper and his victim, between whom is seen a crowned head of agony borne on wings, is now preserved in the vaults of St. Martin's church, where I was permitted to make

a drawing of it, a short time since. The present well used for conveying water to Trafalgar-square is also a matter of curiosity, being immediately in the neighbourhood of some singular old baths, one of which, at the back of St. Martin's lane, was bricked and tiled, with a descent to it of broad steps after the eastern models, and was said to have been much resorted to by Queen Catharine Parr, and lastly by Elizabeth, in Charles the Second's time; the Duke of York had a very celebrated bath also, near the same spot, at the west end of Long-acre; and the description given of its ceremonies in the old records, agrees exactly with the system pursued in the Turkish and Arab baths at the present day at Constantinople and Grand Cairo; the building itself having been very extensive, and containing many rooms for the convenience of the bathers, who were conducted from one to the other by the attendants as the hotter or cooler temperature might be desired for the purposes of bathing, rubbing, or repose; there was also a pair of scales for the curious to discover the effect of the bath upon their weight, and a pendulum, "to give an exact account how time passeth away." It is to be regretted now that the fashion of these things is gone; and that, as one addition to the embellishments of Trafalgar-square, we have not a handsome public bath for the populace, which, even in our clouded air and damp atmosphere, seems a natural indulgence, which would tend materially to the health and animation of the people. St. Martin's Church, one of the handsomest structures in London, was erected as it now stands by Gibbs in 1721, but the older church King Harry built at his own charge, when he charged the Monastery of St. Peter's, Westminster, with a Bishopric; and even at the time that Northumberland-house was but a cell to the Priory of Rouncival in Navarre, and King Edward crossed himself at the shrine, when the royal corse rested, a little chapel might be seen on the present site of St. Martin's, which, from the earliest period in English history, seems to have undergone change and improvement, until the present time, when its structure is considered to be one of the most justly admired ornaments of the city of London. A great portion of the passage running towards the Lowther Arcade, was the old burial-ground, and there are persons who remember the exhumation of the bodies for re-interment at Camden Town, and other places; and it is a curious incident that the first use made, after this exhumation, of the levelled space before the old Mews, was for the exhibition of the skeleton of the great whale, which must be well remembered. It is curious that the bells of St. Martin's are the first to celebrate naval victories, in London, a circumstance that seems to render its vicinity peculiarly suited for the fine statue of our great naval hero, that is erected there.

From Charles the Second's time to a much later period, the neighbourhood of the King's Mews seems remarkable for very much that was eminently curious in the customs and manners of the people of London—those among them who sought the notice of the rich, selecting the town of Westminster as a locality which brought them more immediately under the patronage of the Court, who, idly enough inclined, and possessed of considerable superstition, were quite ready to afford full meed of encouragement and attention, to all who catered for their amusement, whether as quacks, poetasters, buffoons, or players. In 1682, there is on the parish books of St. Martin's a curious entry: "For shroud for a poor man who came up to be touched for the evil, and afterwards fell down dead at Whitehall gate;" and the species of superstitious quackery which led this poor man from his home, was succeeded by a numerous catalogue of many others, whose details are entertaining enough in themselves, and also enlighten us a good deal on the character of the times; Henry VIII., it seems, despised these people and endeavoured to establish a Censorship of Physicians; but even earlier than Queen Anne's reign, London was again plagued by inordinate quackery, to which the Morrisonism and Mesmerism of our days is as nought. There was a Dr. Herwig, who affected to cure madness and other distempers entirely by sympathy, and a Dutch doctor who invented a styptic water, which was tried before the Duke of Marlborough on board the Peregrine galley. The trial was made on a poor hen, whose "feathers being all plucked from her head, a large nail was drove through her brains and tongue, that fastened her head to the table, where it remained a minute; after which, drawing out the nail, and touching the part with the styptic, she was laid on the deck, and in half an hour's time recovered, and began to eat bread." The streets and walls seem to have been covered, much as they now are, with the advertisements of quacks, and upwards of a hundred persons in Queen Anne's time are said to have obtained a livelihood by handing them to persons in every street. Idleness, of course, was the great foster-mother of such matters, and that it did exist in a surprising degree is certain, for the tradesmen found time, (which they could scarcely do now,) to attend prayers evening and morning, drinking sack and gentian for breakfast, and smoking in the evening at coffee-houses. The habit of dram-drinking also, which is very likely to interfere with habits of business, was common to all—"geneva and wormwood" being drunk by the lower classes; "nectar and ambrosia," as a compound was really called, prepared from the richest spices, herbs, and flowers, done in right

French brandy, by the beaux,—and even the ladies were apt to call for a little ratafia, before their usual hour of rising. Affectations and luxury, as it may be supposed, followed quickly upon these manners, knockers were invented, and fashionable people dined at candlelight. The fops drank chocolate, followed by green tea, perfumes scented the air of the public walks, and the costume became rich and expensive. Persons frequented the theatres, public gardens, Vauxhall, and the Ridotto, while the houses of astrologers and soothsayers almost shared their attractions. But notwithstanding these artificial luxuries and effeminacies, a spirit of great barbarism and brutality was abroad, which was also particularly displayed in this town of Westminster. Cock-fighting, cudgel-playing, and boxing, disgraced the Haymarket; duelling was at a great height; dead bodies were constantly found in the streets; the town was lighted only by the rare lamps put up by individuals, and the watch few, and laughably ineffective. A watchman, it seems, was paid eightpence halfpenny a night, and two guineas a year to find his own candle, which renders it probable he watched in the dark, like the good old Dogberry on record, which, after all, is not less laughable than the grave account given by old chroniclers of the procession of the city watch, on St. John's vigil and other times, when they walked at midnight through the streets, accompanied by a giant, two pages, three pageants, beggars on donkeys, morris-dancers, and footmen; but in justice to the enlightenment of London, this absurdity took place at an earlier period than that of which I now write. The watch and constable power of London, however, was, down to a very late period, rather a nominal than a real protection to the sober citizens, for, as may well be supposed, gentlemen "full of money, and destitute of wit," yet bound for frolic, with the commoner sort of people, who were frequenters of the Bear-garden, Cockpit, and other such places of general entertainment, were not likely to be kept in order, by a few such ancient guardians of the night as the city watch.

In Queen Anne's reign public amusements seem to have taken a more distinct form than they had done previously. The feat of a tiger plucking the feathers from a fowl's body, at Bartholomew Fair, induced the proprietor of the Lincoln's Inn Theatre to exhibit managed horses aften the Italian manner, the origin of the present Astley's; very splendid entertainments were also given in May-fair, which, however, produced a very unique incident in the character of the times. Numbers of vicious and idle people being attracted by these shows, the constabulary force interfered, to commit to prison some ringleaders of offence, whereupon, the soldiers took the part of the liberties of the fair, and a scuffle ensued, in which several persons lost their lives. The sports of the Bear-garden seem to have been a stain also upon these times, a *diversion* which some writers seem to consider the English to have been countenanced in by the customs of the ancients in their public shows and theatres; but the populace of London were not accustomed to the horrid sights common in the streets of Rome, nor to the brutalities practised by that people on their slaves and captives, neither had our women the character of the Spanish ladies, which lead them to a bull-fight as their favourite show; and yet humanity, pity, fear, and horror, seem to have fled from the hearts of these Englishmen, who, with their wives and daughters, would sit in the theatre of the Bear-garden, with keen delight, to witness their fellow-citizens maimed and mutilated in the most cruel manner; the fighting of the bears being long before considered but a tame and poor amusement, although one of these animals, who had been taught everything but forgiveness of injuries, tore his keeper to pieces on one occasion, before the faces of the audience. The theatre at Moorfields was also filled with droles and Merry Andrews, who gave quite work enough to the justices and their assistants, and it was not until the time of George the First, that real and visible improvement seems to have taken place in the manners of the people, and the vicinity of the King's Mews and the town of Westminster to have been illumined with the dawn of social improvement. Handel then shone forth to delight and fascinate our people; and in 1758, carriages might be seen crowded with ladies of fashion, and beaux of note, pressing to the new opera of "Attalo," played at the bottom of the Haymarket, while the scenery, painted by Salvandoni, was spoken of as most beautiful, and the spectators were all enraptured. The taste of the town then began to improve, and pantomime and dancing dogs, lost their attractions for the educated; in 1778, the first academy of painting was agitated in Lincoln's Inn-fields, and Sir James Thornhill lent a room at the back of his house in Covent, or "Convent" Garden, as it was more correctly called, in accordance with its origin, for the reception of some very curious and valuable paintings, which his son-in-law, Hogarth, afterwards lent to a society of artists in St. Martin's-lane, the origin of the present great collection of the National Gallery of Trafalgar-square.

This brief and most imperfect attempt to sketch some of the changes which have accompanied the gradual improvement that has taken place since the village of Charing could boast but an old cross, a little hermitage, and a few monastic cells, until great Trafalgar-square burst upon our view, with its fine statues, its fountains of pure water, its noble pavement, its magnificent clubs, and rich picture gallery, will

prove, at least, that improvement has been rapid in this our noble City, and that, although London and its environs is now overwhelmed with population, yet that there is much to rejoice at in its condition and improvements. Well do we know there is yet much vice, and yet greater misery, in the close and more crowded ways of this great city, yet the populace, increasing as it is, is more sober, more manageable, than of old. The Leprous Hospital of St. James, endowed by the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, in 1100, was a mere hut, compared to our present noble hospital of Charing-cross; the interesting Model Prison at Pentonville, the only real House of Correction worthy a civilized and intelligent nation, makes us shudder as we look on the rusty iron stocks and old whipping-post that once disgraced the Haymarket; and although the starving and the miserable will yet seek in ardent spirits temporary alleviation from their woes, the habits of sack or other dram-drinking before breakfast, by all classes, and of general habits of offensive intemperance, are becoming gradually lost to us. True, the alms-houses, work-houses, charity-schools, and hospitals, that surround us, are very insufficient for the wants of the population; true, the garrets, cellars, and by-ways, of this our noble city teem with the suffering, the hungry, the helpless, and the dying, whom no common aid can reach; the back lanes and purlieus of even Trafalgar-square, with all its grandeur, show us lanes and houses of the most miserable description, rotting with filth, and crowded by the sons and daughters of misery, existing in an atmosphere, rife with pestilence and fever. Day by day, however, we see the carpenter and the builder opening the ways to health and ventilation,—misery, sought in her chamber, brought forth, relieved, and pitied; there is moral courage and strong will required for all this—but its growth is progressing. The old Cross of Charing looked but on wasting fields and on an old monastic edifice, whose monks and benefactors cared only for the people as they contributed to their own wealth and self-indulgence; but the noble statue of the hero who made England feared by all who dared insult her shores, looks along a vista of strength, opulence, and beauty, to an edifice, whose walls re-echo with the demands of the protectors of the poor, and the claims asserted, in the cause of humanity and justice.

Happily, we hear no more the sound of the lances in the tilting-yard of Whitehall, nor the blows of the cudgels from the old falcon houses of the barbaric Kings of half populated England, but we meet the honest artisans of London, gazing with admiration on the skill of their fellow citizens, in the fine area of the square, and, entering the National Gallery, can there listen to the observations of men, on the genius of a Hogarth or a Wilkie, whose ancestors knew nothing better than the diversions of the Cockpit, and the cruelties of the Bear-garden. It is with some reason, then, that we look with pity and contempt upon our ancestors, and on all that form the curiosities of antiquity as shown in the records of old London; but, as we do so, a generous sentiment takes possession of us, and we feel that we can afford to hope that civilization is progressing, and can even support the idea that the recorders of the next century may, in like way, find abundant matter for their entertaining strictures, on the deficiencies and quaintnesses of London in 1844, and on the laughable inconsistencies of its people, in their luxuries, entertainments, and costumes.

We are about to do a bold thing. We have undertaken a subject on which there prevails but one opinion, and which has already been so amply treated, by the ablest writers, that any farther discussion of it can hardly but seem superfluous. At first sight, but two modes in which it could possibly be handled will present themselves. On the one hand it may be regarded as a theme for the moralist, a text for a homily on the weakness and fallibility of human nature; and, as such, about as hackneyed a topic as we could have chosen. On the other, it may be viewed as a question of truth or falsehood, but one whose determination were at best but a slaying of the thrice slain, and whose serious consideration would peril our credit for sanity. Notwithstanding all this, we shall venture a word or two on Witchcraft; and, what, is more, we shall begin by stating, briefly, the kind of argument by which the belief in it might formerly have been supposed to be warranted. This course we shall pursue by reason of that very suspicion which we are likely to incur by doing so.

The very notion of Witchcraft is now utterly scouted; derided as a mere chimera, at variance with common sense. Be it so; but how came a belief now universally exploded to have been once as nearly universal? How happened it that what is now the laughing-stock of a child, was credited, only two centuries ago, by the learned and philosophers? Is there nothing in these questions to awaken curiosity, and to beget a suspicion that, however well founded the conclusion to which the world has come on the case may be, it has not been arrived at without some little difficulty; without getting over somewhat at least, in the shape of apparent proof? Everybody now-a-days disbelieves in Witchcraft; but do these inquiries occur to everybody? We apprehend, not. We suspect that very few have ever thought about the matter; that the popular opinion is merely an adopted, unconsidered one. The spirit of the present age is incredulous; that of the seventeenth century was credulous.—Credulity and incredulity are of themselves both mere instincts; alike blind. The one rejects, the other receives, independently of examination, whatever is strange or marvellous; and we doubt whether Witchcraft is not now laughed at

from a principle the converse only of that whence it was formerly believed in. So that, paradoxical as the assertion may appear, we question if, as regards the multitude, the prevalent disbelief in it is a rational one.

In the first place, Witchcraft is commonly spoken of as an impossible thing. So far from being impossible, it is not even inconceivable. It is quite conceivable that there may be other beings beside men and animals, that their natures may be malignant, and that they may, under certain conditions, have commerce with mankind. Are the planets inhabited? Are there men in the moon, and what are their powers and attributes? Is there, or was there ever, such a thing as Witchcraft? To us these questions appear quite parallel. They cannot be determined by abstract reasoning; and the proper answer to them is—we do not know. Many people make very free with the word impossible; from having a confused notion of its meaning. They use it in the sense of improbable, not considering, that whilst the admitted impossibility of a thing precludes all evidence in affirmation of it, its improbability, however extreme, does not. Witchcraft may be an absurdity, but it is not a self-evident one. A creed or a system may be utterly false, and at the same time very plausible. Now the strength of the reasoning and testimony which must be refuted in order to prove Witchcraft a fallacy, is very remarkable indeed.

We must premise, that we shall moot this question, as one of fact, only in as far as it is determinable by profane history. Whether there ever was or not, such a thing as Witchcraft, is not to be disputed. A doubt has been raised by some writers on this subject as to what the Witchcraft mentioned and denounced in Holy Writ consisted in. To us this appears a mere cavil. The Scripture expressly talks of persons who had familiar spirits; and what the particular connection of such persons with such beings was, it can be of small moment to inquire. We would willingly have abstained from allusion to this part of the subject; but it is necessary, in order to show on what grounds the reality of instances of Witchcraft was admitted in former ages. To this admission, the belief in the existence of evil spirits and in their power of interference with the human race, would naturally lead. This belief was founded on Scripture. It is true there are many persons, professing to believe in Christianity, who endeavour to explain away those texts, which assert the being and attributes of evil spirits. Can such texts be so explained? Clearly not, except by a process, which, in the interpretation of any other book, would involve the most monstrous solecisms in rhetoric and verbal criticism. According to this mode of construction, when it is said, over and over again, that devils possessed human bodies, what is meant is, that they did not possess them; when they are represented as entering into those of animals, that they did not enter into them; when we are told that they spoke, that they did not speak; when we read that they believe and tremble, that they neither tremble nor believe. Commentators who adopt these views, must, we should think, at least admit that they are questionable; and that the Scriptures appear, at any rate, to assert the existence of evil spirits. But whether they assert it or not, certain it is, that their apparently doing so impressed a corresponding belief on the early Christians.

Not only did the Fathers of the Church entertain this belief, but they treated it as a thing about which there was no question. Tertullian, who lived in the second century, wrote a book in defence of Christianity—his celebrated Apology. It was addressed at a time when a persecution of the Christians was going on, to the Roman authorities in Africa, who were then Pagans. The author may thus be said to have been writing for his life. His work contains a refutation of Paganism, which consists, mainly, in an endeavour to prove that the deities of the heathen mythology were actually demons. He begins by declaring that there are spiritual beings in general, he then asserts that there are angels, and goes on to say that some of these having fallen, became demons. Next he proceeds to describe their powers and attributes; and finally offers to demonstrate their existence, and the falsehood of their pretensions to divinity, by experiment. "So much," he says, "for assertion; now for a proof of the fact itself. . . Let any one be brought here before your tribunals, who, it is manifest, is vexed with a demon. That spirit, ordered by *any Christian* to speak, will as truly confess himself to be a demon, as, under other circumstances, falsely he declares himself a God. In like manner," he pursues, "let any one be produced of those who are supposed to be under divine influence" (the influence of some heathen god; such, for instance, as that with which the Pythoness in ancient Greece was supposed to be inspired) . . "and if they do not confess themselves demons, not daring to lie to a Christian, kill that most impudent Christian on the spot." Tertullian thus proposes a downright *experimentum crucis* in support of his argument, just as Faraday might do in proof of a fact in chemistry, and he stakes his head on the success of it. Now, whatever may be thought of this offer, it was surely an evidence of his belief, and indirectly of that of the early Christians in general, on the point in question. "It is to be specially observed," as Mr. Woodham, of Jesus College, Cambridge, well remarks in the introduction to his edition of Tertullian, published last year, "that the apologist does not use this argument incidentally, nor *ex abundanti*, but he makes it his grand proof, and evidently conceives that, though his other reasoning may possibly be got over, this plea will be quite insuperable."

The power thus alleged to be the common property of Christians is also attested by Origen; and it is quite evident that by demons and diabolical possession, the primitive disciples of Christianity understood both actual beings and physical operations, and that the idea of regarding the one as disease, and the others as abstract personifications of ill passions or vices, never entered their heads.

No wonder, then, that in all succeeding ages demoniacal agency should have been credited; nor that belief in it should have assumed any particular form to which circumstances might lend a colour. We cannot, therefore, be astonished to find that Witchcraft, from the time of the Apostles downwards to a recent period, was viewed as a reality by the Christian world. It must be observed, however, that the term, in a theological sense, included all kinds and varieties of sorcery, enchantment,

magic—in fact, any sort of intercourse or communication with the powers of darkness, or even any unwarranted application for aid, or invocation, addressed to any supernatural being whatever.

Witchcraft, real or supposed, in the more limited sense of the word—though instances of it, so called, had been occurring occasionally for a long time previously—was, comparatively, little heard of till near the end of the fifteenth century, when Pope Innocent VIII. published a bull against it, empowering certain German Inquisitors to search out witches and burn them. This was in the year 1484. The reception, however, of this, and of the succeeding bulls of other Pontiffs, by the church, shows, that no kind of doubt either as to the fact or the possibility of the commission of such a crime was then entertained. From the publication of Innocent's bull, for the space of some two hundred and fifty years, the witch-panic, so to speak, raged with but few intermissions, like a pestilence, throughout Christendom. The number of executions which during that period took place in Germany alone is calculated by Sir Walter Scott, in his article on the subject in the *Foreign Quarterly*, as exceeding *one hundred thousand.*

It is stated, in the same article, that in Geneva, in the year 1515, no less than 500 witches were executed in three months; a thousand, in one year in the diocese of Como, and a hundred a year on an average for some time afterwards; in Lorraine, from 1580 to 1595, nine hundred; and in France, about 1520, a number almost infinite—nearly all these victims, having previously been subjected to tortures which it is hideous to think upon, expired in lingering agonies by fire!

We have mentioned, on the authority of Sir Walter Scott, the fearful multitude of these executions which took place, subsequently to the publication of Innocent's bull, in Germany, to which country it especially related. We should add that the victims included children of from twelve to nine years old, aged persons, and young women; one of whom, Gobel Babelin, was renowned as the handsomest girl in Wurtzburg.

In New England, towards the close of the seventeenth century, the like tragedies were enacted, though during a shorter period, on a scale truly horrible. Nineteen persons were hanged at Boston and Andover; one was pressed to death for refusing to plead; and the amount of those either actually imprisoned or accused, was in all nearly four hundred. Among the sufferers there was actually a *dog*.—(See the article "Witchcraft" in the *Retrospective Review*, Vol. V. Part 1, Art. 5.)

In 1728, in Hungary, thirteen persons were burnt alive at Sigeden. In 1749, one Maria Renata was put to death at Wurtzburg; and it is said that in Glarus, in Switzerland, a reputed witch was burnt so late as 1786. (See the article already quoted, in No XI., Art. 1, of the *Foreign Quarterly*.)

We have thus briefly glanced at the History of Witchcraft in foreign countries, merely that the reader, when we speak of the amount of human bloodshed and misery of which its supposed existence was productive, may know that he is not taking our assertion wholly upon trust.

We will now turn to our own country, not only because the subject considered in relation thereto assumes a more interesting aspect, but because the facts which its history furnishes have a peculiar bearing on the argument. For it must be remembered that those who suffered for this alleged crime in England and Scotland, were judicially convicted by a process which, in criminal jurisprudence, is justly regarded by us as the most satisfactory means of eliciting the truth—Trial by Jury.

Passing over the comparatively rare, apocryphal, and questionable instances of Witchcraft that occurred prior to the Reformation, together with the statutes of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, we will come at once to the epoch of the "British Solomon;" the "*Demonologie*" of which "High and Mighty Prince" is familiar, by name at least, to every reader. And first, as the statute against Witchcraft, passed in the first year of his reign, contains, so to speak, a definition of that crime as it was then understood, we may as well recite a portion of it:—

"One that shall use, practise, or exercise, any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit, or consult, covenant with, entertain or employ, feed or reward, any evil or wicked spirit, to or for any intent and purpose; or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of his, her, or their grave, or any other place where the dead body resteth; or the skin, bone, or any other part of a dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; or shall use, practise, or exercise any witchcraft, &c., whereby any person shall be killed, destroyed, wasted, consumed, pined or lamed in his or her body, or any part thereof, such offenders, duly and lawfully convicted and attainted, shall suffer death."

Within fifty years after the passing of this act, more than one hundred and forty persons, in batches of fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen each, were condemned, and most of them executed, at different places in England; besides a large number of offenders singly indicted, and hanged or burnt. In Scotland, it has been estimated, some thousands died at the stake.

Three thousand persons are said to have fallen victims to the accusation of Witchcraft during the Long Parliament.

Trials and executions for Witchcraft continued to occur at intervals till the year 1716, when a Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, aged *nine* years, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil. In 1736 the statute of James I. was finally repealed.

Now we have already said that these convictions were the issue of trial by Jury. We must add that in one instance the presiding Judge was Sir Matthew Hale, and one of the principal witnesses for the prosecution Sir Thomas Brown! It is true that the evidence against the supposed witches consisted principally of their own confessions, which were often elicited by torture; and that it was otherwise, in many cases, altogether unsatisfactory and absurd: but still, when we come to consider the multitude of the persons convicted, the supposition that in every single case the witnesses were either perjured or deceived, and the judge and the twelve jurors so destitute of common sense as to be unable to discriminate between true and false testimony, is not one to be entertained without difficulty. It must be borne in mind that not every individual indicted for Witchcraft was found guilty; some were acquitted. Admit that the crime was impossible: here then were

thousands of impossible offences brought home by circumstantial evidence; the very same evidence which is now resorted to to substantiate a charge of theft or murder. Surely this is not an unimportant consideration with reference to the value of this species of evidence. It is true that we are more what is termed enlightened now than our forefathers were in the seventeenth century. That is to say, we are in advance of them in science and philosophy. But the question is, were they so much our inferiors in common understanding, as to have been incompetent to decide upon a mere question of fact?

We thus seem to find ourselves in this dilemma; either to admit the reality of Witchcraft, or to adopt an hypothesis which appears scarcely less incredible. For the present, we shall make no attempt to extricate ourselves from it; and in the meanwhile we beg the patience of our readers.

To illustrate, perhaps to lighten, our argument, we will now give a few instances of the grounds whereon the belief in Witchcraft has been defended.

All the world has heard of the famous "Sadducismus Triumphatus" of Glanvil; the book, however, is rare; and few ordinary readers are acquainted with its contents. The professed object of this work is, to adduce "full and plain evidence concerning Witches and Apparitions." This the author seeks to do; first, by metaphysical reasoning directed to the establishment of their possibility; secondly, by a collection of narratives, intended to prove their existence. It is, of course, with the latter only that we shall have to do. We should premise that Glanvil was a man of considerable learning, Chaplain in Ordinary to Charles II., and Fellow of the Royal Society. A continuation to his work was supplied by Dr. H. More.

Among the personal friends of Glanvil, it seems, there was a certain Mr. Hunt, a Justice of the Peace for the County of Somerset; who had made it his business to take notes of such examinations of supposed witches as came under his cognizance, as a magistrate. From him some of the most remarkable of the narratives contained in the "Sadducismus Triumphatus" were derived.

"I writ again" (says the Author) "to my honoured friend, Mr. Hunt, knowing that he had more materials for my purpose, and such as would afford proof sufficient to any modest doubter. In answer, he was pleased to send me his Book of Examinations of Witches, which he kept by him, fairly written. It contains the discovery of such an hellish knot of them, and that discovery so clear and plain, that perhaps there hath not yet anything appeared to us with stronger evidence to confirm the belief in witches."

Glanvil then gives four cases as confirmatory of the preceding assertion, extracted from the note-book of the Somersetshire Magistrate. The accused persons were "Elizabeth Style, of Bayford, widow; Alice Duke, alias Manning, of Wincaunton; Christian Green, wife of Robert Green, of Brewham; and 'that Rampant Hagg' Margaret Agar, also of the place last mentioned."

Elizabeth Style was tried for Witchcraft at the Taunton Assizes in the year 1664, and found guilty. She was not, however, put to death, having died in prison before the day appointed for her execution.

This woman was accused of "bewitching" two persons; one, a girl of 13, Elizabeth, the daughter of Richard Hill, of Stoke Trister, yeoman; the other, Agnes, wife of Richard Vining, butcher, of the same place. The evidence against her was the testimony of four persons on oath as to the alleged facts, coupled with her own confession, in accordance with their statements. In the first place, Richard Hill,

"Being examined upon oath, Jan. 23, 1664, before Rob. Hunt, Esq., declareth, That his daughter, Eliz. Hill, about the age of 13 years, hath been for about two months last past taken with very strange fits, which have held an hour, two, three, and more; and that in those fits the child hath told her father, the examinant, and others, that one Eliz. Style of the same parish appeared to her, and is the person that torments her. She also in her fits tells what clothes Eliz. Style hath on her at the time, which the informant and others have seen and found true.

"He saith further, that about a fortnight before Christmas last, he told Style that his daughter spoke much of her in her fits, and did believe that she was bewitched by her. Whereupon Francis White, and Walter and Robert Thick, being present, willed her to complain to the Justice against him for accusing of her. But she having used several put-offs, said she would do worse than fetch a warrant. After which the girl grew worse than before, and at the end of a fit she tells the examinant when she shall have another, which happens accordingly, and affirms that Style tells her when the next fit shall come. He informs further, that about Monday night after Christmas day, about nine of the clock, and four or five times since about the same hour of the night, his daughter hath been more tormented than formerly; and that though held in a chair by four or five people, sometimes six, by the arms, legs, and shoulders, she would rise out of her chair, and raise her body about three or four feet high. And that after, in her fits, she would have holes made in her hand, wrists, face, neck, and other parts of her body, which the informant and others that saw them conceived to be with thorns; for they saw thorns in her flesh, and some they hooked out. . . . And as soon as the child can speak after the fit, she saith that Widow Style did prick her with thorns in those several places, which was horrible torment, and she seemed to the informant and others standing by to be in extream pain and torture, . . . and the informant hath seen the child take out some of those thorns."

William Parsons, rector of Stoke Trister, deposes that

"On Monday night, after Christmas Day then last past, he came into the room when Eliz. Hill was in her fit, many of his parishioners being present and looking on. He there saw the child held in a chair by main force by the people, plunging far beyond the strength of nature, and foaming and catching at her own arms and clothes with her teeth. . . . . After some time, she pointed with her finger to the left side of her head, next to her left arm, and then to her left hand, and where she pointed he perceived a red spot to rise with a small black in the midst of it like a small thorn. . . . She sate foaming much of the time, and the next day after her fit, she showed the examinant the places where the thorns were stuck in, and he saw the thorns in those places."

Nicholas Lambert, of Bayford, yeoman, deposes to the same effect with the rector of the parish.

Richard Vining testifies as follows:

"That about two or three days before St. James's day three years since or thereabout, his late wife Agnes fell out with Eliz. Style, and within two or three days after, she was taken with a grievous pricking in her thigh, which pain continued for a long time, till, after some physic taken from one Hallet, she was at some ease for three or four weeks. About the Christmas after the mentioned St. James's day, Style came to the examinant's house, and gave Agnes his wife two apples, one of them a very fair red apple, which Style desired her to eat, which she did, and in a few hours was taken ill, and worse than she had ever been before. Upon this, the examinant went to one Mr. Compton, who lived in the parish of Ditch Eate," (this Compton appears to have been a sort of white wizard), "for physic for his wife—Compton told him he could do her no good, for that she was hurt by a near neighbour, who would come into his house, and up into the chamber where his wife was, but would go out again without speaking. After Vining came home, being in the chamber with his wife, Style came up to them but went out again without saying a word. Agnes, the wife, continued in great pain till Easter Eve following, and then she died. Before her death, her hip rotted, and one of her eyes swelled out; she declared to him then and at several times before, that she believed Eliz. Style had bewitched her, and that she was the cause of her death."

This last accusation was brought against Style whilst in course of examination before the magistrate on the former charge. Richard Vining was then present, and the justice observing that person looking at him very earnestly, inquired if he had anything to say to him. Whereupon Vining made the preceding statement. "Upon this," says Glanvil:

"The woman Style seemed appalled and concerned, and the justice saying to her you have been an old sinner, &c. You deserve little mercy. She replied, I have askt God mercy for it. Mr. Hunt askt her why then she would continue in such evil courses? She said the devil tempted her, and then began to make some confession of his actings with her."

Style's confession is too long to admit of our transcribing it in full; but we will extract the more remarkable portions of it, and especially those which appear to bear on the accusations foregoing. She was examined Jan. 26 and 30, and Feb 7, 1664, before the same Robert Hunt, Esq.

"She then confessed, that the devil, about ten years since, appeared to her in the shape of a handsome man, and after of a black dog. That he promised her money, and that she should live gallantly, and have the pleasure of the world for twelve years, if she would with his blood sign his paper, which was to give her soul to him, and observe his laws, and that he might suck her blood. . . . . Upon which he prickt the fourth finger of her right hand, between the middle and upper joint (where the sign at the examination remained), and with a drop or two of her blood, she signed the examination with an [*O*] Upon this the devil gave her sixpence, and vanished with the paper.

"That since he hath appeared to her in the shape of a man, and did so on Wednesday seven-night past, but more usually he appears in the likeness of a dog or cat, and a fly like a millar, in which last he usually sucks in the poll about four in the morning, and did so Jan. 27, and that it is usually pain to her to be so suckt.

"That when she hath a desire to do harm, she calls the spirit by the name of Robin, to whom, when he appeareth, she useth these words, *O Sathan, give me my purpose.* She then tells him what she would have done. . . . . .

"That about a month ago, he appearing, she desired him to torment one Elizabeth Hill, and to thrust thorns into her flesh, which he promised to do, and the next time he appeared, he told her that he had done it.

"That a little above a month since, this examinant, Alice Duke, Anne Bishop, and Mary Penny, met about nine of the clock in the night, on the common, near Trister Gate, where they met a man in black clothes, with a little band, to whom they did courtesie and due observance, and the examinant verily believes that this was the devil. At that time Alice Duke brought a picture in wax, which was for Elizabeth Hill. The man in black took it in his arms, anointed its forehead, and said, I baptize thee with this oyl, and used some other words. He was godfather, and the examinant and Anne Bishop godmothers. They called it Elizabeth or Bess. Then the man in black and this examinant, Anne Bishop and Alice Duke, stuck thorns into several places of the neck, hands, wrists, fingers, and other parts of the said picture. After which they had wine, cakes, and roast meat (all brought by the man in black), which they did eat and drink. They danced and were merry, were bodily there and in their clothes."

The confession then recites the particulars of two other transactions of a nature similar to the above; and the following are among its revelations:—

"She saith, before they are carried to their meetings, they anoint their foreheads and handwrists with an oyl the spirit brings with him (which smells raw) and then they are carried in a very short time, using these words as they pass, *Thout, tout a tout, tout, throughout and about.* And when they go off from their meetings they say *Rentum tormentum.*"

The gibberish and other ludicrous circumstances included among the phenomena of Witchcraft will be remarked upon presently.

She further declares—

"That at their first meeting, the man in black bids them welcome, and they all make low obeisance to him, and he delivers some wax candles like little torches, which they give back again at parting. . .

"That at every meeting, before the spirit vanisheth away, he appoints the next meeting, place and time, and at his departure there is a foul smell. . . . They eat and drink really when they meet in their bodies, dance, and have music. The man in black sits at the higher end. He useth some words before meat and none after, his voice is audible, but very low. . . . At their parting they say 'A Boy! merry meet, merry part.' . . . . . .

"That the reason why she caused Elizabeth Hill to be the more tormented was, because her father had said she was a witch. . . . . .

"That some two years ago, she gave two apples to Agnes Vining, late wife of Richard Vining, and that she had one of the apples from the devil, who then

appeared to her, and told her, *that apple would do Vining's wife's business.*"

The above confession was made before Mr. Hunt, "in the presence of several grave and orthodox divines, including Parsons, the rector." According to the narrator, it was "free and unforced, without any torturing or watching, drawn from her by a gentle examination, meeting with the convictions of a guilty conscience."

With the confession of Elizabeth Style, that of Anne Bishop tallies minutely; both in the particulars above related and others. The case of Christian Green is not connected with theirs; its details, however, are very similar; and one remarkable feature in it is the description of the devil's voice, which she represents as *very low*. This seems a point on which witch-stories are singularly accordant. The evidence against the "Rampant Hagg," Margaret Agar, consists of the depositions of three several witnesses as to the illnesses and losses suffered by themselves or relations, as they believed, through her means, corroborated by the confession of two accomplices, Catherine and Mary Green. In character and manner they are merely repetitions of what we have already quoted.

Another very remarkable case in the "Collection of Relations," contained in Glanvil's book, is one, entitled, "The Confessions of certain Scotch Witches, taken out of an authentick Copy of their Trial at the Assizes held at Paisley in Scotland, Feb. 15, 1678, touching the bewitching of Sir George Maxwel."

The first of these confessions is that of one Annabil Stuart. It is a commonly received opinion, that none were accused of Witchcraft but poor decrepit old women; this, however, is quite a mistake. One of the Somerset witches, in the case above quoted, Christian Green, was only thirty-three years of age; and this Annabil Stuart was but *fourteen*. This girl confessed that

"On harvest last, the devil, in the shape of a black man, came to her mother's house, and required the declarant to give herself up to him, and that the devil promised her that she should not want anything that was good. Declares that . . she put her hand to the crown of her head and the other to the sole of her foot, and did give herself up to the devil. Declares, that her spirit's name was Enippa, and that the devil took her by the hand and nipped her arm, which continued to be sore for half an hour."

In this, as in other instances, the instrument of mischief to the obnoxious individual, was an image or effigy, on which certain operations were practised. The declarant stated that

"She was present in her mother's house, when the effigies of wax was made; and that it was made to represent Sir George Maxwel. Declares that the black man, Jannet Mathie, the declarant's mother (whose spirit's name was Landlady); Bessie Weir, whose spirit's name is Sopha; Margaret Craige, whose spirit's name is Rigerum; and Margaret Jackson, whose spirit's name is Locas; were all present at the making of the said effigies; and that they bound it on a spit, and turned it before the fire; and that it was turned by Bessie Weir, saying, as they turned it, 'Sir George Maxwel, Sir George Maxwel.'"

On another occasion, her confession states, she went to the house of her brother, John Stuart, to assist at a similar ceremony; and that when she came there

"She found Bessie Weir, Margery Craige, Margaret Jackson, and her brother, John Stuart, and a man with black clothes, a blue band, and white handcuffs with hogers, and that his feet were cloven. And the declarant sate down by the fire-side with them, when they made a picture of clay, in which they placed pins in the breast and sides. Declares, that the effigies produced are the effigies she saw made. Declares that the black man's name is Ejoall."

This declaration is officially attested, and signed, "*Ita est. Robertus Park, Notarius Publicus, &c.*" It is corroborated in all its particulars by John Stuart, brother of the accused, and by another accomplice, Margaret Jackson. The reason assigned by Stuart for this "bewitching of Sir George Maxwel" was, that "Bessie Weir had great malice against" him, because he "had not entered her husband to his harvest service."

Upon these confessions follow the depositions of three witnesses agreeing with them. Andrew Martin, "servitour to the Lord of Pollock," swore to being present in the house of Jannet Mathie when the waxen image was found with the pins in it, "in a little hole in the wall at the back of the fire;" and also to the fact that his master was taken ill in the month of October, that in which the image, according to the confession, was made; moreover, that, on its discovery and the removal of the pins, "Sir George, his pains," which were felt in the right and left sides, corresponding to the places where the pins were inserted in the figure, "did abate and relent." Evidence to the same effect was given by Laurence Pollock, Sir George Maxwell's secretary, and by Ludovick Stuart, of Auchunhead, a visiter at that laird's house; except, on the part of the latter, as to the discovery of the effigy, at which he was not present.

Whether these confessions were extorted by torture or not Glanvil omits to mention; but, however that may have been, the accordance of the testimony of the witnesses with them, as to the finding of the image, is a singular coincidence. So, likewise, is that of the confessions themselves, with regard to the personal peculiarities of the demon; one of the most remarkable of which, because it is a point on which such confessions in general seem to agree, was his voice, which was described by John Stuart as "hough and goustie."

In some instances the evidence against witches was of such a nature that it is difficult, if not impossible, to explain it away, except by the supposition of downright perjury on the part of the witnesses. Among the cases related by Glanvil there is that of Jane Brookes, who was condemned and executed at Charde Assizes, in March, 1658, for the practice of witchcraft on a boy named Richard Jones, son of Henry Jones, of Shepton Mallet.

"The boy," says the narrator, "at several other times was gone on the suddain, and, upon search after him, was found in another room as dead, and at sometimes strangely hanging above the ground; his hands being flat against a great beam in the top of the room, and all his body two or three foot from ground. There he hath hung a quarter of an hour together, and, being afterwards come to himself, he

told those that found him that Jane Brooks had carried him to that place and held him there. Nine people at a time saw the boy so strangely hanging by the beam."

In another part of the story it is recorded that a woman named Isles, at whose husband's house the boy happened to be, followed him into the garden,

"And was within two yards of him when she saw him rise from the ground before her, and so mounted higher and higher till he passed in the air over the garden wall, and was carried so above ground more than thirty yards, falling at last at one Jordan's door, at Shepton, where he was found as dead for a time; but, coming to himself, told Jordan that Jane Brooks had taken him up by the arm out of Isles his garden, and carried him in the air as related."

The relation thus concludes :—

"The aforesaid passages were some of them seen by us; and the rest, and some other remarkable ones not here set down, were, upon the examination of several credible witnesses, taken upon oath before us. Subscribed, Rob. Hunt, John Cary."

To Henry More's continuation of Glanvil's "Collection of Relations" is appended a most singular account of the "strange witchcraft" discovered in the village of Mohra, in Sweden, in 1669 and 1670. It is an extract from the public register of the Lords Commissioners appointed by the King of Sweden "to examine the whole business;" translated "out of High Dutch into English, by Anthony Horneck, D.D." For its wholesale character this alleged sorcery is unparalleled in the history of the Black Art. Seventy women and fifteen children were condemned and executed. Six-and-thirty young creatures, of between nine and sixteen years of age, were forced to run the gauntlet, and were, in addition, lashed on the hands with rods once a week for a whole year at the church door; and twenty more, still younger, were lashed in the same way for three successive Sundays. Not only did these poor wretches confess the crimes imputed to them, but

"The Commissioners found that all of them, except some very little ones, who could not tell all the circumstances, did punctually agree in the confession of particulars."

They declared that they used to go to a gravel-pit near a cross-road, and there invoke the devil, saying, "Antecessor, come and carry us to Blockula;" a place which they described as "a delicate large meadow whereof you can see no end. Upon this the fiend appeared, "in a gray coat and red and blew stockings: he had a red beard, a high-crowned hat, with linnen of divers colours wrapt about it, and long garters on his stockings."

At Blockula, after divers infernal ceremonies,

"They sate down to table. . . . The diet they did use to have there was, they said, broth, with colworts and bacon in it, oatmeal, bread spread with butter, milk, and cheese. . . . . After meals they went to dancing, and in the meanwhile cursed and swore most dreadfully; and afterwards went to fighting with one another."

Their confessions include a vast number of other particulars, some horrible, many ludicrous, and not a few particularly disgusting. The service which was exacted of them by the devil consisted in doing generally all manner of evil, and in particular in inflicting, by diabolical acts, injuries on men and beasts. For further details our limits compel us to refer the reader to the original document, and to Sir Walter Scott's summary of its contents in the *Foreign Quarterly*. We will give one more extract, for the sake of its horrible pithiness :—

"On the twenty-fifth of August execution was done upon the notoriously guilty, *the day being bright and glorious, and the sun shining*, and some thousands of people being present at the spectacle."

We have thus, if we have succeeded in our endeavour, displayed the kind of grounds on which witchcraft was concluded to be a reality. And now comes the question, how are such allegations (and there are multitudes of them on record) as the above to be accounted for?

First—are we to regard the evidence as to the overt acts of Witchcraft, given on oath against the accused, as a mere mass of wilful and deliberate perjury? Barrington, according to Sir Walter Scott, computes the numbers of those executed in England on this charge at 30,000. Here then were 30,000 trials by jury terminating in a verdict of guilty. Is the tremendous amount of perjury which, on the above hypothesis, must thus have been committed, reconcileable with our views of human nature? Supposing it to be so, can we conceive the corresponding aggregate of imbecility on the part of the judges and juries, which alone can account for its not having been detected? Shall we say that the witnesses were merely deluded? The same questions, substituting madness for perjury, may be demanded, and we cannot think it easy to answer them affirmatively.

Secondly—were the confessions of the accused mere absolute falsehoods, known to be such to themselves, and wrung from them by torture, or the dread of it? In many instances, doubtless, they were; but torture was not used in every case: nor are admissions thus extorted *necessarily* untrue. Besides, the congruity of several of them, one with another, is to be accounted for.

In the third place—were they made, as has been suggested, from motives of vanity? In a few extreme instances, perhaps; but to us, considering the horrible punishment which they were certain to entail, it appears that such instances must have been few indeed.

Fourthly—were the circumstances and transactions which they recite imaginary—mere hallucinations in the ordinary sense of the term? Here again we are met by the fact of their frequent mutual accordance.

Lastly—putting the suppositions of perjury, stupidity, intimidation, torture, vanity, and insanity together, have we in the mass a sufficient number of causes to account satisfactorily for the phenomena?

Not, we think, for the whole of them; and the reason of our opinion is, what we have already noticed, and again lay especial stress upon—the harmony of numbers of the confessions, not only between themselves, but also with the testimony of the accusers.

Is it possible, then, that the conclusion we are coming to can be, that Witchcraft was a reality after all? Not so; and the following, we submit, are decisive arguments against it :—

1. The *ludicrous and absurd* features which characterise the revelations of the witches. This line of reasoning has been assailed on the ground of our ignorance respecting the economy and constitution of

the Kingdom of Darkness, and the designs, objects, and dispositions of its designers and agents. But absurdity and ridiculousness appear to us to be the inseparable accompaniments of error and falsehood, and to have been designed as criteria of them to the common mind, to which, for want of adequate knowledge and power of thought, their logical refutation would be impossible. Take the following extract from the confession of Agnes Sympson, made before James the First, in 1590, which, by-the-by, it is said, occasioned that monarch's belief in Witchcraft, and to which, probably, we are indebted for his "Demonologie" :—

"They danced along the kirkyard; Geilie Duncan played to them on a trump; John Fien, muffled, led all the rest. . . . . The women made first their homage, and then the men. The men were turned nine times, widdershins about, and the women six times. John Fien blew up the doors and blew in the lights, which were like mickle black candles sticking round about the pulpit. The devil startit up himself in the pulpit, like a mickle black man; and every one answered, '*Here.*' . . . The first thing he demandit was, if they all kept promise, and had been good servants. . . . At his command they opened up three graves . . . and took off the joints of their fingers, toes, and neise, and parted them amongst them," &c. &c.

Or the ensuing, from the narrative of the Swedish witches, where we read, concerning his Satanic Majesty, that

"If he hath a mind to be merry with them, he lets them all ride upon spits before him; takes afterwards the spits and beats them black and blue, and then laughs at them."

Now the instinct which at once prompts us, on reading such stuff as this, to exclaim "Nonsense!" we conceive to be a true one.

2. A more direct argument, as it will, perhaps, be considered, than the foregoing, is the fact that the multiplication of alleged cases of Witchcraft was every where subsequent to the promulgation of edicts and the enactment of statutes against it; that their frequency always bore a proportion to the prevalence of belief in it, diminished with its decline, and almost wholly disappeared on its extinction.

3. Another strong argument of like tendency is, the number of instances in which we *know* that the imputed Witchcraft was a delusion. Instances of this kind occur, from time to time, even in the present day, among the illiterate vulgar. The true objection against marvellous or supernatural occurrences is, not that they are contrary to experience, but that experience tends to prove their fallacy.

4. Add to the above considerations, that in numerous, though not in all of the cases of supposed Witchcraft, there was much falsehood, ignorance, prejudice, and insanity mixed up,—and, altogether, there will surely be sufficient reason for disbelieving in its existence.

To what, then, it will be asked, do we refer those extraordinary coincidences, on which we have dwelt so emphatically? We will answer in two words—to

MENTAL CONTAGION.

The whole history of Witchcraft presents an analogy to that of an infectious disorder; and here we would direct especial attention to what took place at Mohra. Here was an absolute multitude of persons, of all ages, with their minds possessed of identical ideas, all participating in one illusion. This is not like a common distemper of the fancy, which varies according to the individual brain which it affects. By the term mental contagion, we understand a definite disease of the imagination—as uniform in point of its manifestations as the plague, small-pox, or other like bodily distemper. This, we are aware, is an hypothesis. Some may consider it a wild one; but we know of none other adequate to account for those facts of which we have above presented a sample—which are acknowledged matters of history—and which, if it be not adopted, will still constitute a problem to the psychologist.

In conclusion, we would inquire whether, although the belief in Witchcraft has passed away, there are not still phenomena of a kindred nature to it presented by the human mind? Not to mention remoter and yet late instances in point, what was it that, within these last few years, diffused a delusion throughout a multitude in the case of the lunatic Thom? And what are the marvels, numerously, and, we must admit, respectably attested, of Mesmerism? The latter are scarcely less extraordinary than those with which we have been dealing in these pages: and we can hardly wonder, so striking is the resemblance, at the parallel which has been drawn between them.

By the foregoing considerations a practical conclusion of a two-fold nature is suggested to us. First, that, in most matters of general and popular belief, there is, howsoever alloyed by error, a nucleus of truth. Secondly, that our judgment, nay, our very perceptions, are liable to a perversion, against which our principal safeguard consists in the recognition of its cause.

LIBRA.

THE WAYFARING TREE

Wayfaring tree! what ancient claim
Hast thou to that right pleasant name?
* * * *
A name, methinks, that surely fell
From poet in some evening dell
Wandering with fancies sweet.

MORNING and evening, in the hour of prime, and at that uncertain time when twilight's banner still floats flauntingly along the sunless west, and night pushes a slender cohort of dim and distant stars above the purpling uplands in the east—have we not greeted thee, O! many-centuried and reverend friend, with this continually-recurring verse? And through years of change (years that have wrought so little change in thee) have we not come to love thee as a dear companion; to reckon thee among the "old familiar faces" we should grieve to miss; to invest thee with a life and sentiment appertinent rather to the moral and the inward, than the physical and outward world; and to note thy varying aspect as minutely as lovers watch the changeful countenance of those they dote upon?

Spring weaves for thy aged limbs a subtle drapery of vivid green; Summer deepens its hues; and Autumn dyes the woof with russet, gold, and crimson—"motley, your only wear," until the tattered garb falls piecemeal to the ground, and the cold, keen skies of winter glit-

ter above a mighty maze of leafless limbs and branches bare. But in all seasons we must claim for thee the attributes of majesty and beauty, suffering no change with changing vesture, and knowing no abatement with the diminution of thy commingling leaves.

Wert thou not a sapling—a slender shoot from some chance-scattered acorn, when England's sod first felt the pressure of a Norman's foot? Did outlawed bowmen, as they rustled past thee (thou wert a youngling even then) mingle with their discourse of reverie approving mention of King Rufus's death? Did ever palmer from the land of Palestine couch him awhile beneath thy spreading arms, and bless the greener garb of England's soil, the softer gleam of England's sky? Wert ever flouted by the glistering pennons of the partisans of York and Lancaster, while ruddy watch-fires shed a lurid light upon thy outstretched boughs? Didst ever witness that brave retinue sweep by, which made the progresses of Virgin Bess such showy, glittering spectacles? Were thy green branches riven from thee, what time the "king enjoyed his own again," to garnish burly burghers' doorways, and stir the spleen of silent sour republicans? For all of these were thy contemporaries, and thou survivor of them all.

As century after century, in solemn sequence, marshalled by memory, glides shadow-like before the eye, we seem to recognise a thousand stirring episodes and "auld warld tales," linked with the history of this myriad-leaved and antique oak—this green and living temple now jubilant with song; and there are "modern instances" recalled to mind by the "Wayfaring Tree," which we would fain record before they, too, become inurned among the partially-remembered or totally-forgotten things of yesterday. We could wish to show there is a literal and obvious, as well as occult and poetic meaning in the often-quoted verse of Wordsworth—

> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach us more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can.

"Good bye, Kate, dear Kate; let us part at the old Wayfaring Tree. We both have cause to love it well; nor will this parting make us love it less. Nay, Kate; no tears. Think of my prospects, think of the aid which I shall now be in a position to render to our mother; think, too—— There, there! I thought my bonny Kate would smile again." And the young man thrust back a cloud of jetty ringlets from his sister's forehead, and pressed his lips upon its smooth expanse, with an earnestness and warmth, which seemed to indicate the fervour and the fulness of his love.

"I know these tears are childish, Harry; but I know, too, or at least have read that commerce with the world soon deadens a young man's heart—effaces the images impressed upon it in his earlier years, and fills the mind with evil fantasies and feverish desires. Not that I distrust you, my brother," she continued, laying her hand upon his shoulder, and lifting up her quivering eyes to his, "but I do fear, I do distrust the weakness of our common nature."

"A grandame's tale, Kate; a grandame's tale, and nothing better—fit only for a schoolboy, and not," he added, drawing himself up to his full stature—"not worthy to be told to *men*."

"That very gesture—that impressive emphasis—adds some confirmation to its truth and value, Harry," rejoined the maiden, in tones of mingled archness and reproach. "It is a spark struck out from smouldering pride, that only waits the accession of a little fuel, to kindle it into a consuming blaze. Devoutly do I hope, however, that the event may prove your sister Kate no true prophetess."

"Amen! my moralizing Kate. Let us not cloud our parting with any more such sombre sermons. Harry Salter shall be a great man yet, and you, my pretty one, and our mother—Heaven keep her!—ladies both. And so, another kiss, Kate, and then good-bye."

And straining his sister in his arms, not without mingling a tear or two with hers, the young man bade her an affectionate adieu. He loitered awhile upon the summit of the hill until the receding figure of his sister disappeared behind an angle of the sloping lane; then glancing hurriedly at the grey church-tower, the clustering chimneys and fantastic gables of the hall, and the row of poplar trees which grew hard by his mother's cottage, he struck into the fields, gained the main-road, and in another hour had taken his seat upon the coach which bore him towards ———.

If, at that moment, when the pang of parting was mingled with a host of good resolves, both tempering his sanguine expectations, the youthful traveller could have analyzed his feelings, it is probable that he would complacently have pronounced them unselfish and disinterested in the extreme. And for the nonce, the estimate would not have been erroneous. Yet, it must not be concealed, that in general there was a strong tincture of selfishness, and a strong desire for self-aggrandizement interwoven with the better principles of his nature; nor was the new sphere of life into which he was about to be inducted, one precisely calculated either to conceal or to obliterate these blemishes upon his character.

His father had been master of the village-school, and, dying, bequeathed two children to the care, and a very slender pittance for the maintenance of, his widow. Of these two children, Henry was the elder, having just attained to his majority; while his sister was his

junior by four years. The interest of a family connection had procured for him a situation in the only banking-house in ———, and thither we have already seen him on the road.

Of his subsequent career brief mention may suffice. Habits of unwearied application and industry, combined with much self-taught and practical knowledge of the minutiæ of his business, contributed materially to aid the advancement of his prospects, and to push his fortune to a height, which even he, sanguine and ambitious as he was, had never dreamed of reaching half so rapidly. His letters home were brief and business-like. Distance and increasing duties prevented him, he said, from paying them a visit, and moderate remittances were enclosed as substitutes, occasionally accompanied by the gratuitous tender of much sound worldly advice. Of the latter, more especially, there was a liberal donation when Kate intimated her intended marriage to a fellow-villager, the bailiff of an absentee esquire. Something like dissidence, too, was hinted on the brother's part, which failed, however, in shaking the already settled purpose of his sister, who became the wife of Edmund Sible in the very week in which Henry Salter became the son-in-law and partner of the wealthy banker, his old employer.

Twelve years had elapsed since the date of the parting previously described, when, towards the close of an autumnal day, a carriage halted at the foot of the Wayfaring Tree, and a man of gentlemanly exterior and prepossessing mien alighting from it, directed the postillion to proceed leisurely towards the "Royal Oak," at the same time indicating with his cane its position in the village, which lay bosomed in the trees below. As the carriage disappeared, the stranger, folding his arms, stood with the immoveability of a statue upon the green ring of turf which environed the aged tree; while his eyes wandered excursively, and with an interest that was evidently heightened by mental associations, over the valley which lay in gathering shade and deep tranquillity beneath. The sun, dipping behind a clump of trees upon a western eminence, yet glowed in fiery broken fragments between their black and interlacing stems. A pile of glittering clouds, some purple and massive, shaped like islands floating on a pearly sea; others crimson and plumed, like the pinions of an oriental bird; and others lambent and wreathing as a wind-fed flame, embossed the heavens above. Here and there a misty exhalation wound upwards from between dark masses of luxuriant foliage, and seemed to indicate the presence of a rivulet in the sward below. White gables gleamed spectrally through leafy orchard trees, and where the grey church-tower rose up, the hovering smoke from neighbouring cottages hung like a vapoury crown around the antique pile. There was that, both in the hour and prospect, which might almost have "created a soul under the ribs of death;" and the absorbed and motionless aspect of the stranger acknowledged to the full the influences of the season and the scene.

"Another half-hour so consumed," at length exclaimed the stranger, "would absolutely transform me to a boy again. I suppose all men have their weak moments, and this is mine. But who have we here? Kate, as I live, and that respectable clodhop is my brother-in-law, and her husband, I presume. Umph!" And the banker (since it will be readily surmised that it was he), slowly advanced towards the individuals, whose approaching footsteps had so abruptly put an end to his soliloquy. Though unexpected, their interview elicited but a moderate display of cordiality. Upon the part of Katharine Sible, there was a continual struggle between her old affection for her brother, and a certain sense of deference extorted by the consciousness of his superior wealth and elevated station. The deportment of her husband was respectful, but self-possessed, while his greeting was acknowledged by the banker with a stiff and ceremonious condescension.

When the inquiries of the latter, with reference to his mother's health and welfare, had been answered, and minor questions satisfied, he claimed his sister's private ear upon a matter of particular importance, on which, indeed, his present visit hinged; and, taking her aside, engaged with her in close and earnest conversation.

As their colloquy continued, there was a degree of warmth and even of asperity infused into it, which plainly intimated that the turn it had assumed was as distasteful as unexpected to the sister.

During the preceding week, Kate had written to her brother, soliciting a somewhat heavy loan, in order to enable her husband to enter upon the occupancy of a farm then vacant. Unwilling, from a variety of motives, to concede to the request, and equally unwilling to decidedly refuse it, the banker had resolved upon a personal interview as the most fitting medium, through which to communicate his disinclination to grant the favour sought.

Accordingly, with much prolixity and needless verbiage, he urged upon his sister, as his reasons for refusal, the scarcity of money, his inability to withdraw any portion of his floating capital from the channels in which it was employed, and last, though certainly not least, the disinclination which he felt to advance so considerable a sum upon mere personal security. It is scarcely necessary to intimate that the two former were mere fictitious obstacles, the whole pith of his objections being concentrated

in the latter. Kate remonstrated, mildly at first, then angrily, then grew indignant, reproached him bitterly, and the conversation eventuated in a serious rupture.

The following morning, Mr. Salter took his departure from the village, poorer in self-respect, poorer in the affection of his kindred. Before the advent of another year, Katharine Sible and her husband were located in the Red-hill farm, not, however, through the instrumentality of the banker, but by the friendly and munificent assistance of the bailiff's late employer.

Twelve more eventful years have flown, and a man still in the prime of life, clad in a plain and unobtrusive garb, accompanied by a graceful girl of seventeen, with a countenance remarkable for its mirthful sweet expression, pause in their ramble, and seat themselves upon a bench erected round the trunk of the old Wayfaring Tree. The relationship which subsisted between them cannot be that of parent and child, for he himself is childless, but their affinity is evidently close. Some minutes they spend in silent admiration of the scene, and then the elder thus addresses his companion:—

"While we tarry for a space beneath the shadow of our sheltering friend, you shall hear the narrative, Kate, which I have often promised you."

"A kind thought, uncle, and I will promise you, in return, that you shall find 'fit audience though few;'" archly rejoined the maiden.

"Your mother may have told you how, at this tree, we parted first, and how at this tree we met again. You must have heard, too, how my avarice and selfishness laid a temporary ban upon the prospects of your parents, and—as my conscience whispers me—a heavier ban upon my own. Not avarice alone but pride impelled me to refuse. I had become the associate of men of wealth and title, and I felt a species of contempt (you may well frown, Kate) for the alliance which your mother had, contrary to my suggestions, formed; I was unwilling, therefore, to give my new relation further prominence in the world. Often and often, in after years, has that refusal to perform an act of kindness—nay of positive duty—sat heavily upon my heart, retributively followed, as it was, by the death of her, through whom the wealth so prized originally became my own. Three years alone elapsed between my second parting from your mother, and my wife's decease. As yet, Kate, there are trials which you have never known, and this is of them. Another and another followed it. My patron and benefactor, and indeed my second father, drooped from the moment of his daughter's death, and followed her within a year or something less. He was a man of large and liberal heart—his mind more comprehensive and expanded than that of most mere money-changers; and gratitude, affection, reverence—all these I owed and freely rendered him. In his last hours I was unceasingly beside his bed, and closed his dying eyes. And when from that dim room I issued out once more into the glare of day and noisy haunts of men, I found I had emerged from it an altered, and, I hope, a wiser man.

> Hackney'd in business, wearied at the oar
> Which thousands, once fast chain'd to, quit no more,
> But which when life at ebb runs weak and low,
> All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego,—

I relinquished those active occupations which my circumstances no longer rendered it imperative on my part to follow up, and with my mind's eye filled with pictures of the green valley and secluded village in which my earlier years were spent, I determined once more to make my home where I had first drawn breath. Without equipage, without attendants, in humble garb and altered mien, I appeared upon the threshold of your father's house. It was my whim to represent myself a beggared bankrupt, friendless and penniless. The artifice was perfectly successful, attended only by a far different result than what I could have relied upon. Your parents both received the ostensible outcast with a welcome by him most unmerited. The evil he had done was recompensed by good, and thrifty competence was lavish of the liberality which niggardly wealth had avariciously withheld. You know the rest, Kate. It is a history pregnant with profitable matter for reflection: do not forget it, dear."

"And what may the moral be which you would deduce from it, uncle, since I have heard you say that every history has its moral?" inquired the niece.

"It is this," he rejoined, drawing a small volume from his pocket, and folding back a page that had been doubled down, "Read it, Kate."

And the maiden, with a musical emphasis, read the following lines:—

> If Thou be one whose heart the holy forms
> Of young imagination have kept pure,
> Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know that pride,
> Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
> Is littleness! that he who feels contempt
> For any living thing, hath faculties
> Which he has never used; that thought with him
> Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
> Is ever on himself, doth look on one,
> The least of Nature's works, one who might move
> The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
> Unlawful ever. O be wiser, Thou!
> Instructed that true knowledge leads to love;
> True dignity abides with him alone
> Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
> Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
> In lowliness of heart.

The maiden closed the book, and both arose.

"A beautiful and simple truth," she observed, as they retraced their steps; "I shall never fail to think of it, and think of you, as often as I pass the old Wayfaring Tree."

JAMES SMITH.

THE BIRTH OF VENUS.

BY AGNOSTOS.

Time—Evening.

PAPHOS.

Voluptuous City! lovely Paphos hail!
From forth thy altars perfume fills the gale;
The sweet returning hours gently bring
Soft Even on their rosy-tinctured wing,
Infusing in the air their vermeil dye,
Which tints with blushes the ethereal sky.
Phœbus still lingers with his fiery train,
Loath to depart, unable to remain;
And, to increase the beauty of the hour,
Casts o'er the whole his mellow'd golden shower.
Hark to the music of light Zephyr's wings,
As o'er the isle his perfum'd breath he brings;
List to the notes of his aërial train—
Sweet, though invisible, from whence the strain.
The rolling Ocean now has calmed his roar,
And gently swells upon the Paphian shore;
The evening tints, reflected as he lies,
Now blue, now gold, as change the changing skies;
Anon a restless wavelet rears its crest,
Despite the calm repose of all the rest,
Ambitious for a frothy crown, and then
Flows as before, and all is calm again.
The fading cadence of the Cyprian strain
Is gently wafted o'er the deep blue main;
But ere the less'ning tones in distance die,
Again from Paphos swells the harmony;
And thus continuous through eventide,
Those notes now swell the breeze, now soft subside.
The gods sure contemplate some rare event,
Or to outvie themselves, these gifts have sent.
Seek, midst the choicest beauties of the earth,
A fairer spot for an immortal birth—
A place where more of loveliness is found,
To scent the air, or brightly paint the ground.
And vain the search!—e'en the Hesperides
Exhale not richer perfume to the breeze—
Boast not a fairer scene, a lovelier clime,
Or feel so lightly the destroyer, Time;
For though his spoiling mission bids him here,
He owns its beauties, and must needs forbear.
Here Flora lives; her iris-coloured train
In clust'ring beauties scattered to the main.
Close to the water's verge the myrtle blows
In kindred sweetness with the scent-breathed rose;
The blue-eyed violet its bashful head
Hides in th' embraces of its leafy bed;
The hyacinth, though Zephyr caused his death,*
Sighs forth a perfume to the west-wind's breath;
And Flora-loving wind, that sigh must tell
How by thy aid fair Hyacinthus fell;
E'en to this day, at even's balmy hour,
A grief-sent tear-drop trembles on this flower;
From forth his leafy bells a sorrowing sigh
Is whispered to his kindred flow'rets nigh.
In less'ning flights the meek-eyed am'rous dove
Sinks to the wood, her peaceful home of love.
The bold lycostomus, in sportive play,
Gilds with his fin the momentary spray;
And, but for this, the ocean calmly flows
In peaceful, undisturbed, and rare repose.

ANADYOMENE.

But not long thus; the waters, erst so calm,
In rising bubbles now dissolve the charm,
And half appearing forms with azure wing
O'er the sea's bosom now are hovering.
While from the snowy and the fresh made surge
The whiter necks of Nereïdes emerge,
And holding converse with the magic train,
Dive with a message, then return again.
The stealthy hours in their noiseless flight,
The shadows lengthen, but a deep'ning light
Falls o'er the scene: unlike the morning ray
Which, with its rosy smile, bids night away;
Unlike the splendour of the molten sun
Which turns to gold all that he shines upon;
Unlike the hour it is—soft eventide,
When hushed by phantom beauties winds subside;
Unlike the hues of e'en a Cyprian night—
So strangely beautiful the new born light.
A choral strain from out the depths below,
Sends the glad waters with melodious flow;
The forms, erst indistinct, now plain appear,
Emerging strange from unsubstantial air;
And their fresh wreaths by loving Flora lent
Prove them the zephyrs on some mission sent.
And thus it is—from out the waters' womb
They bear a Goddess from her parent foam,
Which gradually subsides, and then is seen
Of heaven, of earth, of sea, of air,—the queen;
For all around, below, and all above,
Own Venus as their queen—for Queen of Love.
Sweetly bewilder'd, as awoke from sleep
To blushing life, she rises from the deep,
Half shrinking as she feels the breathing air
Fan her soft limbs to dry the waters there;
One hand she passes 'cross her lovely brow,
O'er which in wat'ry folds her tresses flow,
And on her shoulder, magically fair,
Gathers the dripping clusters of her hair;
But still she blushes, still her shrinking form
Appears relapsing to her wat'ry home.
But zephyrs now their gentle arms entwine,
And bear the Goddess o'er the azure brine—
They bear her to the spot I named before,
The loveliest on the lovely Cyprian shore;
The seasons meet her on this sweetful land,
Persuasion crowns her on this Paphian strand;

* While Apollo and Hyacinthus were playing at quoits, Zephyrus blew the iron instrument in a wrong direction and Hyacinthus was killed by its striking him. He was changed by Terra into the flower which bears his name.

The air is teeming with the noise of wings,
Of forms aërial with their offerings;
The Nereïdes from forth their pearly cells
Enchant the waters with their coral shells;
And all above, below, and all on earth,
Pour sounds of welcome at the glad'ning birth.
But fate decrees not that she here remain,
O'er Heaven's glories she is doomed to reign,
And thus the zephyrs through the limpid air
Their lovely burden to Olympus bear.

THE APOTHEOSIS.

The Gods from out Olympus' heights had seen
The Paphian waves yield forth the Paphian Queen;
They 'd marked her borne upon the lovely land,
They 'd seen her limbs to rosy colour fanned.
And now they view the west winds gently rise
And bear her fresh born beauties on the skies.
And though immortal, this they wond'ring see,
For e'en immortals read not destiny;
And thus the Gods in waiting Synod view
Her trackless passage through the liquid blue.—
Beauty hath power o'er the human soul,
And bends man's nature to the sweet control;
Its magic influence will often gain
What strength of mind or arms could ne'er obtain.
The heart refined adores from sympathy,
The vulgar are subdued they know not why;
And Beauty's powers to deities extend—
Immortal Gods beneath the influence bend.
Thus the effect when now those winged youths bear
Their charge amidst the Gods and leave her there;
So magically lovely does she seem,
They think the wholesome nectar-given dream;
While she with shrinking and a timid mien,
And equal wonderment, beholds the scene;
But now Apollo, from his sapphrine throne,
With silver bow, and sunny-tinted zone,
Advances from the rest. He, lustrous god,
The purport of this coming understood;
For power to him by Jupiter was given
To read futurity in earth and heaven;
And thence the god his graceful figure bends,
His harmony-producing hand he tends;
And, thus exampled, all the gods draw round—
Each bids a welcome, while the gladsome sound
Of voices from immortals sweep the sky
In praises of the bright nativity.
Some flowrets bring, of soft, celestial hue—
With amaranths the gold-edged clouds they strew;
Those nectar bear; the choicest perfume these,
Exhaled from out the rich Hesperides;
Some fan her with ambrosia-scented wing;
Some o'er her riv'ling limbs ambrosia fling;
Others attend with soft, officious care,
And twine the tresses of her auburn hair.
A fleecy garment o'er her form is laid—
The texture from the finest clouds is made.
Mars, more obsequious than the rest,
Casts o'er her lovely limbs the envied vest,
And, quite by accident, his martial chest
Against her iv'ry shoulder gently 's prest:
Not half so fatal wounds from his own dart
As those that pressure made upon his heart.*
Apollo now his lyre harmonious takes,
And through the air a melody awakes;
His father he invokes to bless their Queen,
And add his presence, to complete the scene:
And never did his lyre resound in vain—
Never for nought did he produce the strain—
And now those notes through all the heavens rise,
And reach the monarch in remotest skies;
For stern, secluded, midst a cloudy zone,
Removed to farthest heights, Jove sits alone.
Screened from the gods below by dense-made air,
Silent in contemplation sits he there;
Sublimest thoughts athwart his mighty soul
Bind past and future in their vast control;
Immutable decrees from forth his mind
Pass to the earth, to bless or curse mankind.
Upon the fate of future worlds he dwells,
When on the air that sound of music swells;
The pealing notes fall gently at his feet,
And, with their praying melody, entreat
His presence midst the conclaved gods below;
And, smiling as the notes continuous flow,
Descends to where the strain—refulgence now,
In place of deep abstraction, on his brow;
And soon as he, the heavenly monarch 's seen,
His erst dread visage changed to looks serene,
All the glad gods their arms in one entwine,
And centre Cypria in the band divine.
Reposed amidst the lovely arm-made zone,
They bear her to the foot of Jove's bright throne;
A sign he gives, which Hebe quick obeys—
A nectar goblet by his side she lays;
With 'suasive glance, the rhetoric of soul,
He breathes divinity upon the bowl;
The rim he places near her willing lips,
Unconscious of the gift she sweetly sips,
And then—oh, joy!—gives back the brightest smile;
It was her first, and lit the air awhile:
Rejoice, ye skies—rejoice, ye vaulted heaven,
Immortal life to Venus has been given!

* Need the reader be reminded of his luckless exposure amongst the gods in his amours with Venus?

ELFINA; A FAIRY FANCY, IN VARIOUS FLIGHTS.

BY MISS PARDOE.

(*Concluded from page* 168.)

LETTER VII.

Again long months have passed; and the darkness of your mood has deepened. I cannot bear, Fritz, to lose you thus. Come to me—come to *us*—for I am now the happy husband of my beautiful Amina; and I can welcome you to a home of peace and love. Come, and forget your gloom; or rather, come, and looking upon us, and seeing how much happiness may dwell on earth, learn to bear it better. Our cottage stands beside a sunny stream, whose gentle waters glide onward to the ocean, as our days speed towards eternity; slowly and sweetly. Roses are bright in our little garden; and the wind lingers lovingly in the clematis that dresses our modest casements. We have bees and birds too—the first for our refection, and the last to cheer us with their gushing song. But, believe me Fritz, that the carol of Amina is far sweeter! Come, and she shall sing to you; and with her star-like eyes and gentle smile, beguile you of your sadness. Then we have books; and my fair young bride laughs at the earnestness with which I linger on their pages; and in her innocent and happy playfulness, turns my study into sport. But *your* volumes shall be sacred, Fritz; and your solitude, when you desire it, uninvaded. Amina shall respect both. *Shall*, I say; for my wish is ever as a law to her; and you will feel our quiet joy the deeper when you leave the tomes that have thralled you throughout the day, to join our social meal at sunset, among the leaves and blossoms of our little garden. Come—we await you!

HOFFMAN.

LETTER VIII.

Was it not enough that the curse of self-reproach was on me—that, branded like a second Cain, I walked the world, defying and defied; hating myself, and weary of my kind; but must you, Hoffman, bid the gaping wound burst out afresh, and teach me a new bitterness? You are then married! And your Amina is beautiful, and fond, and gentle; knowing no will but yours—no law save that which grows out of your pleasure. You have bees, and birds, and flowers, and pretty sports, and books—such as we used to read together before the iron had entered into my heart, and I had learned, too late, to know myself. And you ask me to go to you; to look upon the Eden from which I have been thrust out! Hoffman, I can forgive you. Nay, more—I know that in every way you have triumphed; that your Amina forsook a home of luxury to share your precarious fortunes; that she spurned, for your sake, a suitor who could have bought up your whole race with gold; and that she braved the world's frown to be your wife. I know all this; and you ask me to go and look upon it. But, again I say, I forgive you; for you knew not what you asked.

Should you desire to learn aught of my future fortunes, I may tell you here, that, abandoning for ever the vain pursuits in which I once delighted, and casting alike science and philosophy to the winds, with all the idle dreams that they engendered, I am about to embark for the New World; and amid its primæval forests, and desert wastes, to forget the hopes and visions of my early youth.

To your untiring friendship I commit my memory. I ask you not to cherish it, but to be merciful in your condemnation. The scorn and hatred of your beautiful Amina, I shall draw down upon myself; but I am too wretched even to heed it. I cannot enter into a detail of the history of my two last years of life; you will glean it from the papers which I subjoin. They are the last memorial of the unhappy

FRITZ.

[Upon a strip of parchment, enclosing an inner roll of MSS., were these words, in the handwriting of Hoffman:—"Correspondence of the unfortunate Fritz with the fairy Elfina." They were carefully arranged, and are given to the reader in the precise order in which they were discovered.]

LETTER I.

You tell me that my wild wish can be accomplished, and that I may indeed clasp you to my heart in the sweet proportions of an earthly maiden. *You*, beautiful Elfina! Can it be that charms like yours may indeed widen to mortal dimensions, and yet continue to be perfect as they are now? Oh! in pity assure me again and again of this delicious fact; for I feel that, loving you as I do, I am jealous even of the slightest change. And will you in truth one day be all my own? Can it be that, from the moon's rise until its set, I may look on you, listen to you, and love you, as though you were one of my own race, distinct only through the might of your individual and surpassing loveliness? Still do I repeat the question to my doubting heart—still do I murmur to myself every hour, nay, every instant, "Can it indeed be?" But you have assured me that it shall be so; and I will hug the dear—the exquisite belief.

Elfina, do you remember our first meeting—when my rude mortal breath awoke you from a deep sleep in the bosom of a rose, where the soft leaves were folded above you and about you, as though enamoured of the fair creature whom they encircled? To me that meeting was rife with destiny. Scarcely could I see you, yet I felt the influence of your presence through all my being.

From that hour I shunned the converse of my fellow-men; and idlers pointed the finger of scorn, or the look of fear, at me, as I passed along. I courted solitude, for all that was beautiful in nature recalled your glorious image; and I loved the night, for in its silver silence I could think of you. I am accused of communion with foul and unholy spirits, because I am garrulous in my isolation, and love

better the dark season than the hours of light. I tell them not, beautiful Elfina, that the spirit to whom I bow, a willing captive, is one of radiance and love. Did I even seek to show my secret, the narrow-sighted mortals by whom I am surrounded would mock at me, and flout me. How could they comprehend a mystery so exquisite?

For eight-and-forty long and tedious hours, my beautiful beloved, I have not looked upon you. Such was your stern and uncompromising will. Enough, however, that you smiled as you banished me, and promised that, the stipulated period over, we should meet again. I obey—for even obedience is blessedness when it is thus coupled with hope.

Elfina, you know not the devotedness of mortal love. I will teach you the charming lesson: only be mine; and I care not by what sufferings, by what sacrifices, I may be called upon to secure your affection—your undivided, unalterable, unalienable affection.

My life has been one of feeling and impulse—an existence rather of thought than of action. I have ever stood aloof from the world's crowd. I have striven for higher enjoyments than the sordid ones of earth. The lovely of my race have been beside me and about me, and I have smiled, unmoved, at all their blandishments. I have made for myself companionship with the forests, and with the mountain-fastnesses; but until I beheld you my craving heart was void. I worshipped Night, in her high and solemn majesty, and she received my worship. She did more—she answered it; for did I not, as the pure moon-ray streamed on a wilding flower, behold your fairy form enshrined amid its leaves, and recognise at once the embodiment of the sweet visions on which I had dwelt so long?

Elfina! what is the mystery at which you glance? What is the fearful sacrifice we both must make in order to secure that outward change in your all but perfect beauty, which must bind you still closer to my heart, and make my devotion more deep and tangible? Ask nothing of me that involves the cessation of our constant intercourse; to that alone, I cannot, and will not consent. Write to me; tell me at once your secret. I must see you to-night, listen to your sweet voice, and then bear away with me, to my solitary home, the flower in which you may have slumbered out the day, to be my mute companion until I again look upon your loveliness.

Alas! Elfina, you cannot understand my feelings: you—a creature of the moonbeams, a child of peace and brightness. Become, then, like myself, a being vulnerable to hopes and fears, to doubt and transport; become, in short, as mortal as is compatible with your purity and beauty; for thus only can you satisfy the exacting worship of my human love!

LETTER II.

Mortal! thou art as wayward as a summer wind; now breathing among blossoms, almost as fragrant as the flowers over which it flies; now heaving quickly and convulsively the leaves of the forest-trees, and filling the sky with voices. How I tremble under my perfumed canopy—for I am writing from beneath the wide-spread beauties of a hedge-rose—as I remember that I have dared to love thee! I—a creature whom thou could'st crush like an insect; and whom thy fellow-men pass on the wayside, and see not. By what mysterious influence were thine own eyelids uplifted, that thou should'st discover me in my retreat? I dare not seek to search out thy secret.

I was once threatened by the mighty chieftain of a hostile tribe—at war with our warrior-king, the doughty Oberon—that in my second year a fearful peril should menace me, from which I should not even seek to fly; but whose baneful approach should seem to me in my blindness as a blessing. Behold, mortal, my second year is come; and never yet hath a cloud passed over the moon when I have bent before her; and yet—thy love cannot surely be the peril; or if it be, then welcome peril for thy sake. Love me, trust me, cherish me, and I defy all evil!

Mortal! I call thee by no other name, for that one is pleasant to me for thy sake; and there is, methinks, a music in it which I never recognised till now. Mortal, we had a gala yesternight; but for me it was no revel, for thou wert not there. Titania wooed me to her with soft smiles, and even bade me sit upon the hem of the happy rose-leaf which had been spread as her own regal couch. Need I tell thee that I obeyed? And while the Court feasted and danced; and vows as light as gossamer were breathed into willing ears, and happy self-deceived and self-deceiving elves blushed as they listened; I sat apart with the royal dame, engaged in quiet converse. The night, as thou knowest, was sultry; and thus I fanned her gently with the down from a ring-dove's breast; but ever as the light air lifted the sunny ringlets on her brow, she grew only the more sad and thoughtful. At length, she spoke, slowly, whisperingly, like one who dreads an eavesdropper beneath every blade of grass; and a shadow fell over her radiant eyes, which have so long racked the brains of our court-poets for apt and graceful similes; and a cloud gathered on her brow, even encircled as it was by its diadem of fire-flies.

I know not why she selected me for so much honour; for, as I told thee in our last interview, although nobly born, I have but newly joined the royal household, and had hitherto only waited at a distance; yet how softly, how almost tenderly she spoke. Not of the revellers, who sported on the green sward beneath our eyes; not of the distant and hostile tribes, who are even now vexing the land with broils, and threatening the great Oberon himself with violence; neither spoke she of the last court mode; nor of the last court scandal (though here at least she had scarce lacked a subject); but she talked of mortals; of their mighty stature, their fearful beauty, and their majestic bearing; and then she laughed in her pride of heart, as she alone can laugh, at their idle cares and strifes; their restless, grasping avarice; their uncompromising, hateful selfishness.

Thinkest thou that I listened unmoved to her wordy scorn? Oh, no; thou knowest that I could not; and yet I dared not speak a sentence in their defence; so I pleased myself with the conviction that no race which numbered thee among its members could ever need defence from fairy lips. She told me a long tale of two who had loved each other from infancy to manhood; who had sworn eternal friendship; but who stood at length hand to hand, and breast to breast, and smote each at the other, for the possession of a tract of land, from which we, heedless of human passion, pluck herbs and flowers

at our leisure, and over which we gambol at our ease, reckless of human sway.

Can such things really be in the world in which thou dwellest? Oh, surely not. Royal ears are ever liable to deluding falsehood; and could'st thou cast away the gross earthly properties of thy nature, and understand the greatness of King Oberon's consort, thou would'st at once acknowledge that she can scarce expect to hear the truth.

Mortal! I reverenced her as she talked thus, but I did not love her. How could I? She was teaching me that there was evil in *thy* world, as well as in ours: that world, which, judging of it only by thy self, I believed to be all perfect! I knew that with us there were jealousies, and heartburnings, and envies—nay even treason, and disgrace, and shame; but I remembered how mighty were the objects for which our race had to contend, and thus I fancied that such evils dwelt with us only. I could not think that creatures who were confined to one element, and even that the grosser of the four, would contaminate it with broils. With us, as thou knowest, it is far otherwise; we ride the air, we walk the earth, we skim along the water, we sport with the fire unharmed; and thus thou canst not wonder that higher and nobler interests than those of men should sometimes deepen into strife.

Dost thou reproach me that we have not met as usual? Hadst thou not promised me to submit to what I assured thee was inevitable? Did I not tell thee that it was for thine own dear sake I was about, for a while, to forego thy presence? Thou canst not love as I do, or thou would'st not doubt. Perhaps it is not in thy nature to cast aside all other feelings for that one; and yet I will not think so, for the thought saddens me. Even yesterday, at noon, as I strove to sleep and dream of thee, strange fancies grew upon me, and I too had my doubts; but I chased them from my pillow, for I felt that I wronged thee by their indulgence. Think not, however, that they left me lightly; alas! I had made my couch in a harebell, and when the moon had risen, and the stars shone out, some of my sisters roused me from my deep and sudden sleep; and as I came forth, they mocked me that I had chosen a withered flower for my place of rest. I held my peace and bore the taunt with meekness; for I discovered that, for the first time, the fever of my brow had blighted the sweet blossom which had pillowed me upon its breast!

Mortal! thou doubtest that I can love like thee. Ah, doubt no longer. As the night-flowers look upward to the stars, until they themselves imbibe a portion of the brightness upon which they gaze—even thus doth my heart turn towards thine image, until, by the mere power of thought, I seem at times to have become a portion of thyself. Thou hast said that to know me wholly thine, thou would'st make any sacrifice, undergo any suffering, and I thank thee (how deeply!) for these pleasant words; but there needs not either sacrifice or suffering from thee. Had it been otherwise, I love thee too utterly not to have fled at once far beyond thy pursuit. I would deserve as well as win thee. My heart bounds lightly in my breast as I tell thee that my love cannot work thee wrong. Oh! if it had such baneful power, could I still call it love? Thou hast repined that I am immortal; grieve no more; for thy sake I will renounce my immortality, and become even as thou art.

Thou would'st assure thyself that in casting off my etherial nature to adopt thy grosser one, I shall not lose the beauty which hath won thee. How shall I answer this? Must I not give back to the moon, from whence I drew it, the silver light that glimmers on my long hair? Alas, yes! And the wild lustre that dances in my eyes, and which I, like the night-flowers, have borrowed from the stars, I must also render up. But thou wilt not heed this? Nay, thou shalt scarce be conscious of the change; for I will wreathe my hair with wild flowers, and thy gaze will linger over their beauty; and for mine eyes, will not the light of love be dearer far to thee than all the glory of a summer sky? Assure me only of this,—that when I have flung from me all ties save those which thou hast wreathed about my heart—when I am a strange wanderer in thy wondrous and busy world—thou wilt know no change; thou wilt not abandon me, to follow some newer love; and I am thine. The sacrifice shall be made. Sacrifice, did I call it? Mortal! I wronged us both. How can aught be esteemed a sacrifice which buys a heart like thine? Only swear, by the buds and blossoms of thy measureless world—by the sunlight of thy burning skies—by the majesty of thine own beauty—by thyself, swear that while the mortal life, for which I put off immortality, shall last, thou wilt be mine; and then! then, in the triumph of my spirit, in the trust of my affection, I will tell thee ALL!

FLIGHT THE THIRD.

LETTER III.

Elfina, you sport with my suspense. You make a mock of my passion. You exult in my misery. You play the tyrant, and sport with the chains in which you have fettered my reason. For hours had I been expecting the arrival of your letter; nursing no doubt, trusting all to the sincerity of your affection. And how have you requited me? It is here—and all is still uncertainty. The mystery remains unsolved—the secret undisclosed. I *do* swear, by all and each of those pledges which you require, and by every other vow that your own fond ingenuity may devise, never to love another; to be your's and only your's, even in thought! You have my whole heart, my whole unalterable devotion. Even did I wish it otherwise, here, beautiful Elfina, my will were powerless. I exist in you, and for you only. Sport not with such a passion; delude me not by specious sophistries; cheat me not with idle tales. How know I that the hours which are passed among your own people, may not be spent with one dearer to you than myself? One whose love exacts no price which you are reluctant to pay; no self-prostration from which you shrink? Have I not a right to such suspicions when you shun me without reason, and apparently without effort? I know that I am but mortal, yet, mortal as

I am, I have loved you as no elf can love. If your passion be as sincere as mine, you cannot regret your loss of immortality; for a love which must outlive the grave could but entail upon you an eternity of vain and bitter memories. Better, far better, a long life of satisfied affection, than an immortality of heart-sick isolation! Come, then, to a home of which you will be the brightest ornament—the most beloved inmate; to a heart of which you will be the dearest possession. Come, and restore to me the peace of which I can never again know the blessedness save in your presence.

LETTER IV.

I obey thee. I have given myself to thee irrevocably, and can have no will but thine. And yet, in the very devotedness of my affection thou hast found food for doubt. Ought I not to tremble while thinking of the future, when thy harsh suspicions compel me to weep over the present? But no, I cannot fear it, for that future is to be shared with *thee*, and *must* be happy!

I have put off my immortality. I have had to plead, to resist, and to suffer. I am now an outcast from my race. My shadow falls upon the grass. My footsteps can be tracked where they have dimmed the dew. I am startled at myself, which seems myself no longer. The hedge-flowers refuse to shelter me. The fire-fly shrinks from my contact, and hides its golden lamp beneath the leaves. My fingers break the shining threads of the gossamer they were wont to weave. Laughter and gibes pursue me on every side. Think not then, Mortal, that I have passed my hours of absence from thee in dalliance with an elfin lover. Alas! there exists no fairy now, whatever his degree, who does not scorn me as a castaway. My heart is sad, and my brow burns as I write. I have need of all thy tenderness, even while I weep over thy chiding.

I would not tell thee, when we parted, all I must undergo to put on thy human nature. It would have pained thy loving spirit; and I needed to believe *thee* happy to give me strength to meet the trial. It is now over, and I may tell thee all. We met at the moon's full, deep in the valley, where the clustered elms throw off her beams in flakes on the green glades. Thou know'st the spot. 'Tis where, before we met, thou lov'dst to wander with some mystic volume, full of the lore out of which men make wisdom. All was mirth and revelry, and the dancers were preparing their magic rings, when I stood forth. I cannot tell thee how I trembled. All was hushed at once, for I had folded about me a leaf of the poisonous hemlock, and well knew they who looked upon me that it portended strife.

I told my tale. How, gifted with some power to which I was a stranger, thou hadst found me sleeping; how I had learned to love thee; and how, at thy desire, I came before them, a suppliant and a culprit, to pay the penalty of my unnatural passion. I will not dwell on my disgrace. Enough that while one tore away my wings, another shook out to the night-air my flower-braided tresses, and I saw the pale light which had streamed over them die out and disappear. Then a deep sleep fell on me, from which I only awakened to find myself imprisoned beneath a fetid fungus, deep in the wood, at the hill-foot. 'Twas a foul prison; but I sweetened it with thoughts of thee. Again and again, the judges summoned me before them. They offered pardon if I would forego thy love. Even Titania graciously besought me; and urged on me once more the vices of the race I was about to trust; but I told her that thou were not like those of whom she spoke; and when she found me still unmoved, she dismissed me with a frown.

At length, the boon I sought was granted. As the price of my immortality, I am to put on the proportions of thy kind; I am to be as I have ever been in all save this. No change is to come over me until thy death, and then I am at once to drop like a cankered flower into the same quiet grave, and sleep beside thee there. There is, indeed, one condition annexed to this blessed promise; but of that I will not speak to thee. Thou would'st be angered, and I cannot bear thy frown. Enough, that I dread it not. Wert thou other than thou art, I might shudder at the possibility; but no, no; with thee it is not possible, and I will dwell on it no more. I am held captive for another moon; but when the next pale crescent rides the sky, I shall be wholly thine for a long life of bliss.

LETTER V.

My beautiful beloved! my fair bride! forgive me for my doubts. You know my love, and they were born of its excess. Elfina, why did you not confide to me the trial that awaited you? And yet you acted kindly; for I could not have asked you to forego a suffering which is to make you mine for ever. And I shall see you in your maiden beauty, walking the earth beside me; mine, my own! No longer a quaint sprite—the loveliest child of the moonbeam, ever rocked to rest among the petals of a flower; but a fair, graceful woman, stately in her beauty! I have not lived in vain! Yet when I look back upon the years that I have wasted upon those mystic volumes of which you speak, and remember that, had I earlier met you, they might have been made bright by your companionship, I feel that I have wasted too much of that life which we are to pass together! How doubly precious shall I now be to myself when you are to share my destiny! How carefully shall I endeavour to prolong the existence on which yours is to depend! But I forget that we are not to meet for another moon. What idle tyranny is this? Can you not rebel against so useless a severity? How will you smile before you have been my bride a month, at the pigmy power to which you now bow unresisting!

You speak, too, of a condition with whose mention you will not offend me. What is the meaning of this, Elfina? Know you not that there can be no perfect love where there are mental reservations on either side? Have I not told you everything concerning myself? Do you not feel that you are acquainted with the fond parents whom I lost so early, and with the friends by whose regard I strove to replace their want? Have I not laid bare before you every quality of my mind, and every weakness of my nature? And do you coldly prepare to come to my arms and to my heart with a secret which you dare not confide to me, because you feel that it is calculated to bring me annoyance? Learn to know me better, fair culprit. Learn to understand that nothing can prove so offensive alike to my love and to

my pride as this want of reliance on my generosity. Tell me this secret. I expect, nay, I demand it, from your affection. What can you have which you ought now to hide from me, in a heart which you have declared to be all mine? Break down this one barrier between us, my worshipped bride; and then, when this languid and vapid moon, upon which your destiny depends, has run her race, come to me in your beauty, and together we will defy fate. I have a home of luxury as well as love to offer to you; nor did I ever feel its beauties until I knew that they were destined to call you mistress. From the ramparts of the castle I watch, night by night, the waning of the pale planet, and the shimmering of the myriad stars, and dream of the blissful hours in which we shall ere long track their course together. The river-wave, which rushes freely on beneath their radiance, and the breeze which comes to me from the forests of oaks and chesnuts at the hill-foot, alike murmur of my coming happiness. I feel that your presence, that your companionship, will exalt and purify my nature. I shall be capable of great deeds, and vulnerable only to virtuous impulses. Do you then wonder that I am impatient of your advent? Come, my sweet Elfina; but let it be with a free breast. Amuse the hours which we must yet pass asunder by confiding to me this wondrous secret at which you hint; and when we meet, I shall thus be prepared to prove to you that nothing can ever anger me from my fair bride; that no change fraught with harshness or with chill can, while life lasts, pass over my heart; but that, once devoted, my devotion is eternal.

LETTER VI.

Wilt thou then hear it—this secret which I hid from thee in shame for those who did thee so much wrong? But thou hast promised not to be angered, and truly with me thou canst not be so; for the smiles of scorn with which I listened to it, only exposed me to louder blame, and to more bitter reproach. My judges, when they sternly warned me that I must die with thee, fall as thou mightest, either by age, by sickness, or by accident, even although it should be in the very zenith of my happiness, when, loving and beloved, life would be to me one vast hemisphere of brightness, did me so exquisite a service that my whole being overflowed with joy. They saw it, and rebuked me; and then, in the extremity of their displeasure, they added to their sentence this second clause—that if, during a twelvemonth and a day, thine heart should wander to a newer love; and that, even in the silence of thine own spirit, thou should'st sigh for another mistress, and repay my clinging fondness with involuntary restraint and change, the death with which I had been threatened should no longer await thine own; but that even on the very anniversary of that same day, so soon as the moon should have tracked half her cloudy path, I should cease to be.

And now thou knowest all, and thou wilt be happy as I am. What years of blissfulness are before us; for thou wilt surely live even beyond the usual age of man, and I know that their years are many. Thou wilt guard against all dangers for my sake; because the very thought of risk to thee would bring misery to thine Elfina; and in sickness I will so tend and solace thee that disease will never linger near thy dwelling. For the rest, we will, as thou sayest, laugh together over the impossibility of change. It cannot be. I judge thy heart by mine; and I feel that the ocean-depths are not more immutable: the wavelets of fancy may play over them—the ripples of passion may tremble on the waters by which they are guarded—nay, even the midnight shadows of some passing grief may perchance gloom over them for an instant; but nothing can ever sound the mysterious hollows in which lie garnered up the precious treasures of our affections, to wrench them from their place of security.

The moon is shining down upon me; but not as heretofore can I look far into the silver plains which stretch over her surface. And shall I not own to thee, Mortal, that even had I still the power I should scarce care to use it? for now I only watch the progression of her orb, and sigh to see it diminish so slowly.

Folded within these letters was a sketch, by some unknown but skilful hand. It represented the interior of a baronial hall. Around the walls were hung weapons of antique fashion and of various lands, intermingled with trophies of the chase. The elaborately-fretted roof was supported by colossal pillars of stone; and the light was admitted at the upper end of the vast apartment through a long, deeply-arched window, whose tinted panes cast a chequered light upon the tesselated pavement. Upon a low couch, beneath this window, lay stretched the body of a fair and graceful woman; so fair and so graceful that she looked, even in death, too beautiful for humanity. In one hand she held a letter, which was tightly pressed against her heart. It was one of those which we have laid before the reader, where her mortal lover had dwelt long and even angrily upon his own immutability; and the other, which hung over the side of her long bier, still clutched the rose-wreath which, in her dying despair, she had torn from the long tresses which now fell about her like a shower of gold.

Upon the floor lay a ringlet of dark hair, and a lute with a broken string. Beside the couch knelt a man, still in the bloom of manhood, but with agony depicted on his countenance.

There can be no doubt that this masterly outline completed the story of the Student Fritz and his Elfin mistress; and that it was when the soul-struck man rose from beside that death-bier, he wrote his hurried leave-taking to Hoffman, and departed for the New World.

NEW BOOKS.

THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE OF LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON. By HORACE TWISS, Esq. In three volumes. *Murray.*

MR. TWISS has produced a book of enduring interest. He has reduced the great mass of materials which the long and active life of his hero—if we may use the term—supplied, into a well-digested, well-arranged piece of biography. With excellent taste, he has avoided all dry discussion of the policy or impolicy of great public measures in which Lord Eldon took a marked and active part, but has let the acts of the Chancellor speak for themselves. Performing the duty of an honest and industrious biographer, he has avoided all partisanship, and has indulged in no special pleading for his subject. It lies not within our limits to give even an outline of these three thick volumes, filled as they are with subjects of multifarious interest: all that we propose to ourselves is to extract a few paragraphs illustrative of the character of the work, in the hope and belief that they may be sufficient to tempt the reader to seek the book itself.

The manuscript Anecdote Book, which Lord Eldon wrote in his latter years for his grandson's amusement and information, and of which the most material contents, according to the date of the respective subjects, will be found in the following pages, begins with this cautious record: "I was born, I believe, on the 4th of June, 1751."

For many of the most interesting household stories in connection with his lordship, Mr. Twiss is indebted to Mrs. Forster, the Chancellor's niece. Imagine Lord Eldon a dancer of hornpipes!

"I should have been a good dancer, only they never could get this left arm to conduct itself gracefully."

Mrs. Forster.—"But I remember, uncle, hearing of Master Jacky being celebrated for the hornpipes that he danced at Christmas: there was an old keelman in the hospital at Newcastle who talked of your hornpipes."

Lord Eldon.—"Oh, yes, I danced hornpipes at Christmas; when my father gave a supper and a dance at Love-lane to all the keelmen in his employ, Harry and I always danced hornpipes."

Mrs. Forster adds—"The supper which, about Christmas, Mr. Scott used to give his keelmen, was what was called a binding supper; that was, a supper where the terms on which they were to serve for the ensuing year were agreed upon. Patterson, the last surviving keelman in Mr. Scott's employment, dined in our kitchen every Christmas-day until his death, about two years ago. He expatiated with great delight upon the splendid hornpipe that Master Jacky regularly danced for their amusement after those suppers."

"I believe," said Lord Eldon to the same lady, "no shoemaker ever helped to put on more ladies' shoes than I have done. At the dancing-school the young ladies always brought their dancing shoes with them, and we deemed it a proper piece of etiquette to assist the pretty girls in putting them on. . . . We used, when we were at the head school, early on the Sunday mornings, to steal flowers from the gardens in the neighbourhood of the Forth, and then we presented them to our sweethearts. Oh, those were happy days—we were always in love then."

John Scott was entered at Oxford:

A whimsical mistake on the part of Dr. Randolph, the head of the college, left his election, for a little while, in some danger. He had stated, in the course of his answers to the usual questions, that his father was a *fitter;* and, when the candidates had retired, Dr. Randolph delivered his opinion to this effect—"I think, gentlemen, there can be no doubt that young Scott is by far the best scholar of them all; but he has told us that his father is a *fiddler,* and I do not like to take the son of a fiddler into the college."

Poor Doctor Randolph! The son of a Paganini or Sivori would have fared badly with such an enlightened "head of the college."

Lord Eldon's father was, it appears, one of the good old school, who had implicit faith in the virtue of rods and canes. Flogging appeared to him to produce the first moral discipline.

I remember my father coming to my bedside to accuse Harry and me of having robbed an orchard; some one had come to complain. Now, my coat was lying by my bed with its pockets full of apples, and I had hid some more under the bed-clothes, when I heard my father on the stairs, and I was at that moment suffering intolerable torture from those I had eaten; yet I had the audacity to deny the fact. We were twice flogged for it. I do not know how it was, but we always considered robbing an orchard as an honourable exploit. I remember once being carried before a magistrate for robbing an orchard —"boxing the fox," as we called it. There were three of us, Hewet Johnson, another boy, and myself. The magistrate acted upon what I think was rather curious law; for he fined our fathers each 30s. for our offence. We did not care for that, but then they did; so my father flogged me, then sent a message to Moises, and Moises flogged me again. We were very good boys, very good indeed; we never did anything worse than a robbery.

The amount of learning necessary for a Bachelor's degree in Lord Eldon's time is thus pithily given:

Mr. John Scott took his Bachelor's degree, in Hilary term, on the 20th of February, 1770.—"An examination for a degree at Oxford," he used to say, "was a farce in my time. I was examined in Hebrew and in History. 'What is the Hebrew for the place of a skull?'—I replied 'Golgotha.' 'Who founded University College?'—I stated (though, by the way, the point is sometimes doubted), 'that King Alfred founded it.' 'Very well, sir,' said the examiner, 'you are competent for your degree.'"

Lord Eldon's Anecdote Book chronicles many curious doings at Oxford, when the bottle was studied quite as deeply as the book:

In the middle of the last century, Oxford saw at least as much of hard drinking as of hard study. The Anecdote Book tells a story of a Doctor of Divinity, whom Mr. John Scott saw trying, under the influence of some inspiration much stronger than that of the Pierian stream, to make his way to Brazennose College through Radcliffe Square. He had reached the library, a rotunda then without railings, and, unable to support himself except by keeping one hand upon the building, he continued walking round and round, until a friend, coming out of the College, espied the distress of the case, and rescued him from the orbit in which he had been so unsteadily revolving. In days when Doctors of Divinity were thus unguarded in their conviviality, under-graduates could hardly be expected to preserve a very strict temperance. Among the waggeries of the wine parties Lord Eldon's Anecdote Book has preserved one, which will put the reader in mind of Swift's English derivations from classical names. At Corpus Christi College there were drinking-cups or glasses, which, from their shape, were called ox-eyes. Some friends of a young student, after seducing him to fill his ox-eye much fuller and oftener than consisted with his equilibrium, took pity at last on his helpless condition, and led or carried him to his rooms. He had just Latin enough left at command, to thank them at the stair-head with, "Pol, me ox-eye-distis, amici."

It was at Oxford that Lord Eldon gave his first judgment. He says:

The first cause I ever decided was an apple-pie cause: I must tell you of it, Mary. I was, you know, a senior fellow at University College, and two of the undergraduates came to complain to me that the cook had sent them an apple-pie *that could not be eaten.* So I said I would hear both sides. I summoned the cook to make his defence; who said that he always paid the utmost attention to the provisions of the College, that he never had anything unfit for the table, and that there was then a remarkably fine fillet of veal in the kitchen. Now here we were at fault; for I could not understand what a fillet of veal in the kitchen had to do with an apple-pie in the hall. So, in order that I might come to a right understanding of the merits of the case, I ordered the pie itself to be brought before me. Then came an easy decision; for the messenger returned and informed me, that the other undergraduates had taken advantage of the absence of the two complainants, and had eaten the whole of the apple-pie: so you know it was impossible for me to decide that *that* was not eatable which was actually eaten. I often wished in after-life that all the causes were apple-pie causes: fine easy work it would have been.

The following should be read by all those communicative persons who are apt to scratch their names, and whereabout, upon tavern windows:

"Reay and I went up from Oxford to London together. We dined at March's, Maidenhead-bridge, and upon the window Reay observed that a person of Chipping Norton, whose name I now forget, had written that he dined there on a leg of mutton, upon a day and year mentioned in what was written. When we got to the Somerset Coffee-house Reay sent him a letter, stating, that as he had thought it important to inform the public that he had dined at Maidenhead-bridge, and upon a leg of mutton, he must have expected that some of the public would inquire how the mutton had agreed with him; and he therefore took the liberty of sending such an enquiry, from his friend Tom Comical. Next day he sent him a double letter hoping that, as probably he had potatoes with his mutton, they had not disagreed with him. Two days afterwards he sent a treble letter, representing, that as his friend Tom Comical had received no answer to his enquiry, how the mutton and potatoes had agreed with him, he had probably made a mistake, and should have inquired how the mutton and French beans, or some other vegetable had agreed with him, and assured him that he should repeat his kind and anxious inquiries every day till his answer came. We were soon afterwards obliged to return to college, and stopping at March's, we found that the pane had been taken out of the window, and a new one put in its place. Whilst we were looking at the window, old March came in, and, observing us, he said, 'Ay, ay, one of you must be the gentleman that sent the person who has been here from Chipping Norton so many letters. Poor man! he came all the way from Chipping Norton, 20 odd miles the other side of Oxford, and insisted upon seeing the pane of glass, the leg of mutton, and all the rest taken out of the window, and a new pane put in before he would eat a morsel.'"

In 1771, the Chancellor fell in love with Miss Elizabeth Surtees, the daughter of a banker in Newcastle. The lady's father did not countenance the addresses of the young Oxonian, and the final consequence was, that, in 1772, he induced the fair Elizabeth "to descend by a ladder into the arms of her lover from a window of her father's house." They straightway crossed the Border, were married, and were all but penniless.

"The bride," says Mrs. Forster, "used to describe this period as the most miserable of the whole business. Their funds were exhausted—they had not a home to go to—and they knew not what their friends would say. In this mournful dilemma she suddenly espied from the window a fine large wolf-dog, called Loup, walking along the street; a joyful sight, for she felt assured a friend was near; and in a few minutes my grandfather, Mr. Henry Scott, entered the room, bringing with him the forgiveness of his father, Mr. Scott, and an invitation for the youthful bride and bridegroom to Love-lane, which was gladly accepted."

We cannot refrain from giving a taste of the Chancellor's qualities as a poet. The following lines commemorate his loving constancy to the gentle Elizabeth in 1811:

November 18, 1811.

Can it, my lovely Bessy, be,
That when near forty years are past,
I still my lovely Bessy see
Dearer and dearer at the last?

Nor time, nor years, nor age, nor care,
Believe me, lovely Bessy, will—
Much as his frame they daily wear—
Affect the heart that's Bessy's still.

In Scotland's climes I gave it thee,—
In Scotland's climes I thine obtain'd,—
Oh, to each other let them be
True, till an heaven we have gain'd. ELDON.

Being married, his Lordship studied hard for his profession: and made a somewhat niggardly bargain with his wife as to the division of profits:

When I was called to the Bar, Bessy and I thought all our troubles were over: business was to pour in, and we were to be almost rich immediately. So I made a bargain with her, that during the following year, all the money I should receive in the first eleven months should be mine, and whatever I should get in the twelfth month should be hers. What a stingy dog I must have been to make such a bargain! I would not have done so afterwards. But, however, so it was; *that* was our agreement: nd how do you think it turned out? In the twelfth month I eceived half a guinea; eighteen pence went for fees, and Bessy got nine shillings: in the other eleven months I got not one shilling.

His attention to his profession became proverbial. He says:

"You will perhaps be surprised to hear that I was first brought into notice on the Northern Circuit by breaking the Ten Commandments." "I should," says Mr. Spence, "have supposed him to mean that he had read his briefs on Sunday; but there was that good-humoured gleam of the eye which every one who recollects him will understand, and which puzzled me. He continued, 'I'll tell you how it was. I was counsel in a cause the fate of which depended on our being able to make out who was the founder of an ancient chapel in the neighbourhood. I went to view it. There was nothing to be observed which gave any indication of its date or history: however, I observed that the Ten Commandments were written on some old plaster, which, from its position, I conjectured might cover an arch. Acting on this, I bribed the clerk with 5s. to allow me to chip away a part of the plaster; and, after two or three attempts, I found the keystone of an arch, on which were engraved the arms of an ancestor of one of the parties. This evidence decided the cause, and I ever afterwards had reason to remember, with some satisfaction, my having on that occasion broken the Ten Commandments.'"

The following anecdotes show that at least the Bar has gained something in temperance since the early times of Lord Eldon:

"On one occasion," relates his lordship, "I heard Lee say, 'I cannot leave Fawcett's wine: mind, Davenport, you will go home immediately after dinner to read the brief in that cause that we have to conduct to-morrow.' 'Not I,' said Davenport; 'leave my dinner and my wine to read a brief! No, no, Lee—that won't do.' 'Then,' said Lee, 'what is to be done? Who else is employed?' Davenport.—'Oh! young Scott.' Lee.—'Oh! he must go. Mr. Scott, you must go home immediately, and make yourself acquainted with that cause before our consultation this evening.' This was very hard upon me; but I did go, and there was an attorney from Cumberland, and one from Northumberland, and I do not know how many other persons. Pretty late, in came Jack Lee, as drunk as he could be. 'I cannot consult to-night,—I must go to bed,' he exclaimed, and away he went. Then came Sir Thomas Davenport: 'We cannot have a consultation to-night, Mr. Wordsworth,' shouted Davenport, 'don't you *see how drunk Mr. Scott is?* it is impossible to consult.' Poor me, who had scarce had any dinner, and lost all my wine, *I* was so drunk that *I* could not consult! Well a verdict was given against us, and it was all owing to lawyer Fawcett's dinner. We moved for a new trial, and I must say, for the honour of the bar, that those two gentlemen, Jack Lee and Sir Thomas Davenport, paid all expenses between them of the first trial. It is the only instance I ever knew, but they *did*. We moved for a new trial (on the ground, I suppose, of the counsel not being in their senses), and it was granted. When it came on the following year the judge rose and said, 'Gentlemen, did any of you dine with lawyer Fawcett yesterday? for if you did I will not hear this cause till next year.' There was great laughter. We gained the cause that time."

Here is a picture of Boswell—immortal Boswell!—drunk on Lancaster pavement:

At an assizes at Lancaster we found Dr. Johnson's friend, Jemmy Boswell, lying upon the pavement—inebriated. We subscribed at supper a guinea for him and half-a-crown for his clerk, and sent him, when he waked next morning, a brief with instructions to move for, what we denominated, the writ of "*Quare adhæsit pavimento*," with observations duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to explain the necessity of granting it to the judge before whom he was to move. Boswell sent all round the town to attorneys for books that might enable him to distinguish himself, but in vain. He moved, however, for the writ, making the best use he could of the observations in the brief. The judge was perfectly astonished, and the audience amazed. The judge said, "I never heard of such a writ: what can it be that adheres *pavimento?* Are any of you, gentlemen at the bar, able to explain this?" The bar laughed. At last one of them said, "My lord, Mr. Boswell last night *adhæsit pavimento*. There was no moving him for some time. At last he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement.

The following shows George the Third making himself up for the delivery of a *point*:

I do not know what made George III. so fond of me; but he *was* fond of me. Did I ever tell you the manner in which he gave me the seals? When I went to him, he had his coat buttoned thus (one or two buttons fastened at the lower part), and putting his right hand within, he drew them out from the left side, saying, "I give them to you *from my heart*."

The Chancellor was, of course, a frequent guest of George the Third; although

"The Chancellor's constant attention to the business of his profession," observes the present Earl, "left him but little time for occupations, especially for those of mere amusement. With the exception of whist (at which, though perhaps not very skilful, he was fond of playing in the country until a late period of his life), he knew scarcely anything of card-playing, even of the most common and simple games. This led, on one occasion, to a rather laughable scene at the palace of King George III. The royal party were playing at commerce; and, through Lord Eldon's bad luck or bad play, he had soon forfeited his three lives. In perfect ignorance, however, that this catastrophe should have been the signal for his retiring from the contest, Lord Eldon kept his seat at the table, and continued playing. At last Queen Charlotte, perceiving that all his counters were gone, suddenly addressed him—'My Lord Chancellor, you are dead!' Expostulation proving vain, and Lord Eldon, to his own diversion, and that of the company, being made to understand that, although physically alive and well, he was metaphorically defunct, they proceeded in their game, without his being farther allowed to join in it."

Among the many anecdotes scattered throughout the work, the following, illustrative of perseverance in lying, is capital:

Sir Fletcher had the reputation of not adhering strictly to truth. It was imputed to him that he said, "My dear lady is the most unfortunate player at cards that ever was known. She has played at whist for twenty years and never had a trump." "Nay," said somebody, "how can that be? she must have had a trump when she dealt." "Oh, as to that," said he, "she lost every deal during the whole twenty years."

Mr. Twiss gives his testimony to the extraordinary powers of Romilly:

One of the most remarkable things about Romilly was, that though he had such an immense quantity of business, he always seemed an idle man. If you had not known who and what he was, you would have said, "He is a remarkably gentlemanlike pleasant man: I suppose, poor fellow, he has no business;" for he would stand at the bar of the house and chat with you, and talk over the last novel, with which he was as well acquainted as if he had nothing else to think about. Once, indeed, I remember coming to speak with him in court, and seeing him look fagged, and with an immense pile of papers before him. This was at a time when Lord Eldon had been reproached for having left business undischarged, and had declared that he would get through all arrears by sitting on until the business was done. As I went up to Romilly, old Eldon saw me, and beckoned to me, with as much cheerfulness and gaiety as possible. When I was alone with Romilly, and asked him how he was, he answered, "I am worn to death: here have we been sitting on in the vacation, from nine in the morning until four, and when we leave this place I have to read through all my papers to be ready for to-morrow morning. But the most extraordinary part of all is, that Eldon, who has not only mine but all the other business to go through, is just as cheerful and untired as ever."

Eldon was a school-fellow of the great Collingwood, and attended his body to the grave:

Lord Eldon told Mrs. Foster he was present at the funeral of his schoolfellow Lord Collingwood, who died on the 7th of March in this year, 1810. "It was very affecting," said Lord Eldon; "his sailors crowded so around, all anxious to see the last of their commander. One sailor seized me by the arm, and entreated I would take him in with me, that he might be there to the end. I told him to stick fast to me; and I did take him in: but when it came to throwing some earth on the coffin, (you know that part of the service, 'dust to dust,') he burst past me and threw himself into the vault: it was very affecting. Collingwood at school was a mild boy; he was in the same class as my brother Harry: but he did not then give promise of being the great man he afterwards became; he did not show any remarkable talents then."

Eldon a soldier:

Not content with serving the Crown in his civil capacity, Sir John Scott had thought proper to evince his loyalty in a military character also; but, according to his own account, the sword became him by no means so well as the gown. He records his deficiency in the following passage of his Anecdote Book:—"During the long war I became one of the Lincoln's Inn Volunteers, Lord Ellenborough, at the same time, being one of that corps. It happened, unfortunately for the military character of both of us, that we were *turned out of the awkward squadron* for awkwardness. I think Ellenborough was more awkward than I was, but others thought that it was difficult to determine which of us was the worst." He told Mrs. Forster that his brother William did better, and actually commanded a corps.

The following has quite a dramatic interest. The trial alluded to was that of Horne Tooke:

He related to Mrs. Forster, and the "Law Magazine" of August, 1838, gives the story a little more circumstantially, that at the close of one of the days of this long trial, as he was about to leave the court, Mr. Garrow said to him—"Mr. Attorney, do not pass that tall man at the end of the table." The man had a suspicious appearance, and had stationed himself for some time at the door, with his hat pulled over his brows. "Why not pass him?" asked Mr. Law. "He has been here," replied Mr. Garrow, "during the whole trial, with his eyes constantly fixed on the Attorney-General." "I will pass him," said Mr. Law. "And so will I," said Sir John Scott. This was opposed by the counsel and others round about, who added, that there was a mob collecting, and that they did not think the Attorney-General's life would be safe. He answered, "I tell you, gentlemen, I will not stay here; for, happen what may, the King's Attorney-General must not show a white feather." What followed was thus related by him to Mrs. Forster:—"I went and left them, but I will not say that I did not give a little look over my shoulder at the man with the slouched hat, as I passed him; however, he did me no harm, and I proceeded for some time unmolested. The mob kept thickening around me till I came to Fleet-street, one of the worst parts of London that I had to pass through, and the cries began to be rather threatening, 'Down with him'—'Now is the time, lads'—'Do for him'—and various others, horrible enough. So I stood up, and spoke as loud as I could, 'You may do for me if you like, but remember there will be another Attorney-General before eight o'clock to-morrow morning; the King will not allow the trials to be stopped.' Upon this one man shouted out, 'Say you so? you are right to tell us. Let's give him three cheers, lads.' And they actually cheered me, and I got safe to my own door. When I was waiting to be let in, I felt a little queerish at seeing close to me the identical man with the slouched hat; and I believe I gave him one or two rather suspicious looks, for he came forward and said, 'Sir John, you need not be afraid of me; every night since these trials commenced I have seen you safe home before I went to my own home, and I will continue to do so until they are over: good evening, sir.' I had never seen the man before. I afterwards found out who he was (I had some trouble in doing so, for he did not make himself known), and I took care he should feel my gratitude." This stranger's interest in Sir John Scott's safety is accounted for in the "Law Magazine" of August, 1838, where it appears that Sir John Scott had once done an act of great kindness to the man's father.

Discriminating friendship:

"Lord Thurlow became," says Lord Eldon, "my steady friend, but he showed it rather oddly in one circumstance. Sir Grey Cooper had written to him to ask him to give me a commissionership of bankrupts, and he promised he would. Now, you know £160 or £170 a-year would have been a great thing to us; but he never did. In after life I reminded him of his promise, and inquired why he had not fulfilled it, and his answer was curious:—'It would have been your ruin. Young men are very apt to be content when they get something to live upon; so, when I saw what you were made of, I determined to break my promise, to make you work;' and I dare say he was right, for there is nothing does a young lawyer so much good as to be half starved: it has a fine effect.

The Chancellor at home:

"I enjoyed very much," says Mrs. Forster, "seeing my venerable uncle with his grand-children, Fanny and Eldon Bankes, beside him after dinner, other members of the family being present. The children hearing him his letters, he repeated the alphabet, altering the usual order of the letters. 'No, no, grandpapa, that won't do.' He again repeated them with mock solemnity, preserving every letter though he again varied the order. Then came a mock discussion between the elder and younger members of the family, whether grandpapa should be sent to a preparatory school, or taught the rudiments of education at home, lest he should disgrace the family: the venerable Earl listening to and entering into the amusement with affectionate playfulness."

Mr. Twiss sums up the character of Lord Eldon in the following passages:

His private life was, for the most part, amiable as well as just. The foregoing pages have shown him, as he lived, an affectionate and dutiful son, a true and tender husband, a kind and liberal father, and a cordial and grateful friend. He sometimes gave way to momentary impetuosity; but he was habitually indulgent to, and proportionally beloved by, all around him: and the only occasions in which he manifested any long-enduring displeasure, were when obedience or attention was withheld from him by persons from whom he considered himself entitled to such observances. Such a feeling evinced itself rather indefensibly with respect to the two ladies of his family who contravened his wishes in their marriage. In the case of his son's widow, he had neither right nor reason to object at all: and in that of his own daughter, though his title to interpose may have been stronger than in the other instance, the degree and duration of his estrangement were excessive; and especially unsuitable in him, who had himself been party to a like offence. But with the exception of these instances, and of something like

fractiousness toward the period of his final decay, there is nothing to be found in his private history which could give a pretext for censure.

He has, indeed, been accused of a narrow and unbecoming economy; and it is true that his style of living was deficient in the splendour and hospitality which are expected from the Lord Chancellor of England. But the defect was not in Lord Eldon himself. His lady, in the early days of their union, when their very scanty means made it necessary to observe a rigid parsimony, had acquired close and retired habits, which were not expanded by the progress of their fortunes. She had a distaste for visiting, and for most kinds of amusement; her sole pleasures were those of her home. Her devotion to her husband continued unabated in advancing years; and his boundless indulgence to her left all her peculiarities unchecked. The wicked wits of the law used to satirise their housekeeping; and even the stern Romilly had his jest, which he put into a professional form. At a time when there was great complaint of delay in the Chancellor's Court, Sir Thomas Plumer, the Master of the Rolls, gave a series of dinners. "Very right," said Romilly; "he is clearing away the Chancellor's arrears."

To fashion or refinement, Lord Eldon made no pretence, though his right understanding and kind nature preserved him from any solecism in good taste. His disposition was festive, but not luxurious. He liked plain port—the stronger the better. One of his favourite dishes was liver and bacon; and when he dined with George the Fourth, it was one of the entrées.

Accomplishments he had none. His Oxford education, though it had made him sufficiently a scholar, had not given him a literary turn. He continued to cherish an affection for the old associations of the University, and a respect for the classical lore he had acquired there; but he had no great relish for poetry or other *literæ humaniores*, and did not for their sakes withdraw much of his time from the engrossing pursuits of law and politics. He is said to have on one occasion "rather astonished his court, by declaring that he had, in the course of the last long vacation, inter solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ, read the 'Paradise Lost' from beginning to end."

As a lawyer Lord Eldon has left an imperishable reputation; as a statesman, he will be only remembered—*if* remembered—as a man who steadily opposed every advance of social and intellectual liberty. "He seems," says Hazlitt—writing of him in his lifetime—"to be on his guard against every thing humane and liberal, as his weak side. Others relax in their obsequiousness, either from satiety or disgust, or a hankering after popularity, or a wish to be thought above narrow prejudices. The Lord Chancellor alone is fixed and immoveable. Is it want of understanding, or of principle? No—it is want of imagination, a phlegmatic habit, an excess of false complaisance and good-nature." In another place, Hazlitt says, and truly, "There has been no stretch of power attempted in his time that he has not seconded; no existing abuse, so odious or absurd, that he has not sanctioned it." All this is but too true. Hence, the Life of Lord Eldon is to be considered as that of a great lawyer certainly—but of a *mere* lawyer.

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE (Part I). By GILBERT ABBOTT À BECKETT. *Punch Office.*

To recommend this little book "as calculated to afford a rich treat to every lover of fun," would be to make a very conscientious use of the cant of conventional criticism. So frequently, however, is this kind of commendation applied to some mere *rifacimento*,—not to say hash,—of Joe Miller, that it would give a very inadequate idea of the merits of the volume before us, which is really an *uncommonly* droll one. We shall do the production the best justice by briefly explaining the nature of it; not, however, that its jocosity is of a kind requiring explanation.

The "Comic Blackstone" is, as its title implies, a burlesque summary of the Laws of England. We would say that it is a *reductio ad absurdum* of English law, if it were not that the latter is, in a great measure, sufficiently absurd in itself. However, if any thing can be conceived more ludicrous than the simple law, it is Mr. à Beckett's version of it. Ludicrous is the exact word we would apply to this performance; for it is intensely ludicrous throughout. Its comicality is quite *sui generis*. It does not consist in mere verbal jokes; of puns interspersed throughout the doctrine, like currants chequering a two-penny twist. Puns, indeed, the book contains, and not a few, of that outrageous character which constitutes, to our thinking, the chief excellence of this kind of witticism. They, however, are the auxiliaries, not the elements of the drollery. This is altogether peculiar to the author; and we think he might fairly have included it among his "Rights of Persons." It seems to consist in a systematic reduction of pomposity, high and mightiness, and solemn humbug, to their lowest denomination of insignificance—in depressing the objects of vulgar veneration and enthusiasm to their proper level of common place. Our writer appears, morally speaking, to have ascended the Nelson's pillar of contemplation, and thence to have looked down on the Trafalgar-square of life. He seems to regard the stage of history as though it were pretty much like that of the Surrey Theatre; and the performance as some bombastic melodrama. We do not speak without literal warrant; as the following extract will prove:

In those days, the Dukes led the soldiers, and had such power, that Duke Harold, although the wrongful heir, was strong enough to push from the throne one Edgar Atheling, the rightful heir—an event which, if the Saxons had a taste for melodrama, would have made a fine subject for a piece, introducing "a grand combat of two,"—including all the popular business of Harold cutting at Edgar Atheling's toes, while Edgar Atheling jumped up, exclaiming, "No, you don't," with a wink at the prime minister. Then, of course, would have come the last grand movement of clashing of swords together across the stage, till both disappear at the wing, when Harold would have returned alone, with both swords, in token of victory, and taken his seat on the throne—in which position he might have been "closed in" by "the scene-shifters."

Or, perhaps, Mr. à Beckett would represent the historic arena as a sort of Circus, with Mr. Batty for its Clio, and Messrs. Widdicombe and Clown in the Ring for its sages and heroes. The subjoined passage respecting the "great palladium of British liberty," as gentlemen accustomed to public speaking call it, is a rich bit of innocent irreverence:

Magna Charta is now chiefly useful as a subject for oratorical clap-traps. The scrawl is sadly indicative of the horrible state to which the discontented barons were reduced for want of six "lessons in the caligraphic art." John was made to sign as a *sine quâ non*—but the large spot of ink over the J will be a blot upon his name as long as Magna Charta is in existence.

Or, take the following outrage on the dignity of wigs and ermine:

The sea begins at low-water mark, but the space between that and high-water mark is subject alternately to the jurisdiction of the common law or the Admiralty, according to whether the tide happens to be high or low. For example, the coast of Battersea is subject alternately to Dr. Lushington of the Admiralty, and to Lord Denman, with the other common law judges. When it is covered with water the former is entitled to jurisdiction, but when it is all mud and slush, Lord Denman and his learned colleagues may revel uncontrolled in it.

Here is a perversion of language to us irresistibly laughable:

Some say that Edward the Confessor's book was a mere crib from Alfred's. . . . Being a Confessor, we wonder he did not confess the fraud, if he had really been guilty of it; but, perhaps, on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle, Edward was called a Confessor from his never confessing anything.

Mr. à Beckett is extremely happy in his jokes at the expense of the scientific wiseacre, or, as he is commonly entitled, the "pump." As for instance:

The first dignity beneath that of a peer was a *vidames*, a title so old, that antiquarians quarrel greatly as to what a *vidames* was; though they agree pretty well in believing that such a thing as a *vidames* never existed.

Beside the broad fun which constitutes, perhaps, the chief portion of these pages, will be found, here and there, some very smart sallies of quiet satire. For example:

The rules for interpreting English law are extremely arbitrary. Words are to be taken in their popular sense, without regard to grammar, which is thought to have been always beneath the wisdom of Parliament.

Or:

Another portion of the King's council comprises the judges; but it does not seem that the Sovereign has any power to ask their opinion about any thing; and considering that if he did ask the opinions of all the fifteen upon one point, he would scarcely find two alike, his inability to consult them is no great loss to him.

We have thus given a few samples, almost at random, of this very diverting *jeu d'esprit*. We have, in a manner, plunged the scoop of criticism, at haphazard, into the literary cheese; and, using a vernacular idiom, we may safely say, that the "Comic Blackstone" is the thing so denominated. One word as to its scope and tendency. No moral has been exactly tagged to it by the author; but it breathes a very obvious and useful one. The reader will rise from its perusal strongly impressed with a contempt for the pedantry, chicanery, and absurdity which disgrace the law, and a determination to avoid, as carefully as possible, having any thing whatever to do with it. It is doubtless needless to add that the book is a reprint from the columns of *Punch*.

Knight's Weekly Volume for all Readers. *Charles Knight and Co.*

The first four volumes of this series—the last great benefit conferred by Mr. Charles Knight upon the people of England—are now before us. In our opinion, they give ample assurance that his enlightened and benevolent purpose will be successfully worked out; and that an immense circulation of the work will return a sufficient profit to repay the necessary outlay. The extreme smallness of cost of each book—one shilling for a volume of between two and three hundred pages—inevitably requires the sale of an extraordinary number; and it is our lively belief, from the specimens of the series before us, that the demand will be at least commensurate with the expense. Mr. Knight has earned for himself a noble reputation as a moral benefactor. It is a common case to vote the thanks of Parliament to Generals upon successful slaughter: we know no man more justly entitled to the acknowledgment of the country for his unceasing efforts in the dissemination of all that enlightens and humanizes mankind than Mr. Charles Knight. We would very confidently put his "Penny Magazine" and "Penny Cyclopædia" against the value of many a battle for which men have been rewarded with pensions and titles. Indeed, much more pleasing to us is a view of Mr. Charles Knight's window in Ludgate-street, displaying as it does so many trophies of mental perseverance in a glorious cause,—than to look upon much bronze erected in the shape of statues to mere men-killers.

The first number of this national series is entitled, "William Caxton, the first English Printer: a Biography." It is written by Mr. Knight, who has in many respects followed the model of his "Biography of Shakspere;" making the hero of the story the centre of the age in which he lived, and so grouping about him all matters of contemporary interest. Mr. Knight says—

The place where Caxton learned the art of printing, and the persons of whom he first learned it, are not shown in any of his voluminous prologues and prefaces. But an extraordinary statement was published in the year 1664, by a person of the name of Richard Atkyns, who sought to prove that printing was a royal prerogative, because, as he says, the art was first brought into England at the cost of the crown. His narrative is held to be altogether a fiction; for the document upon which he rests it was never forthcoming, and no person has ever testified to the knowledge of it, except Richard Atkyns himself, who laboured hard to obtain a patent from the crown for the sole printing of law books, upon the ground which he attempts to take of the crown having brought printing into England. "Thomas Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, moved the then king, Henry VI., to use all possible means for procuring a printing-mould, for so it was then called, to be brought into this kingdom. The king, a good man, and much given to works of this nature, readily hearkened to the motion; and taking private advice how to effect this design, concluded it could not be brought about without great secresy, and a considerable sum of money given to such person or persons as would draw off some of the workmen from Haarlem in Holland, where John Güttenberg had newly invented it, and was himself personally at work. It was resolved that less than one thousand marks would not produce the desired effect; towards which sum the said archbishop presented the king with three hundred marks. The money being now prepared, the management of the design was committed to Mr. Robert Turnour, who then was of the robes to the king, and a person most in favour with him of any of his condition. Mr. Turnour took to his assistance Mr. Caxton, a citizen of good abilities, who, trading much into Holland, might be a creditable pretence, as well for his going as staying in the Low Countries. Mr. Turnour was in disguise, his beard and hair shaven quite off, but Mr. Caxton appeared known and public. They having received the sum of one thousand marks, went first to Amsterdam, then to Leyden, not daring to enter Haarlem itself; for the town was very jealous, having imprisoned and apprehended divers persons, who came from other parts for the same purpose. They staid till they had spent the whole one thousand marks in gifts and expenses. So as the king was fain to send five hundred marks more, Mr. Turnour having written to the king that he had almost done his work, a bargain, as he said, being struck between him and two Hollanders for bringing off one of the workmen, who should sufficiently discover and teach the new art. At last, with much ado, they got off one of the under workmen, whose name was Frederick Corsells, or rather Corsellis; who late one night stole from his fellows in disguise, into a vessel prepared before for that purpose; and so the wind, favouring the design, brought him safe to London. It was not thought so prudent to set him on work at London, but by the archbishop's means, who had been Vice-chancellor and afterwards Chancellor of the University of Oxon, Corsellis was carried with a guard to Oxon, which constantly watched to prevent Corsellis from any possible escape, till he had made good his promise, in teaching how to print. So that at Oxford printing was first set up in England." This is certainly an extraordinary story, and one which upon the face of it has traces of inconsistency, if not of imposture. Richard Atkyns says that a certain worthy person "did present me with a copy of a record and manuscript in Lambeth House, heretofore in his custody, belonging to the See, and not to any particular Archbishop of Canterbury. The substance whereof was this; though I hope, for public satisfaction, the record itself in its due time will appear." The record itself did never appear, and though diligently sought for could never be found. But Atkyns further stated that the same most worthy person who gave him the copy of the record, trusted him with a book "printed at Oxon, A.D. 1468, which was three years before any of the recited authors (Stow and others) would allow it (printing) to be in England." He does not mention the book; but there is such a book, and it is entitled, "Expositio Sancti Ieronimi in Simbolum, ad Papam Laurentiam;" and at the end, "Explicit Expositio, &c., Impressa Oxonie, et finita Anno Dom. MCCCCLXVIII, xvii die Decembris." Anthony Wood repeats the story of Atkyns in his 'History of the University of Oxford;' and he adds, "And thus the mystery of printing appeared ten years sooner in the University of Oxford than at any other place in Europe, Haarlem and Mentz excepted. Not long after there were presses set up in Westminster, St. Alban's, Worcester, and other monasteries of note. After this manner printing was introduced into England, by the care of Archbishop Bourchier, in the year of Christ, 1464, and the third of King Edward IV." Wood's version of the story makes it a little, a very little, more credible, for it brings it nearer to the time when the newly discovered art of printing might have attracted some attention in England. But even in 1464 there

were, with scarcely more than one exception, no printed books known in Europe but the first productions of the press at Mentz. The story of Caxton going to Haarlem in the time of Henry the Sixth, that is, in some year previous to 1461, must altogether be a fabrication, or a mistake. The accounts that would ascribe the invention of printing to Laurence Coster, of Haarlem, set up a legendary story that John Fust, or John Guttenberg (not the real Guttenberg, but an elder brother), stole the invention from Coster, and carried it to Mentz in 1442. If Caxton, therefore, went to Haarlem in Holland, with a companion in disguise, to learn the art of printing, he must have gone there before 1442; for the story holds that Coster was not only robbed of his secret, but of his types, and gave up printing in despair to his more fortunate spoiler. Bourchier was not Archbishop of Canterbury till 1454. We may be sure, therefore, that wherever Caxton went to learn the art of printing at an earlier period than is generally supposed, he did not go to Haarlem in Holland. Substitute Mentz for Haarlem, and Atkyns's story is more consistent. It is by no means improbable that Henry the Sixth and Cardinal Bourchier might have seen the magnificent Latin bible, called the Mazarine bible, which was printed by Guttenberg, Schoeffer, and Fust, and is held to have appeared about 1455. Of this noble book Mr. Hallam says, "It is a very striking circumstance, that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried at the very outset so bold a flight as the printing an entire bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armour, ready at the moment of her nativity to subdue and destroy her enemies." The king and the archbishop might have desired that England should learn the art of executing so splendid a work as the first bible. At that period we know that Caxton was residing abroad, and he was a fit person to be selected for such a commission. But kings at that day were scarcely better supplied with money than their subjects; and if Henry the Sixth had sent to Mr. Robert Turnour or Mr. William Caxton seven hundred marks at one time, and five hundred at another, the gifts must have been registered with all due formality. We have the Exchequer registers of Henry the Sixth and his great rival; and although we learn that Edward the Fourth gave Caxton twenty pounds, neither his name nor that of Mr. Turnour, nor even of the archbishop, is associated with any bounty of Henry the Sixth. We may, therefore, safely conclude, with Dr. Conyers Middleton, with regard to all this story, that "Mr. Atkyns, a bold vain man, might be the inventor of it, having an interest in imposing upon the world, to confirm his argument that printing was of the prerogative royal, in opposition to the stationers; against whom he was engaged in expensive law-suits, in defence of the king's patents, under which he claimed some exclusive powers of printing." The date of 1468 on the Oxford book is reasonably concluded to have been a typographical error. There are niceties in the printing of that book which did not belong to the earliest stages of the art; and the same type and manner of printing are seen in Oxford books printed immediately after 1478. The probability therefore is, that an X was omitted in the Roman numerals.

Mr. Knight believes that, after many wanderings, Caxton finally made his residence at Cologne, for the purpose of learning the glorious "art and mystery."

We may well believe that, for some ten years of his residence abroad, the knowledge that a new art was discovered, promising such mighty results as that of printing, must have excited the deepest interest in the mind of Caxton. He says himself, in his continuation of the Polychronicon, "About this time (1455) the craft of imprinting was first found in Mogunce in Almayne." During his residence at the court of Burgundy he would see the art multiplying around him. Italy, where it most extensively flourished before 1470, was too distant for his personal inspection. Bamberg, Augsburg, and Strasburg, brought it nearer to him. But Cologne, where Conrad Winters set up a press about 1470, was very near at hand. A few days' journey would place him within the walls of the holy city of the Rhine. Cologne, we have no doubt, fixed the employment of the remainder of his life; and made the London mercer, whose name, like the names of many other good and respectable men, would have held no place in the memory of the world but for the art he learnt in his latter years—Cologne rendered the name of Caxton a bright and venerable name; a name that even his countrymen, who are accustomed chiefly to raise columns and statues to the warlike defenders of their country, will one day honour amongst the heroes who have most successfully cultivated the arts of peace, and by high talent and patient labour have rendered it impossible that mankind should not steadily advance in the acquisition of knowledge and virtue, and in the consequent amelioration of the lot of every member of the family of mankind, at some period, present or remote.

The provost of the city of Mentz, on the occasion of the festival of Guttenberg, published an address full of German enthusiasm, at which we are apt to smile, but which it would be well if, in the higher concerns of our being, we could engraft upon the practical good sense on which we pride ourselves. He says, "If the mortal who invented that method of fixing the fugitive sounds of words which we call the alphabet, has operated upon mankind like a divinity, so also has Guttenberg's genius brought together the once isolated inquirers, teachers and learners—all the scattered and divided efforts for extending God's kingdom over the whole civilized earth—as though beneath one temple. Guttenberg's invention, not a lucky accident, but the golden fruit of a well-considered idea—an invention made with a perfect consciousness of its end—has, above all other causes, for more than four centuries, urged forward and established the dominion of science; and what is of the most importance, has immeasurably advanced the mental formation and education of the people. This invention, a true intellectual sun, has mounted above the horizon, first of the European Christians, and then of the people of other climes and other faiths, to an ever-enduring morning. It has made the return of barbarism, the isolation of mankind, the reign of darkness, impossible for all future times. It has established a public opinion, a court of moral judicature common to all civilised nations, whatever natural divisions may separate them, as much as for the provinces of one and the same state. In a word, it has formed fellow-labourers at the never-resting loom of Christian European civilization in every quarter of the world, in almost every island of the ocean."

Filled with some such strong belief, although, perhaps, a vague belief, of the blessings which printing might bestow upon his own country, we may view William Caxton proceeding, about the end of 1470, to the city of Cologne, resolved to acquire the art of which he had seen some of the effects, without stint of labour or expense. That he was an apt and diligent scholar his after works abundantly prove.

The difficulties that beset the early printer, with the heroism which encountered, and finally overcame them, are dwelt upon with great interest.

And, indeed, when we look at the state of England after the return of Edward IV. from his exile—the "great divisions" of which Caxton himself speaks—we may consider that he acted with discretion in conducting his first printing operations in a German city. It must be also borne in mind that this was by far the readiest mode to obtain a competent knowledge in the new art. Had he come over to England with types and presses, and even with the most skilful workmen, the probability is that the man of letters who, two or three years before, had little or nothing to do in his attendance upon the Burgundian court, would have ill succeeded in so complicated and difficult a commercial enterprise. Lambinet, a French bibliographical writer, tells us that Melchior de Stamham, wishing to establish a printing-office at Augsburg, engaged a skilful workman of the same town, of the name of Sauerloch. He employed a whole year in making the necessary preparations for his office. He bought five presses, of the materials of which he constructed five other presses. He cast pewter types, and having spent a large sum, seven hundred and two florins, in establishing his office, began working in 1473. He died before he had completed one book; heart-broken, probably, at the amount of capital he had sunk; for his unfinished book was sold off at a mere trifle, and his office broken up. This statement, which rests upon some ancient testimony, shows us something of the difficulties which had to be encountered by the early printers. They had to do everything for themselves: to construct the materials of their art—types, presses, and every other instrument and appliance. When Caxton began to print at Cologne, he probably had the means of obtaining a set of moulds from some previous printer—what are called strikes from the punches that form the original matrices. The writers upon typography seem to assume the necessity of every one of the old printers cutting his punches anew, and shaping his letters according to his own notions of proportionate beauty. That the great masters of their art, the first inventors, the Italian printers, the Alduses, the Stephenses, pursued this course is perfectly clear. But when printing ceased to be a mystery, about 1462, it is more than probable that those who tried to set up a press, especially in Germany, either bought a few types of the more established printers, or obtained a readier means of casting types than that of cutting new punches—a difficult and expensive operation. Thus, we believe, the attempts to assign a book without a printer's name to some printer whose types that book resembles, can be little relied upon. Caxton's types are held to be like the type of this printer and the type of that; and it is said that he copied the types, with the objection added that he did not copy the best models. What should have prevented him buying the types from the Continent, as every English printer did until the middle of the last century? or, at any rate, what should have prevented him buying copies of the moulds which other printers were using? The bas-relief upon Thorwaldsen's statue of Guttenberg exhibits the first printer examining a matrix. But all the difficulties in the formation of the first matrix overcome, we may readily see that, at every stage, the art of making fusile types would become easier and simpler, till at length the division of labour should be perfectly applied to type-making, and the mere casting of a letter, as each letter is cast singly, exhibit one of the most rapid and beautiful pieces of handiwork that the arts can show.

But the type obtained, Caxton would still have much to do before his office was furnished. We have seen how Melchior of Augsburg set about getting his presses: "He bought of John Schuesseler five presses, which cost him seventy-three Rhenish florins: he constructed with these materials five other smaller presses." To those who know what a well-adjusted machine

the commonest printing-press now in use is, it is not easy at first to conceive what is meant by saying that Melchior bought five presses, and made five other presses out of the materials. The solution is this:—In all probability this printer of Augsburg bought five old wine-presses, and using the screws, cut them down and adapted them to the special purpose for which he designed them. The earliest printing-press was nothing more than a common screw-press,—such as a cheese-press or a napkin-press,—with a contrivance for running the *form* of types under the screw after the *form* was inked. It is evident that this mode of obtaining an impression must have been very laborious and very slow. As the screw must have come down upon the types with a dead pull, that is, as the table upon which the types were placed was solid and unyielding, great care must have been required to prevent the pressure being so hard as to injure the face of the letters.

So much to display to the reader the spirit of the work, and the intelligent spirit which may be looked for throughout the series. We now leave it to Mr. Knight himself to speak upon the ennobling purpose of his "Weekly Volume."

The object of the general diffusion of knowledge is not to render men discontented with their lot—to make the peasant yearn to become an artisan, or the artisan dream of the honours and riches of a profession—but to give the means of content to those who, for the most part, must necessarily remain in that station which requires great self-denial and great endurance; but which is capable of becoming not only a condition of comfort, but of enjoyment, through the exercise of these very virtues, in connexion with a desire for that improvement of the understanding which, to a large extent, is independent of rank and riches. It is a most fortunate circumstance, and one which seems especially ordained by Him who wills the happiness of his creatures, that the highest, and the purest, and the most lasting sources of enjoyment are the most accessible to all. The great distinction that has hitherto prevailed in the world is this—that those who have the command of riches and of leisure have alone been able, in any considerable degree, to cultivate the tastes that open these common sources of enjoyment. The first desire of every man is, no doubt, to secure a sufficiency for the supply of the physical necessities of our nature; but in the equal dispensations of Providence it is not any especial portion of the state even of the humblest among us who labours with his hands to earn his daily bread, that his mind should be shut out from the gratifications which belong to the exercise of our observing and reflecting faculties. In this exercise all men may be, to a certain extent, equal. To advance this equality—a safe equality, and one that will endure—an equality without any mixture of evil, because founded upon love and mutual respect—we present to all classes OUR FIRST WEEKLY VOLUME.

"Mind among the Spindles" forms the second number; and is a selection from "The Lowell Offering," an American work, consisting of "original articles, written exclusively by females actively employed in the mills" of Lowell. Happy are we to greet its introduction into England. "The qualities which most struck us in these volumes," says the editor, "were chiefly these:—*First*, there is an entire absence of all pretension in the writers to be what they are not—they are factory girls. They always call themselves 'girls.' They have no desire to be fine ladies, nor do they call themselves 'ladies,' as the common fashion is of most American females." Mr. Knight closes his "Introduction" with an avowal, that, should "The Lowell Offering" yield profit, a portion of it will be transmitted for the benefit of the writers—a most wise reproof of the dishonest spirit that, highwayman-like, seizes upon unprotected copyrights.

No. III. is "The Englishwoman in Egypt," written by Mrs. Poole (a sister of Mr. Lane), in a popular and pleasing style. No. IV. is "The Tales from Shakspere," by Charles Lamb and his sister, a work that eminently deserves the widest circulation. All we have now to do is to wish for Mr. Knight—for, indeed, the sake of the tens of thousands he is labouring for—the amplest success.

FACTS AND FICTIONS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF ORIENTAL CHARACTER. By MRS. POSTANS. In Three Volumes. *Allen and Co.*

MRS. POSTANS is too well known to the readers of the "Illuminated Magazine" to need commendation in these pages. It is, however, our pleasurable duty to call attention to these three charming volumes, abounding as they do with vivid and touching descriptions of Indian life, by one who has seen it in its many phases. Her object in the book is to "increase the sympathy" of English readers towards the world of India—and what a world it is! "However," says Mrs. Postans, "I may appear to have dipped my pencil in the colours of romance, I can conscientiously say, that I am not aware of a single instance in which nature does not form the canvass on which I wrought my tale, while in the arrangement of the incidents I have laboriously sought to adhere most strictly to known characteristics." The papers themselves bear evidence of their truthfulness. We can at once perceive that there is no fine, manufactured writing in them, but that they are the natural product of the soil, teeming, as it does, with so much that is lovely, and wild, and wonderful. Besides this, Mrs. Postans brings to her task that deep earnestness which arises from the quickness of female sensibility—and most valuable—that shrewd, kindly, womanly sense, which detects so many things of teeming interest in what is generally considered barren commonplace. We cordially recommend these volumes to our readers.

HAND-BOOK FOR CENTRAL EUROPE, OR GUIDE FOR TOURISTS. By FRANCIS COGHLAN. *Hughes.*

THE traveller may welcome this "Guide" for Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, Germany, Switzerland, France, and the Channel Islands. We have looked through its pages, and, with a tolerable knowledge of the advantages and defects of other Guide-books, have tested the merits of Mr. Coghlan. They are certainly very great. We find all needful intelligence carefully and briefly digested: nothing is omitted that even the most punctilious traveller could wish for. If a man went wrong in his route with this book in his hand, he would lose himself even in a sentry-box.

A NEW FRENCH AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY. *De Porquet.*

CAREFULLY compiled, and will certainly prove an useful addition to the "School Library."

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THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE FINE ARTS' COMMISSIONERS.

BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

THERE are simple—no, not simple—but unimaginative people, who can't for the life of them believe the story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, who find it impossible to trace the smallest connection between the extraordinary ends he achieves by the aid of his attendant genius and the humble preliminary process. "There," as they and Hamlet sagely observe, "there's the *rub*." Yet is the story true enough, though the lamp, perhaps from its excess of light, obscures the whole to their vision. Let them then look at this pen, which is but one among the many slaves of the potent lamp. See, we make with it certain flourishes for a certain time over certain mystic leaves; and what is the result? Why, if you look towards Palace-yard, you will perceive we have at once reared a mightier than Aladdin's palace—that we have anticipated the ten or twenty years' labours of the Fine Arts' Commissioners—that, in a word, we have finished the New Houses of Parliament, with all their interior decorations, while the artists, who have been for the last two years poetically dreaming all night about frescoes, and, for the most part, heaven knows, doing something very much the reverse all day, are only preparing for a commencement. Come, we have long seen what would be the character of the exterior of the noble pile, therefore we will not stop now to examine it, will not pause even to gaze on the glorious Victoria Tower, which is enough to make one of the builders of the middle ages start from his tomb in admiration of the audacity of the architect, but rather step at once into the interior. Look around you. Can the world present a more magnificent scene? We are in the Hall of Rufus.

Right through the centre extends an avenue of statues, on lofty pedestals, corresponding in number and position with the principal ribs of the matchless open roof of wood—a grand position, fit only for England's greatest men. As we pass along between them we read with reverence the names inscribed, without note or comment, on the marble: Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspere, and Milton: Roger Bacon, Francis Bacon,

Locke, and Newton; Hervey, Adam Smith, and James Watt; Williams of Wykeham, Purcell, Fielding, Reynolds, and Flaxman; Wickliffe, and Jeremy Taylor; Howard;—the roll of England's mightiest originators in poetry, philosophy, art, religion, and philanthropy—the men who have more than any other fed and nourished the national heart and mind—who have tempered the human material on which the legislator has to work. Here, then, midway between the outward world and the powers that rule it, is their fitting place. Through such an avenue of memorials do the people of England approach their Houses of Legislature. But the souls of these men, as has been finely said of one of them, are like stars, and dwell apart; they guide, and, to a certain extent, glorify the people, but are not, do not represent, the people themselves. What of *them?* Let us walk along by the walls, and see to what subjects the smaller, but more numerous statues and groups that there extend entirely round the Hall, are devoted.

What is this statue, and what the fearful story related in the bas-relief below? A man, evidently in the extremest stage of agony, is chained to the inside of a large tun, from which the burning faggots have been hastily drawn aside, whilst a young man of quality is earnestly persuading him to accept the life offered by the priests with their out-stretched crosses. In his anxiety the young man has even drawn forth his purse; he will aid the poor martyr in his worldly concerns, if he will but recant the obnoxious opinions for which he has been placed there; but the sufferer's cries of anguish have been mistaken; the fiery torture had been too much for the body, but the mind remains unchanged; with a courage, beside which that of the bravest of the brave in the ordinary sense of the word looks poor indeed, the humble tailor rejects all persuasions: he *will* think for himself—he will freely declare his opinions: the half-extinguished faggots are again thrown back upon him, and so perishes one of the earliest of our martyrs—John Badby. The young man in whom humanity all but conquers intolerance, is the future hero of Agincourt, Prince, afterwards King Henry the Fifth.

Ha! the purpose of this goodly range of sculpture in the people's entrance dawns upon us now; it is in honour of the *heroism of humble life*. And what illustrious examples crowd upon the heart and mind as we pace along! what touching records of devotion to relatives, friends, country, or simply to humanity itself! what lofty self-sacrifices for principle, for truth, for independence! what a host of knights unrecognised in any lists or orders of chivalry, yet surpassing in its own way aught that chivalry has ever done! what an array of pioneers in the paths of true excellence, albeit that few have as yet cared to follow in their footsteps, that their very existence is hardly known, that their names have in too many cases been irrecoverably forgotten. Well, we will amend this for the future. The people shall be worthily represented in their own hall. Said we not, examples crowd upon us! In truth, we hardly know where to pause, how to select for notice when we consider the number that must be passed by in silence. But we must, at all events, have two more of the martyrs to religious bigotry—a Scottish pair, whom something loftier even than marriage has joined heart and soul together. Look at this group of a Covenanter and his wife, surrounded by their children, whilst a soldier whose air betokens plainly his errand, calls him away to death. No ordinary story is represented here. Let us read the inscription, copied from the writer who has recorded the circumstances with a homely but delightful simplicity, in full appreciation of its lofty beauty:—One morning in those evil days, a man of the name of John Brown, having performed the worship of God in his family, was going with a spade in his hand to make ready some peat-ground. The mist being very dark, he knew not where he was till the bloody Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of his horse, brought him to his (Brown's) house, and there examined him; who, though he was a man of stammering speech, yet answered both distinctly and solidly, which made Claverhouse examine those whom he had taken to be his guides through the muirs, if they had heard him preach? They answered, "No, no, he was never a preacher." To which he replied, "If he has never preached, mickle has he prayed in his time." He then said to John, "Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die." When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times. One time that he interrupted him, he was praying that the Lord would spare a remnant and not make a full end in the day of his anger. Claverhouse said, "I give you time to pray, and you are begun to preach." He turned on his knees, and said "Sir, you know neither the nature of prayer nor preaching that call this preaching," and then continued without confusion. His wife standing by, with her children in her arms, that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her and said, "*Now, Marion, the day is come, that I told you would come, when I first spoke to you of marrying me.*" She said, "*Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you.*" Then he said, "This is all I desire; I have no more to do but to die." He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be poured upon them, and gave them his blessing. Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him; the most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Then said Claverhouse to the hapless widow, "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" To which she answered, "I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever." He said, "It were justice to lay thee beside him." She replied, "If ye were permitted, I doubt not your cruelty would go that length; but how will ye make answer for this morning's work?" "To men," said he, "I can be answerable; and for God, I will take him in mine own hand." Claverhouse mounted his horse, and left her with the corpse of her husband lying there. She set the bairn on the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straighted his body, and covered him with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him.

Military glory in its truest and most satisfactory shape appears but dull after such a story as this; yet the people of England may stand in a somewhat more dignified position than military historians generally place them; that is, either as the civilians who pay, or the private soldiers who fight; the heroism, fortitude, and successes of the last, by some magical process, invariably becoming, for all practical purposes, the heroism, fortitude, and successes of their officers. The statue of Sir John Philpot, yonder, represents but one among the many dis-

tinguished men, who have stepped forth from private life to achieve by war important public advantages, and then with quiet dignity have retired to their more legitimate pursuits. During the early part of the reign of the Second Richard, the general business of the nation was so wretchedly mismanaged, that a pirate, one Mercer, dared to sweep the English seas, and pounce upon English vessels in our very ports; on one occasion clearing out the harbour of Scarborough of every vessel contained in it. Representations were made in vain by our merchants of the ruin to themselves, and the discredit to the country, caused by the existence of such a pest. At last a citizen of London found his patience quite exhausted, and being fortunately a rich man, fitted out a strong fleet, into which he put a thousand armed men, and then leaped on board after them, and departed to seek the pirate. He was soon found, and behind him extended a goodly train of captured vessels. It was no holiday-warfare that ensued. The pirate fought, as we are told, long and desperately, but in vain: he and most of his ships were captured. Does not John Philpot deserve his statue?

But, prosaic enough, and, as we all but too well know, unpleasant enough, as paying for the support of armies may be, has it no poetical, no heroic side? We shall not say so after looking at the sculpture on the base of the statue of the Commonwealth man. Let us observe, by the way, that party feelings, of course, have no admission in the great houses of legislature—you will find a Cavalier not far distant. On one face of the sculpture in question, we see represented the people pouring into the national treasury their money, plate, jewels, goblets, down even to the humblest and least costly of articles, the mites of those who have nought else to give: whilst, on another side, we perceive a strange but glorious medley of knights and labourers, ladies and artisans, all working away with the mattock and the spade, to complete the fortification of London; circumstances which, as the historians tell us, infused such a spirit of animation into the work (we refer to the year 1642), that entrenchments, twelve miles round, were thrown up in an almost incredibly short space of time, and the Royalists, hopeless of success in an assault, retreated.

Pause awhile here. It is the statue of a female, whose story has been too recently written in our hearts to render it necessary for us to read the inscription on the marble; the two words of its conclusion, beautiful as their owner's heart, will suffice; they are—Grace Darling.

Near her is another female statue; one who belongs to a class that in this commercial country will assuredly obtain respect whenever their peculiar excellence is mentioned—the class of honest debtors; persons who have shown by their conduct, in a thousand ways, the sacrifices they have made to repair the injury they have been the innocent means of inflicting. And not only is it an excellence, but one that especially belongs to the people. All those who have seen much of the daily life and circumstances of the poor, must have perceived with a deep gratification how continuous a struggle is kept up through life to achieve that one object—the payment of just debts. But what is the story in question? A master-hand, Washington Irving—to whom it was communicated by Scott, after the lady in question had dined with them—has thus simply narrated it:—She was the daughter of a poor country clergyman, who had died in debt, and left her an orphan and destitute. Having had a good plain education, she immediately set up a child's school; and had soon a numerous flock under her care, by which she earned a decent maintenance. That, however, was not her main object. Her first care was to pay off her father's debts, that no ill word or ill will might rest upon his memory. This, by dint of Scotch economy, backed by filial reverence and pride, she accomplished; though in the effort she subjected herself to every privation.

But one example more, and we leave this seductive portion of our subject. Religion, war, humanity, and domestic life, have each furnished us with its own peculiar illustrations of the heroism of the people of Britain, never so "Great" as when looked at from such a point of view; but shall pure abstract Principle, unsupported by any of the adjuncts that strengthen us in our high purposes, find no martyr in the straw-thatched cot? Stand forth! good, noble, greatly-minded woman; for once let us gaze upon thee, thus enshrined in the insensate stone, with all that deep reverence and admiration which thou ever in thine own person shunned, while from voice to voice of those around, passes, in broken and disconnected passages, the story of—Helen Walker. She had been left an orphan, with the charge of a sister considerably younger than herself, and who was educated and maintained by her exertions. Attached to her by so many ties, therefore, it will not be easy to conceive her feelings, when she found that this only sister must be tried by the laws of her country for child murder, and upon being called as principal witness against her. The counsel for the prisoner told Helen that if she could declare that her sister had made any preparations, however slight, or had given her any intimation on the subject, that such a statement would save her sister's life, as she was the principal witness against her. Helen said, "It is impossible for me to swear to a falsehood, and whatever may be the consequence, I will give my oath according to my conscience." The trial came on, and the sister was found guilty and condemned; but in Scotland six weeks must elapse between the sentence and the execution; and Helen Walker availed herself of it. The very day of her sister's condemnation, she got a petition drawn up, stating the peculiar circumstances of the case, and that very night set out on foot to London. Without introduction or recommendation, with her simple, perhaps ill-expressed petition, drawn up by some inferior clerk of the court, she presented herself in her tartan plaid and country attire to the late Duke of Argyll, who immediately procured the pardon she petitioned for; and Helen returned with it, *on foot*, just in time to save her sister. We need hardly say from what quarter we borrow this account—Scott's Notes to the Heart of Mid Lothian—a work that has almost made us forget the true Helen Walker in her fictitious prototype, Jeanie Deans.

There is one very simple but most comprehensive rule to guide us in the decoration of architectural works. Let every room and building tell its own story. First and foremost, let us clearly perceive the uses of the place; secondly, let us see its history. Westminster Hall is plainly the grand national or people's entrance to the Houses, but what of its own history? One glance upon the walls affords us an

answer. Those paintings, on a scale commensurate with the almost unequalled dimensions of the Hall, and so artfully contrived by their tone, arrangement, and framework, as to appear essentially a part of it, show us that history in a series of events of greater interest and importance than any other building probably in the world can parallel. We have there in one painting the Red King himself, just returned from Normandy, coming with his attendants to see how the architect, who appears with his plans close by, has fulfilled his directions. The general remark is that the Hall is too large, until the King quietly observes it is not half so large as it should have been; that it is only a bed-chamber in comparison with the building he intended to make.

Then, again, we have Henry the Second discrowned by his own hand, carrying as sewer the boar's head, amidst the clang of trumpets, at the coronation banquet, to his own son, whom he has caused to assume the sovereignty; whilst the young man's scornful aspect and gestures tell how little he deserves that father's care and love. It was not many years after this exhibition in Westminster Hall, that that same son was in arms against his parent.

Next come two pictures, suggestive of some cheering, with many melancholy reflections. In the first, we have Henry the Third, surrounded by his Barons, swearing that he will observe the great Charter, whilst the Archbishop of Canterbury denounces excommunication against all who do not do so, and the prelates generally, extinguishing their tapers, utter the tremendous imprecation, "May the soul of every one who incurs this sentence so stink and be extinguished in hell." The second represents William Wallace, crowned in mockery with laurel, sitting on the "south bench," denying with placid dignity that he is a traitor, yet prepared, equally unmoved, to suffer a traitor's horrible fate: both pictures represent the struggle of nations for freedom; both refer to nearly the same era; and, alas!—what a characteristic trait of the general selfishness,—the very men who conquered for us, were the very men who immediately afterwards helped to impose a still harder yoke than they had thrown off, upon the Scots. The same kind of striking contrast meets us in the otherwise touching and beautiful picture of Edward the Third, advancing from his seat in the Hall, to meet and embrace the captive French King John, whom the Black Prince has brought through London in magnificent procession; but if the graceful courtesy, and kindness, and humility of the victors were beautiful, how much more so would have been their conduct, if they had allowed themselves no opportunities for the manifestation of such qualities by a most cruel and unjust war?

As we move on to other pictures, one cannot but be struck with the mode in which the history of the Hall as a building is told in them; the very telling at the same time being subordinate to loftier purposes. Whilst we see in one picture, of Edward the Third and his Parliament, an illustration of the fact that Lords and Commons up to that time sat together in the Hall, we at the same time are impelled to reflect on the lowly state of the Commons at the period, as contrasted with their all but supreme power now. Hume says—They composed not, properly speaking, any essential part of the Parliament. They sat apart both from the Barons and Knights, who disdained to mix with such mean personages. After they had given their consent to the taxes required of them—their business being thus finished—they separated, even though the Parliament still continued to sit, and to canvass the national business. Then again, if we are reminded in another picture of the rebuilding of the Hall by Richard the Second, and of the temporary accommodation that was provided close by; we, at the same time, also learn something infinitely more important, in gazing on the significant array of archers with bent bows placed around the temporary house during its "deliberations," to secure, as Pennant observes, "freedom of debate." The fact shown in a third picture, that Parliament in the same reign had divided, for the Lords only appear in it, comes in connection with the fact of Richard's deposition, which the Parliament was met to execute; and which is scarcely over, when Bolingbroke places his hand upon the kingly seat, and challenges it as his own. Lastly, would we see a Coronation banquet in all its ancient picturesque splendour, with the champion on horseback, introduced for the first time, we obtain our desires in the fourth picture,—a representation of the end of all Richard's misgovernments, and the entire success of his dethroner; it is Henry the Fourth's Coronation we look upon, and every one feels how completely Richard of Bordeaux has proved to be

A mockery King of snow
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke.

Throughout the series we every where behold the same union of local and historical truth, raising the whole into fitting subjects for Art in its loftiest phases. That Westminster Hall has been for centuries the place where all great state trials have taken place, is at once and for ever impressed upon the recollection at the sight of such pictures as these, which here extend on either side of us, having among them the trial of the illustrious More, the author of the "Utopia;" the trial of Charles the First, the sublimest of all trials; the trial of Balmerino, and his chivalrous associates; the trial of Warren Hastings, during the delivery of Burke's speech, when sobs and tears were heard and seen in every part, when ladies were carried out fainting with the excess of emotion that the orator had aroused, and when, as it has been recorded, Mrs. Siddons was herself more moved than she, with her almost superhuman powers, had ever been known to move others.

From Westminster Hall, we pass by a flight of marble steps, into St. Stephen's Hall, some ninety feet long, thirty wide, and fifty high, where we have scarcely time to admire the exquisite effect of the whole scene, with its groined roof, its painting-covered panels, its glow of gilded and coloured heraldic insignia, and other ornaments which decorate, in wonderful richness, and still more wonderful harmony, every inch of the wall, and we might almost say of the roof and floor; a mightier divinity than ornament again beckons us on; we are speedily absorbed in the contemplations of the great artistical productions that even in such a blaze of splendour stand out from all else, as though some halo were around each of them, unseen, except in the almost divine radiance which it sheds upon the canvass. And these again have been scarcely run over with eager gaze, as if we would know at once the entire amount of the dazzling wealth that is our own, all our own, before we pause,

and ponder over the art with which all the productions of Art have been organized. A new principle now becomes apparent. We are as evidently to the mental as to the bodily vision, advancing towards the centre of the pile; the subjects of the paintings and the statuary grow more concentrated in their general effect and purpose; we are reminded more and more distinctly at every step, of the great business going on within. No work, whatever its merit, is permitted here, that does not tend in some way to the enhancement of these objects. The mode with which the different parts of the building are connected together, is but an emanation of the same principle of progress. It is not from chance that the last picture the eye rests upon, in leaving Westminster Hall—the Commons enjoying that very peculiar freedom of debate which the instrumentality of a host of archers with their bent bows could give—prepares us so finely for the first that we behold in St. Stephen's Hall—the Abbot of Westminster Abbey turning the Commons out of the Chapter House, where they had found refuge, and swearing lustily the while, he will have no such vile rabble any longer in his Chapter House.

These two pictures form the commencement of the series of the history of the House of Commons, to which St. Stephen's Hall is devoted, with a local propriety as happy as any other feature of the arrangements, for that Hall stands upon the site of the old House, whilst it is, at the same time, the approach to the new, where, too, the peculiar fittings required for the accommodation of the collective wisdom, leaves no room for any such decoration. Here then is the place for such subjects as those above named, and which comprises works that might have tasked mightier spirits than any England has yet produced. We can but stay to mention one—Cromwell turning the members out of doors. Here too is the fitting place for the men whom politicians delight to honour, the eminent members of the House, the party-statesmen, orators, philanthropists, going back in regular order, from Wilberforce, Romilly, and Wyndham, Sheridan, Fox, Pitt, and Burke, to those mighty minds of the Commonwealth, and even to the few still older spirits of whom history has recorded any special excellence, such as the Wentworths, who, during the reign of Elizabeth, in spite of continual imprisonment, made such unwearied endeavours to induce the House to assert its independence, when the Sovereign so often and so successfully strove to keep it in leading strings. We are glad to see that the man has not been thought unworthy of a statue, who taught the House a lesson which it very much needed to learn, namely, that of respecting the rights and privileges of individuals, while asserting what they conceived to be their own. In 1751, a Mr. Alexander Murray, brother of Lord Elibank, for something he had done at a Westminster election, was ordered to be sent close prisoner to Newgate, and also to come to the bar, and kneel while the sentence was delivered. As he entered with a quiet, assured air, the Speaker called out "your obeisances, Sir! your obeisances, Sir! you must kneel." Murray replied "Sir, I beg to be excused; I never kneel but to God." And then, on the Speaker's repeating the command vehemently, he added, "Sir, I am sorry I cannot comply with your request; I would in anything else." The Speaker said, "Sir, I call upon you again to consider of it;" but Murray firmly replied, "Sir, when I have committed a crime, I kneel to God for pardon; but I know my own innocence, and cannot kneel to any body else." He was taken away, kept in Newgate till the prorogation of Parliament, when his friends met him at the door of Newgate and bore him away in triumph. In the ensuing session he kept out of the way of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and a reward of five hundred pounds was voted for his apprehension, but he was not taken. At last the House very sensibly withdrew from its untenable position, and made a *standing* order for the settlement of the question. The statue of such a man in St. Stephen's is certainly a very graceful piece of humility on the part of the members. But it is so like them!

Excuse me, my dear Sir, if I interrupt you one moment in your visions of the future, but I believe you referred to the Commonwealth men—you—you of course—hem!—you of course would not include Cromwell.

In St. Stephen's Hall? why, I agree with you, it is a doubtful case whether, as he was virtually King, his statue could appear with propriety as a mere member of the Lower House in St. Stephen's Hall; the Victoria Gallery is his proper place; but then, you know, we could have him in both.

Ha! ha! very good! I can't help laughing at such a ridiculous perversion of my meaning. But, good God, Sir, you really don't mean to say that that canting hypocrite should have a statue. Why it makes one's hair stand on end to think of it. He killed a King.

Did *he* do it? There were men of some note who thought they had a hand in the business, considering they sat among the judges; there were others as illustrious by their virtues, and still more illustrious by their genius, who defended the act.

Ah, the pernicious traitors, and what is the opinion of all good men *now* upon that part of their conduct?

A pertinent question. A poet shall answer, with regard to the two, whom I had more particularly in view.

> Great men have been among us; hands that penned,
> And tongues that uttered wisdom, better none;
> The later *Sidney*, Marvel, Harrington,
> Young Vane, and others, who called *Milton* friend.
> These moralists could *act* and comprehend;
> They knew how genuine glory is put on.

Well, my friend, what say you to the verses? Is Wordsworth a good man?

Ah, that's all very well. But Cromwell was an usurper.

So was Bolingbroke, Edward the Fourth, and Richard the Third. Are all their statues to be omitted from the Houses? But, come, we will suppose Cromwell proscribed; there shall be no statue of him in St. Stephen's Hall, or in the Victoria Gallery; nothing shall remind the spectator of his existence in any part. And as to the acts performed by him or during his Protectorate, which can't be pushed into oblivion, why, we'll avail ourselves of the pleasant legal fiction that Charles the Second reigned in England from the time of his father's death. We'll cry in a burst of admiration as we look on his statue—"Ha! that's the man that found England the laughing stock of Europe," but raised it to such a pitch of glory, that, as another Conservative, Sir

Walter Scott, observes, "Perhaps no Government was ever more respected abroad."

Oho! oho! you know Charles sold Dunkirk, to the disgust of the entire nation, and that he was a secret pensioner of France.

We'll say it was he, who in a most intolerant time, exerted himself so nobly for the freedom of conscience, that he has been styled by some the Apostle of Toleration.

Absurd! you know Charles was in his heart a Catholic, and like all Catholics, at that time at least, was opposed in principle (or would have been, if he had any) to religious independence.

We'll say it was he who introduced at once decency, dignity, and a lofty, moral, and religious feeling into the Court.

Ha! ha! in the persons of his mistresses I suppose.

Who patronised the arts in a way that must make his name ever dear to all artists? To Charles the Second we will say we owe the possession and safety of the cartoons. Nay, if you like, I don't see but what we may attribute the famous turning out of the Parliament, to the Second Charles, for assuredly he hated them enough to have done so, and in effect at least did what was the same thing—ruled without Parliament.

D——n the fellow, I'm afraid there's no doing without him. Well, well, put in your Cromwell; you, I hope, don't deny his faults.

By no means.

Nor I his many and admirable virtues. I wish he hadn't had anything to do with the death of Charles —I wish he hadn't been what I must call, an usurper. But he was—there's no denying it—a truly great man.

From St. Stephen's Hall we pass into the Octagon Hall, the grand centre of the entire edifice. Here we have in front the corridor leading on towards the river front of the pile, and which forms with the halls just named one glorious unbroken vista; on the left we have the Commons' Corridor, the Commons' Lobby, and the Commons' House, in noble succession; whilst on the right extends a still more magnificent series, the Corridor, Lobby, and the House of the Peers; and then, in continuance of the same line, the Victoria Gallery, a portion of the edifice only less stupendous than Westminster Hall itself, whilst a thousand times richer in all the secondary arts of adornment. Here then, in this Octagon Hall, there was indeed a position for statues, that tasked our artists' loftiest conceptions to supply. But the principle that had guided them hitherto, did not desert them here. And what has been the result? First, mark that all the statues, that glorious one in solitary state in the centre, those also tranquilly seated, who fill some of the eight places in the angles that circle the main one,—and the almost endless number of smaller statues in niches in the walls and screens—mark, we say, how all these statues seem to tell us of the same truths. Here you will find only those truly great statesmen who, rising above the demands of party and time, legislated for a nation and posterity—those enlightened *expounders* of the law, who have in that respect become a kind of great statesmen,—those incorruptible judges, who have dared to *fulfil* the law in what they conceived to be its essential spirit of justice, undisturbed by all kinds of hostile influences. Here, in short, Lords and Commons may be reminded, as they pass along, of the true objects of the business they are about to engage in; may feel their own hearts and minds, inspired by a noble emulation to rival the greatness of the mighty minds of the past, and a no less noble contempt of all mere temporary objects—temporary popularity, whether with sovereigns, or with the people.

But is this all? Mark, again, how the story which commenced in Westminster Hall, flows on. We have pondered in that Hall over the simple records of the people for whom we have to legislate; we have paused in St. Stephen's Hall, to judge of the history of that one of the two Houses of legislation which is more expressly derived from the people, and to weigh the character of the chief men of whom it has been composed —now we finally take into our view, in the Octagon Hall, the connection of both people and the House of Commons with the other estates of the realm, the Lords and the King. In that central statue, we see combined, all the demands of the position; there is at once the representation of the abstract and lofty spirit of legislation in its wisest, most comprehensive, most benevolent shape; and there, in that same statue, we have, at the same time, the representative of the sovereign, the political key-stone of the arch of the constitutional pile; of course English history presents but one such man—King Alfred. As with him, the illustrious King and legislator, so with the mighty but incomplete circle of supporters, the scarcely less illustrious members of both Houses, who have raised themselves by their legislative acts to a position similar in kind, however differing in degree. Among them we behold the last of those Barons who fought and bled for the Great Charter, Simon de Montfort; but it is not simply as the representative of his class that he is here; read the scroll in his hand: it is the first summons in English history, for burgesses to represent the cities and towns of England in Parliament, an act to which the eminence of the country among the nations of the world, is to be chiefly ascribed. There, too, we see the protector Pembroke, whose statue makes us pause to reflect on the simple beauty and force of his character, which shone so conspicuously at a time (the death of John) when England appeared to be about to sink into the lowest state of abasement, when a foreign but invited Prince and army were in the country, and the people and their leaders were divided against themselves. Then stepped forth Pembroke; healed dissension, by his wise legislation; animated his once more united countrymen by his patriotism; and drove the French back to France by his courage.

The last statue we shall mention belongs to a period of history which, apart from all the clash of principles as to modes of government, must ever be considered one of the most important in our annals—the Civil War. Then the Star Chamber, and the torture to which it so often led, were abolished, and many other important meliorations of our civil and criminal jurisprudence carried into effect; but the one grand feature that all men who are fit to live under a constitutional government must admire, was, the triumphant assertion then made of the right of self taxation, but for which power, we should, even now, see England a despotism, in a quarter of a century. Who then shall be the representative of that mighty time? Who is there that Royalist and Roundhead may alike

agree to reverence? Who but the man who first resisted the attempt to tax without the intervention of Parliament—who but Hampden, the brave, good, and great man, whom all historians unite in praise of, and whose early death leaves his memory free from the jarring associations which the statue of any other of the great minds of the Commonwealth would inevitably arouse.

And here, again, in the Octagon Hall, one cannot but notice a fresh illustration of the mode in which the inscriptions, that every here and there are sprinkled over the walls, but in the happiest harmony of appearance and purport, all help to advance the story with which they are connected.

On the base of Alfred's statue, we read in letters more truly golden to the mind than they appear even to the eye—"Let every deed be carefully distinguished, and doom ever be guided justly, according to the deed, and be modified according to its degree, before God and before the world; and let mercy be shown for dread of God, and kindness be willingly shown, and those be somewhat protected who need it; because we all need that our Lord oft and frequently grant his mercy to us." Those were undoubtedly Alfred's principles, but they were not his words. Whence then come they?—Why, from those older Saxon laws which Alfred availed himself of in his own legislation. It is something to know there had been giants in England, in its most primeval days.

The House of Commons admitted of no artistical decoration, but none was needed, as St. Stephen's Hall, and the Corridor, furnished ample opportunity for the artists to say all they had to say upon its history and functions: on the other hand the Lords have their corridor, and a certain amount of space in their house, for the same purposes. There commence a new series of pictures and statues illustrative of the essential history of the second estate. In the first we go back to its origin, the Saxon Witenagemote, which we see engaged, with Alfred at its head, revising the Anglo-Saxon laws, and regulating the system of police; from which we learn that the division of functions that prevails to this day in the House—the legislative and the judicial—existed from the very beginning; and, if historians speak truly, with infinitely greater success than we are now familiar with; at all events, we should like to see the legislators of the nineteenth century try the experiment which it is said those of the ninth could have done with safety: what say they, to hanging a few bracelets or jewels in the high and cross roads, by way of testing *their* legislation?

The fact of the division of functions just mentioned, is still more directly conveyed to the spectator by the grand Caryatid figures of Legislature and Justice that support the entrance to the House. Time passes on, the Conquest takes place, legislation and Justice are thrown rudely back into a kind of moral chaos: in another picture we perceive the dawn of the day that was to restore them, by checking the adverse kingly power; that picture represents Henry the Third, meeting his Parliament at Westminster, and, as he advances towards his seat, gazing on the Barons assembled with undisguised fear—for they are all *in mail*, and there is a significant rattling of swords by way of welcome. At last he falters out, "What means this? am I a prisoner?" "Not so," replies Roger Bigod, "but your foreign favourites and your own extravagance have involved this realm in great wretchedness; wherefore we demand that the powers of government be entrusted and made over to a committee of Bishops and Barons, that the same may root up abuses and enact good laws." And so by successive steps the extreme power of the Sovereign is broken down; but in a yet third picture we are reminded of the reversal of the process, the Kings humbling the Lords, which policy, commencing with the reign of Henry the Seventh, when the Aristocracy had been almost swept away during the wars of the Roses, was continued till the reign of Charles the First, when the people began to think they ought to have something to say in these struggles, and so—humbled both. The picture to which we referred, represents the Queen, Elizabeth, dissolving the Parliament, and reading the members a sharp lecture because they have dared to advise with her even in such a point as the succession to the throne. This it was that made her, in her friendliest tones, caution them against provoking the patience of any other sovereign who might succeed her, so far as they had provoked hers. Let us not forget, however, that on this same occasion, Elizabeth so captivated the hearts of the people in one way that they could hardly think of what questionable acts the enchantress performed in another; it was then that she remitted part of the supplies that had been voted to her, saying, that money in the purses of her subjects was as good to her as in her own exchequer.

But what is the subject of this series of pictures that from a distance appears half hidden among the decorations of the walls of the Lords' Corridor, but which, from a nearer point of view, shine out with marvellous beauty and lustre? It is the story narrated by Froissart of the love of Edward the Third for the Countess of Salisbury, in honour of whom he founded the Order of the Garter, and which, as illustrating the more personal connection that exists between the aristocracy and the "fountain of all honours," the King, here finds suitable place. By their personal rank are the peers entitled to enter the House of Lords; the approach to the House, therefore, tells us so through the agency of one of the most charming stories ever narrated. The Border Castle of Wark, belonging to the Earl of Salisbury, is before us in the first picture, with its gates flung wide to admit the mighty victor — mighty lord — Edward the First, whilst a lady of surpassing loveliness advances to meet him, and pour out her grateful thanks for his ready succour. Here, one would call the King's attention to the mischief wrought upon the castle walls by the assailants, and the heaps of dead that tell how bravely they have been repelled; there, another points out the direction in which they have gone. But the King sees only the dazzling beauty and grace before him; he feels only the sparkle of fine love "that has already penetrated into his inmost heart." Alas! there is a ring on that lady's finger; her husband is a prisoner in a foreign land in Edward's own cause.

The second picture introduces us to the interior of the Castle. The King is abstracted and sad, sitting in a window recess alone. The Countess comes to him with a merry cheer, saying—

"Dear Sir, why do ye study so for? Your Grace not displeased, it appertaineth not to you so to do; rather ye should make good cheer and be joyful, seeing ye have chased away your enemies, who durst

not abide you; let other men study for the remnant."

"Ah, dear lady," replied the King, "know for truth that since I entered into the Castle, there is a study come to my mind, so that I cannot choose but to muse, nor I cannot tell what shall fall thereof: put it out of my heart I cannot."

The Countess is not disposed to comprehend him, though somewhat abashed by his keen regards. She *would* still think the Scots were all his trouble, so she again remonstrates with him.

"God hath aided you so in your business, and hath given you so great graces, that ye be the most feared and honoured Prince in all Christendom; and if the King of Scots have done you any despite or damage, ye may well amend it when it shall please you, as ye have done divers times ere this. Sir, leave your musing, and come into the hall, if it please you; your dinner is all ready."

"Ah, fair lady, other things lieth at my heart that ye know not of: but surely the sweet behaving, the perfect wisdom, the good grace, nobleness and excellent beauty that I see in you, hath so surprised my heart that I cannot but love you, and without your love I am but dead."

This is the moment chosen by the painter for representation, in which the aspect and gesture of the Countess tell scarcely less vividly than the historian the nature of her answer, and the feelings of respect and indignation that struggle in her heart for mastery while she makes it.

"Ah! noble Prince, for God's sake, mock nor tempt me not. I cannot believe that it is true that ye say, nor that so noble a Prince as ye be would think to dishonour me, and my lord my husband, who is so valiant a knight, and hath done your grace so good service, and as yet lieth in prison for your quarrel. Certainly, Sir, ye should in this case have but a small praise, and be nothing the better thereby. I had never as yet such a thought in my heart, nor I trust in God, never shall have, for no man living. If I had any such intentions, your grace ought not only to blame me, but also to punish my body, yea, and by true justice, to be dismembered."

The next picture shows the dinner party in the hall. The erring passion is growing. The King cannot govern it even in the presence of his Knights, who mark his abstracted mood, and can hardly fail to perceive its cause. But principle is there to struggle with the passion. Which shall conquer?

The fourth picture answers us. The King and Countess are again at the castle-gate; and whatever the King may be to his absent servant, the Countess at least is true to her captive husband. Edward has evidently suffered much. Since he stood but yesterday before that same gateway, he has passed twenty-four hours of such conflict and suffering as will never cease to thrill through his memory. He has learned the might of simple virtue, but it has not as yet conquered him. His majestic features are clouded with anguish, and the fire of his eyes is quenched in humid sadness, as he presses the reluctant white hand, and in tones of the deepest agitation says:

"My dear lady, to God I commend you till I return again, requiring you to advise you otherwise than ye have said to me."

Firm and bold, yet respectful is her answer:

"Noble Prince, God the Father glorious, be your conduct, and put you out of all villain thoughts. Sir, I am, and ever shall be, ready to do you pure service, to your honour and to mine."

Yet another scene betwixt them. A gorgeous feast in London, given by the King in order to draw

the Countess to his presence. She comes, looking only the more beautiful to Edward's eyes, for the pains she has taken to disguise that beauty, by a dress of unusual simplicity; and now both are standing amid a circle of smiling courtiers, she shrinking, confused—in tears; he with the garter that Alice has dropped in his hand, uttering the memorable words, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. The King is conquered at last. To his dying moments will he love and remember her in all honour and purity; nor is that all—through unnumbered ages to come, shall the children and children's children through many a generation of those who had witnessed the scene, have reason to remember the lady in whose honour was instituted the Order of the Garter.

We shall not now need to dwell upon any other portions of the Houses of Parliament. By steps analagous to those of our ascent to the lofty ideal as well as actual centre of the structure, do we descend. In the Victoria Gallery, one of the richest scenes that poet or painter ever dreamed of, we have a corresponding feature to Westminster; as this is the deople's entrance, so that is the Sovereign's, and the decorations naturally assume, therefore, the shape of a kind of kingly history. That long, almost interminable line of gilded bronze statues ranged along the walls, are the memorials of our Sovereigns from the Heptarchy up to the present time; her Majesty Queen Victoria's statue, with graceful propriety occupying a niche apart at one end, to remind posterity that it was in her reign this monument of the artistical greatness of Britain in the nineteenth century was erected. The equally numerous series of pictures between the statues, represent the most important, in a permanent and lofty sense, of the events that signalized the reigns of the Kings who stand in effigy by their side, while they are events that need as little ornament in a literary point of view, as the artists have thought proper to bestow on them in a pictorial. Those noble works show that their authors had at least as much confidence in their subjects as in themselves. In what a style of grand simplicity are they not painted. Let us glance at them as we pass along. Ethelbert's conversion by Augustine fittingly commences the series of a line of Christian Kings. Then we have, among others, the Battle of Hastings; John signing the Charter; Prince, afterwards King Edward the First, saving his father's life at the Battle of Evesham; Edward the Third offering up his litter in the Cathedral of Carlisle, in token that he had left the bed of sickness, dying as he was, in order to lead his army once more against the Scots; Richard the Second's deposition in the Tower; the Battles of Agincourt and Bosworth; Elizabeth at Tilbury; the Trial of Charles the First;—but it is useless to go on with a list which every one can without difficulty enlarge from his own historical recollections. But the personal characteristics of our Sovereigns—shall they have no record? Look in the Robing Room, and as you gaze upon the walls, many a sweet, and high, and romantic story shall burst upon you; there, depend upon it, stern and hot Republican though you be, shall you perforce love Royalty, in some, at least, of its human shapes. There have we Alfred as the harper in the Danish camp, as the rustic wanderer on the scolding housewife's hearth, as the benevolent but deserted King, sharing with a beggar his last loaf. Love there shows us how he can sport with his victims, heedless of artificial distinction; how he can make an Edward the Fourth kneel before the widow of the attainted Lancastrian knight, and to what sad issues his sport sometimes leads us, in the history of Arabella Stuart. There have we Prince Henry bowing to the mandates of the Judge, who will have no respect to persons; there have we Elizabeth, in her coronation procession, winning the hearts of her poorest subjects, by the conduct which Holinshed so charmingly describes: "How many nosegays did her Grace receive at poor women's hands!—how often stayed she her chariot when she saw any single body offer to speak to her Grace! A branch of rosemary given her Grace with a supplication, by a poor woman, about Fleet Bridge, was seen in her chariot till her Grace came to Westminster." The episode of the heroism of humble life in Westminster Hall will find a scarcely less charming parallel in the episodes of the personal memorials of Royalty in the Robing Room.

What remains? One might almost answer the question by saying, What does not? Is there not the guard room, with its memorials of the naval and military greatness of England, and the lessons—often and most happily borrowed from the days of chivalry, that are so refreshingly interwoven with them—here showing us the Black Prince waiting upon the French King John, at supper after the battle of Poictiers, "as humbly as he could;" there a Sir Philip Sidney, or a Nelson, wounded, and needing assistance, yet thinking only of others, no matter how humble, whose need or whose right to priority was greater? What a glorious thing must this humanity of ours be, which can thus manifest itself under circumstances so hostile to all true and generous development! Who shall say what it might become, would we but learn to surround it with influences of directly opposite character! Then again there is the Speaker's residence, with his books on the walls, in which he may read what manly and courageous men have preceded him—where he may ponder over Wolsey's ineffectual attempt to overawe the House and induce them to debate in his presence, whilst Sir Thomas More was Speaker; or on Charles the First's visit to the House for the five members, when the Speaker, on being questioned by him, told the King he had neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak in that place, but as the House was pleased to direct. The Conference Hall!—what a rich subject that has proved for pictorial decoration! What corridors after corridors remain yet to be dilated upon! What series after series of subjects—poetical, artistical, commercial—all enlarging the sphere of decoration offered by the Houses, yet all enhancing the pervading idea of the grandeur of the country to which such Houses belong—yet all at the same time by their local arrangement and treatment made harmoniously subordinate to the direct objects for which these Houses have been built! Well, if we are to have no more "Paradise Losts," it is something to have in this way—a New Epic.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the foregoing paper was commenced, an announcement has appeared in the public papers,* from which we learn that there is a certain portion of the Houses for which the Commissioners of Fine Arts have already determined upon subjects; and that these are as follows:—An abstract personification of religion, and a religious historical picture—the Baptism of Ethelbert; an abstract personification of justice, and a judicial historical picture—Prince Henry submitting to the authority of Justice Gascoigne; and lastly, an abstract personification of the spirit of chivalry, and a chivalric historical picture—Edward the Third conferring the Order of the Garter on the Black Prince.

Now, let us see how the first principle to be observed in artistical decoration, local propriety, is here carried out. What part of the Houses is it, that is to be thus decorated? A religious spirit should guide equally King, Lords, and Commons; so the abstract personification of religion gives us no aid; though, to be sure, the Bishops sit in the Lords, and the picture of Ethelbert refers to a King, who also sits there when he meets his Parliament, and who is the head of the church. It must be the House of Lords. But how then as to the pictures of justice? The abstract personification might have referred to the judicial character of the House; but there is no corresponding type of its legislative capacity; so, clearly after all, it can't be the Lords. Perhaps the pictures belong to one of the Law Courts of Westminster; if we remember rightly, Speed says the incident of the Prince and the Judge took place in the Court of King's Bench, then held in the Hall of Rufus. All this seems very odd. Let us see if chivalry will get us out of our difficulties. Of course, as the spirit of chivalry has long ago departed from us (it is idle to call by the name some of the commonest virtues of humanity—virtues that existed long before chivalry was dreamt of, and will exist also when it shall have been utterly forgotten)—as chivalry, we repeat, has departed, the purport of these representations of it must be to recall some important facts in the constitution or origin of the body, to whose use the place is devoted. That body can't be the Lords then; we have noticed their origin in a previous page as found in the Saxon Witenagemote, and in the great councils of our very early history. They might be meant to intimate that the King is the fountain of honour, and that the House of Peers is the more immediate receptacle of the glittering stream of stars and garters; but then who would wish to raise such ideas *in* the Supreme Court of Legislation and Justice itself. Why, it would be tantamount to inscribing on the walls—Remember the rewards of sycophancy. Is, then, the House of Commons, after all, the chosen place? The name, Knights of the Shire, seems to suggest something about chivalry certainly, and there can be no doubt that the great body of country gentlemen who form the House, are the legitimate descendants of those who formed the great body of English Knighthood in the days of the Black Prince and his father, and who really won for them their brilliant victories. It must be the House of Commons, or, if not, we give up the riddle.

Blunderer, it is the House of Lords; and, however little you might have suspected it, these pictures and personifications, the Commissioners say, "*shall* be illustrative of its functions, and of the relation in which it stands to the Sovereign."

Oh! well, if it's so settled, there's no more to be said. But I am afraid a very strong Act of Parliament will be required to enforce the Commissioners' views.

* It appears that the Commissioners of Fine Arts have "resolved that six arched compartments in the House of Lords, each measuring 9 feet 3 inches wide by 16 feet high to the point of the arch, shall be decorated with fresco paintings; that the subjects of such fresco paintings shall be illustrative of the functions of the House of Lords, and of the relation in which it stands to the Sovereign; that the subjects of three of the said fresco paintings shall be personifications or abstract representations of religion, justice, and the spirit of chivalry, and that the three remaining subjects corresponding with such representations, and expressing the relation of the Sovereign to the church, to the law, and, as the fountain of honour, to the state, shall be:—The Baptism of Ethelbert; Prince Henry, afterwards Henry the Fifth, acknowledging the authority of Chief Justice Gascoigne; and Edward the Black Prince receiving the Order of the Garter from Edward the Third."

SONNET.

A SUDDEN shower! The summer rose bends low,
As the bright rain-drops sink into her breast,
Like gentle heart by tale of woe opprest;
Whilst the cold ivy from its leaf doth throw
The rain-drop back, like heart that doth not know
The thrill of sympathy, or scorns it, lest
Those pleading whispers break its selfish rest,
Losing love's joy, so it but lose its woe!

Counsel me, worldly ivy! which to choose,
The closed or open heart; and thou, pale rose,
Lade the light zephyrs with your soft reply;
But ah! even now an answer floateth by,
And my rapt soul a sweet response receives
In the *fresh odour of the moist rose-leaves!*

CATHERINE PARR.

SWEET REVENGE: A STORY OF "THE WORLD."

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

CHAPTER I.

It was one of those golden September days—fine and warm—which borrowing a glory from departing summer, yet sink betimes in the crimson and purple west, while the sun's last lingering rays kindle sylvan scenery to every imaginable tint. Such was the sunset scene presented to Marian Walton's view on a certain evening; but though she loitered on the terrace, on to which the drawing-room windows of Walton Hall opened, some time after her companions had entered the house—and though, like many of the uninitiated, she had thought the day suggestive of higher enjoyments than the slaughtering of innocent partridges—it is possible that just then the glories of sky and foliage passed unheeded.

Marian Walton was a fair girl, of about twenty, with a profusion of rich brown hair, and eyes of the deepest blue, shaded by lashes much darker than her glossy ringlets; which same long lashes gave a peculiar softness to the expression of her countenance, and veiled the exceeding brilliancy of the eyes themselves. Strictly speaking, she was not beautiful—for the remaining features were not what are called regular—and yet there was so decided and pleasing a character in the face, that she was greatly admired. Her figure and movements were graceful, and her dress of rich mourning material was anything but unbecoming.

Thrice she paced up and down the terrace, one might fancy intentionally avoiding the windows, which, down to the ground, served for ingress; and yet, from beneath their long lashes, her eyes kept careful watch in that direction. Presently a young man looked out from one of the windows, and, seeing Miss Walton, stepped on to the terrace to join her. A blush rose to her cheeks, but though she scarcely looked up, her face sparkled with gladness, as she held out her hand. Rather as a second thought than from any impulse of tenderness, he raised it to his lips, and then passed his arm lightly round her waist.

"I have been wishing so much to see you alone, Marian," he said; "but it was so late when I arrived last night; and you know there was no getting off my taking a gun to-day."

Perhaps in her heart she had thought such a thing as "getting off" a day's shooting among possibilities; but hers was too true and confiding a love for it to be disturbed by mean jealousies and suspicions, and she pressed his hand gently as she said, "Dear Hamilton, at last we meet; and now tell me why you did not answer my long letter?"

By this time his arm was withdrawn from Marian's waist; he had dropped her hand, having somewhat shrunk from its light but significant pressure; and now they walked arm-in-arm, without any lover-like demonstration on the gentleman's part.

"Why, my dear girl," replied Hamilton Langley, "I had so much to say, I thought it better not to write. I do assure you, I have been very unhappy," he continued, twisting Marian's parasol, which he had taken from her, round and round with untiring perseverance; "I am sure one whole night I never closed my eyes with thinking what was best to be done."

"About what, Hamilton? What is the matter?"

"Why you see, my dear Marian——that is, I am sure you will believe what it would cost me to give you up;" and here the *ci-devant* adorer sighed; "but really I find there is no chance of my father consenting—and I know you said yourself you would not marry me without his approval—and even if you would, I would not be so selfish as to bring you to poverty. And so—I know if people exercise their strength of mind they *do* get over these fancies. Why there is my godfather, Uncle Hamilton, was in love in his youth, with a Miss Cecilia Montague—now metamorphosed into Mrs. General Stubbs—and do you know I have heard them talk of their youthful days, and jest at their old flirtations, till fat Mrs. Stubbs shook all her false curls with laughing. Who knows, perhaps thirty years hence you and I may do the same? Now, don't you think it would be best for us to try and get over this foolish fancy for one another?"

The gentleman, having wound himself up to say his say, had talked himself almost out of breath; but, receiving no immediate answer, he continued, "We shall be capital friends, you know, Marian; but don't you understand what I mean?"

Twice had Marian essayed to speak; but a choking sensation in her throat stayed the words. Now, however, she answered with tolerable calmness: "Yes, I understand, you no longer love me."

And truth to tell it was all her woman's heart had comprehended of his whole discourse. And yet in a moment she would have recalled the sentence if she could.

"How can you say that?" returned Hamil-

ton Langley; "it is cruel of you to doubt my affection, because I see that you never can be mine."

"I see it, too, Hamilton; you are quite right—quite."

"Oh! it is such a relief to my mind that you see the affair in this light," replied he, almost in a joyous tone. "I was afraid it might come on you as a shock—that is—I mean—I thought"—— And not really daring to say all his vanity prompted, he ventured to look down on Marian's face.

She felt his gaze upon her, and raised her eyes to his; her lips murmured, "What did you expect from me?"

But the eyes, in that one brief glance, told a heart's history. It was but for a moment, and his own sunk beneath them; for it was the encounter of Truth and Falsehood!

Marian Walton was an orphan; and without nearer kin than the uncle, her father's half-brother, with whose family she had been reared. As a child she had been so kindly nurtured that she had never felt her dependence, and as yet she was too ignorant of the world to comprehend that within the last two months, her dependence had assumed a positive and therefore very different form, to that of her childhood. Within two months an aged relative had died; one who having long out-lived his own immediate descendants, had been for the last twenty years duly watched and courted and flattered by nearly every one who could claim consanguinity with him. It was said that Marian's father had been the favourite among his several great-nephews, and rumour had talked loudly of his making the portionless girl his heiress; or at all events of the probability of his providing for her very handsomely. But there is not the smallest logical proof that these probabilities or expectations could have influenced Mr. Walton in admitting his orphan and unprotected niece into his family and educating her with his own children. To be sure people did hint and surmise, but then we know gossips do not require proofs on which to build their stories. It would seem altogether to have been a fabric of conjectures, for when the old man died, behold he had left his property to Marian's uncle, not to Marian's self; either as a reward for that gentleman's dutiful attention to himself, and generous protection of Marian, or in accordance with a favourite doctrine of the rich, which inclines them to add money to a full purse, where, as they pleasantly observe, it is kept warm, and not send it to an empty one, which, in a similar strain of facetiousness, they compare to a sieve. Now the motive being buried with the secrets of the grave, it left open a fine field of conjecture for the indefatigable gossips, on which probably they are not yet agreed.

As for Marian Walton, her conduct will better develop her character than I can describe it. The wooing of Hamilton Langley, the rich merchant's son, had been after a fashion common enough in the world. Marian, the expected legatee of her rich relation, would have been an excellent match in the eyes of the Langley family; especially as her person and connections were unexceptionable. As for qualities of heart and mind, they were not taken into account at all; and many persons beside the Langleys are of opinion that in these particulars young ladies all belong to a certain regulation pattern. But the legacy once removed from the scale, everything else—the gentleman's honour included—was of a feather's weight compared to lead; and now came Hamilton's self-gratulation—not whispered even to the ear of his conscience, but eloquently expressed in action,—that his wooing had been cautious. There had appeared to him nineteen chances against the one event which had actually occurred, but he had provided for the odd twentieth.

When, months before he is introduced to the reader's acquaintance on the terrace at Walton Hall, he had assiduously sought to win Marian's heart, he had managed matters with such a quiet cleverness, that though "everybody" looked upon them as *fiancés*, "nobody" could state positively that the elders of their respective families had been called to the council and the treaty arranged with proper forms and ceremonies. Mr. Walton and his lady declined seeing the state of affairs for several weighty reasons; a good and sufficient one being that they did not choose to "commit themselves" by passing an opinion as to the probabilities of Marian's expectancies. If their niece were to be remembered in the old man's will, she would be certain to choose for herself, and might as well be young Langley's wife, as marry any one else; if to be left portionless, she would be well off their hands; but Mrs. Walton, having three daughters of her own, was far too busy to manœuvre for a niece. And choosing to be ignorant they dexterously avoided her confidence when twenty times she was on the point of revealing her secret. Poor girl!—in the full liberty they would have said they awarded her, she lost the protection and guidance, which as a right the young should claim from their elders, even be they aliens and strangers. The Langleys, on the other hand, declined seeing because they had perfect confidence in the young diplomatist; the subject of Hamilton's engagement to Marian had never been mentioned between him and his parents, but in their heart of hearts they understood it exactly; and to judge from the easy manner in which he sundered the tie which bound him to the lady he had professed

to love, it would seem they had not over-rated his diplomatic talent. It was a master-stroke, considering he was but three-and-twenty.

To Marian Walton the sundering of that tie had been the sudden wrench from all that life has of brightest and dearest. One little hour before, the thing would have seemed impossible; but the throng who defied Alexander never thought of his sword. Like many another she had embodied a sentiment—an idea in the form of her lover, but not the less certain *for the time* was the wreck of her peace. The shock indeed was one which if it do not utterly crush, the mind arises from its prostration wiser and stronger; but alas! for the bitter schooling, the fiery ordeal! Speaking of true sympathy, Shelley finds a beautiful simile when he says—

> Thou wert unto my being
> As a rich goblet to bright wine,
> Which else had sunk into the thirsty soil!

Alas! with how many is the "rich goblet" but a shadow—a dream—while the pure and gushing fountains of a noble heart are lavished on the arid soil of an earthy nature! Thus had it been with Marian Walton.

With what a strange distinctness does life revolve on those two wheels—the inner world of feeling, and the outer world of action! Who that had witnessed Marian Walton that evening at her uncle's table, listening to the inane reminiscences of the day's shooting from the sportsmen of the party, and smiling when others smiled, could have guessed the heart's agony concealed beneath that composure? She had something, too, to thank those long dark lashes for, which hid the eyes "heavy with the weight of unshed tears." And scarcely yet could she weep even in the solitude of her own chamber.

CHAPTER II.

Six months had passed; and Marian, still her uncle's guest, clothed from his purse and fed from his table, had nevertheless learned a few lessons which prosperity could not have taught her.

"And you have positively and definitively refused Mr. Grant?" said Mrs. Walton to her niece.

"I have, Aunt, indeed," was the reply.

"I think you must be mad," returned the lady: from which courteous and kind rejoinder, we may fairly suppose that in Mrs. Walton's eyes Mr. Grant was an "eligible."

"Surely no madness in refusing a person I positively dislike."

"Rubbish! —— in your position."

"Believe me, I am conscious of my position, and extremely anxious to change it."

"Then why throw such an opportunity away? Do you know, Marian, you are neither growing younger nor prettier? I am sure I never saw any one so altered as you are the last six months."

"My glass tells me the same story."

"Then why don't you show common sense?"

"I will try to do so."

There was something in the tone of Marian's voice which displeased Mrs. Walton, or else she was seeking a vent for her rising anger.

"No impertinence, Miss Marian, if you please," she exclaimed; "I tell you what it is, I believe you were over head and ears in love with that handsome young Hamilton Langley; not that he ever cared a straw for you; I know he did not; he has told your cousin Clara as much. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself. I should be shocked to see one of my daughters give way to such folly — that I should."

And in her just indignation at the contemplation of such a horror, the matron bounced out of the room, while Marian drooped her head upon her hands, and burst into a passion of tears.

"A person of this name wishes to see you, Miss Marian," said a servant who entered about ten minutes after the last scene had closed, presenting a card as he spoke. "I showed him into the breakfast parlour, Miss."

Marian dried her eyes, and moved with alacrity to meet the friend, who evidently, in the servant's opinion, was not a drawing-room visitor. She held out both her hands to a little middle-aged man; who, dressed in rusty black, and with spectacles on nose, and cotton gloves on hand, looked precisely what he was—the trusted and trust-worthy clerk in a large mercantile establishment.

"Dear kind Mr. Matthews," she exclaimed; "how good of you to come this long way from London to see me."

"Not at all—not at all—have not had a holiday these two years—did not want one till now—our people said I might take a month instead of a week, if I liked—quite enjoy the country, for a day or two, but that is enough. Now, dear young lady, are you well? No, not with that pale face—and not happy, or you would not want to go governessing. What a shame it is."

"No shame, my good friend, for me to wish for independence. I wrote to you, because I knew that for my poor father's sake you would take some trouble for his daughter. Have your inquiries proved successful, have you found me a situation?"

"It was your father," said honest Matthews, with eyes as tearful as her own, "your father who was my first and generous employer, who in fact made a man of me, and while I have a roof to offer, a pound in my pocket, or a head and a hand to work, you, Miss Marian, shall never want a friend. But I know what you would

say, that you wish for independence—there it is;—you have found out, young as you are, that the stranger's bread is bitter—though little ought your own kith and kin to make it seem so. Well knowing that the truest kindness is to please people in their own way, I have attended to all your instructions, even to the letter 'of seeking channels where you would not be little likely to meet old acquaintances.' I can understand what you mean by saying your relations would care not for the reality of your earning the means of subsistence, though they would be offended if you humbled their pride by making public the fact. But, dear heart, how have you come by all this worldly experience?"

"You may well ask. A year ago I was so ignorant that I knew not my own place in this worldly world. Since then I have suffered—and suffering lets in all sorts of knowledge to the heart. But since I am so worldly-wise, it is fit I know if your inquiries have been successful."

"Yes, dear lady. But as I made them to please you after your own fashion, I have pleased myself by trying to serve you by another method. I have hopes—rational hopes—that in consideration of the services of your father's pen to the government in time of need, a pension will be granted to you. Trifling it will be, of course, but still, enough to rescue you from the pangs of dependence or the dread of want."

"My kind and generous, my only friend!" murmured the poor girl, who, overcome by her emotions, again found relief in tears.

"It may be some time before it is arranged," continued Matthews, "and it will be but sixty or seventy pounds a year. Does this make any difference in your plans?"

"Not the least; if you have but found me a home, where I can feel my daily bread is earned."

"I have."

And thus, at something under one-and-twenty, was Marian Walton launched on the ocean of "the world," to buffet its waves, and avoid its rocks and whirlpools, with no compass but PRINCIPLE, and no rudder but the knowledge she had learned "through suffering."

Triste and trite are the annals of "the governess." Wearying, monotonous days, months, and years. The shadow of life, without its sunshine. And yet it is a life of services for which—if justly considered, and they are justly performed—no gold can pay; but when will she earn in a life what an opera-dancer receives in a year? Acquirements, too, are demanded from her, ay, and are possessed too, which would put to shame the learned members of many learned bodies who tack half the alphabet, as incomprehensible initials, to their undistinguished names. But she is poor; on her has descended that curse of Adam which the rich can never comprehend. It is hers to toil; to struggle in the crowd for some grains from the harvest—which is so strangely divided, that while garner-houses are full, men starve. She is too right-minded to beg while she has head or hand to work; she is too pure to sell herself for a home, and call it marriage. And so she undertakes the holiest duty a parent could fulfil; and she receives, instead of honour, and praise, and love—too often contempt, insult, and indifference. She is used like a machine so long as wanted; and just on the same principle as a steam-engine must be supplied with fuel, is she fed and clad. No more. And then ——. Oh! when will Public Opinion be roused and righted; it is the only lever which can move "the world."

Marian Walton, during some years, passed through the usual phases in the life of a governess. As her kind friend, Matthews, had predicted, it was a considerable time before the affair of the pension was settled; and when at last it was arranged, it seemingly made but a trifling difference in her plans. Yet the real difference to her happiness was great; for in her worldly schooling Marian Walton had learned that money is the representative of power; nay, even of free-will. If Providence spared her life to old age, she had now no dread of lingering out existence on the doled-out alms of rich relations or former patrons. If present ills assailed her, she could often fly from them; and above all she could show, by a thousand little kindnesses to the children of her faithful friend Matthews, that she did not forget his services; as for repaying them, she felt that to be impossible. In short, notwithstanding her early trials, Marian Walton was far more happily circumstanced than the generality of governesses; and, as if to prove the fact, she did not grow prematurely old; on the contrary, she recovered the healthful, cheerful appearance, of which sorrow had for a time deprived her; and perhaps many would have thought her as worthy of personal admiration at eight-and-twenty, as when she was first described to the reader. But what a change is there almost always in the decade which commences at twenty! What a moulding and hardening of character! Alike, and yet how different was the timid, loving, clinging girl, from the still gentle, but resolute, thinking Marian, schooled by "suffering" and "the world!"

CHAPTER III.

MARIAN WALTON had been for a few days the guest of her old friend, Matthews, whose wife and children delighted to do her honour. By the way, the good man had met with a reward

for his faithful services, having been admitted a partner in the house to which he belonged.

"And so, my dear young lady," said Mr. Matthews, "you are still determined, even under existing circumstances, to find more pupils?"

"Quite determined. While I live so considerably within my income as actually to add to it, I am rich. Were I at present to endeavour to subsist on my pension, I should be always poor and struggling. No, no: I give myself a holiday now and then, when I feel as free as a bird. But here comes the postman—an answer, I dare say, to the letter I wrote yesterday. Do you know there was an advertisement in the *Times*, to which I replied. Only one pupil, and in London—just what 'under existing circumstances'" she added with a smile, "I should like. Ah! the seal, M. L., the same initials as the address."

Marian's hand shook slightly as she read the letter; and she paused a moment before she mentioned the contents.

"How very strange," she exclaimed; "a family I once knew something of, although I never saw the lady, who, I suppose, writes this. And, as if there were not to be a recognition," she continued, "she addresses me as Miss Walt*ers;* why, my caligraphy must have been worse than I thought it. She invites me to call on her at two o'clock. I must keep the appointment."

It was the widowed, but richly-dowered mother of Hamilton Langley who sought a governess—and for whom? Not for child or grandchild, but for an adopted pet—a plaything. Her hopeful son had offended, it was said, past forgiveness. Notwithstanding the promising opening of his career, and his early diplomatic practice, he had made a mistake, and married a wife without a penny. There is an old proverb about wandering through the wood to pick up the crooked stick at last. The lady of his choice, a widow, had neither youth, beauty, nor talent. Half the world said he had been deceived, not knowing that her fortune left her if she married again. The other moiety of the gossips declared that Mr. Langley had found out the blunder just in time to have escaped, but that there was a tall Irish soldier brother in the case, and that the choice lay between a wife and a bullet. (What a happy thing for Marian Walton that she had had no pugnacious relatives!)

It was into a gorgeous apartment that Marian was ushered; but, to a contemplative mind, the mistress of it was a miserable object. Old and feeble, and so deaf, that she knew little that was going on; yet was she attired in all the fripperies of fashion. Gems were upon her thin and wrinkled fingers, and artificial flowers decorated her flaunty cap and false ringlets. By one of those sudden caprices so common to such characters, she took an instant fancy to Marian. Possibly her remarkably sweet voice, which Mrs. Langley said she could hear distinctly, was the key to this high favour. She wished her to come directly—the next day, if possible; and with the pettishness of those unused to contradiction, would scarcely hear of delay.

One redeeming point did there seem to be, which, perhaps, even under ordinary circumstances, might have induced Marian to domesticate herself with such a character. The very instinct which had prompted her to adopt the interesting orphan girl Marian beheld in the room, was a sign that human affection had some hold in her heart. Yet what a sad reaping of a worldly sowing was it, to turn in old age to the stranger for something to resemble the love and tenderness of a child.

But there were other than ordinary feelings which induced Marian to undertake the duties of instructress to little Emma Harding; although she saw at once that to be companion and confidant of Mrs. Langley would be included among them. And she was right. With the garrulity of age Mrs. Langley related her sorrows—telling of her son's faults, by which he had forfeited his claims upon her. How he was a gambler and spendthrift—and how he had crowned all his errors by the fatal marriage. And now came the sure influence—always sure if time be given for its working—of a strong mind over a weak one.

Acquaintances—the rich, old, worldly woman had no friends—acquaintances began to wonder and gossip. There was even a wager that pretty little Emma Harding would be "cut out" by the new comer. The gravest fault the servants could find with Miss Walt*ers* (they would call her, as poor deaf Mrs. Langley did—so Marian grew tired of correcting them), was that she was reserved, or, as they called it, close. In a few weeks the management of the family was intrusted to her, and the dependants all allowed that she tempered justice with kindness and generosity. She was not exactly unpopular—though, to own the truth, people were a little afraid of her. She introduced strange persons to Mrs. Langley—a clergyman very often, and twice a lawyer. There was a Will made too, but nobody could even guess at its contents, though a certain lady's maid—who was thought to have ears as sharp as an Arab's—vowed she heard her mistress say to Marian, with sobs and tears, "what you my guardian angel dictate I will sign."

And so weeks and months passed away; a beautiful bond of affection springing up between little Emma Harding and Marian—while the influence of the latter over Mrs. Langley daily increased. At last there were signs that the shattered worn-out frame was tottering to the grave. Now the old lady kept her room—

and now were there urgent entreaties of some sort going on—though no one knew exactly what they were—on the part of Marian, the now acknowledged ruler of the household. Could it be possible that Mrs. Langley had been able to refuse her anything? No, she has yielded whatever the boon might be—and now there is writing of letters and dispatching of messengers, and another consultation with Marian's constant friend—that handsome clergyman.

Three days passed away and death was drawing nearer and nearer. The poor old feeble woman was thought to be insensible, when a travel-worn stranger arrived.

"Mr. Langley—your mistress's son"—was the announcement to the servants. And in a few seconds he stood in the presence of a mother whom he had not seen for five years.

The dying woman was supported by pillows; while at the foot of the bed kneeled Mr. Travers, the clergyman—and at the side Marian Walton, whose face was concealed partly by the draperies of the bed, and partly by her own rich flowing hair. With an effort of expiring nature, Mrs. Langley recovered a momentary consciousness. She stretched out her arms to her son, murmuring in broken sentences, "I forgive—I bless you. But—but—it is to her you owe it—it is she that has provided for you on earth—and saved *me* for the hereafter." Hamilton turned round to the person indicated, and though Marian did not raise her eyes with pride, or reproach, or regret, he staggered back, as if an arrow had reached him.

Pass we over all the cold solemnities of the house of mourning, its pomps and ceremonies. The funeral is over; light once more streams in at the windows, voices are no longer hushed—the involuntary homage to the presence of death. There is the empty arm-chair, and somewhat of an extra bustle and flutter and putting to rights, and every one moves about in sable garments; but the novelty of all this will soon pass away, and then—and then the dead will no longer be missed.

The Will has been read. There are legacies to old servants—five thousand pounds to Emma Harding—a diamond ring as a keepsake to Marian Walton—a few charitable bequests—and all, yes all the rest—the houses, and the carriages, and the jewels, and the tens of thousands in the funds, to Hamilton Langley and his infant children. On the last a considerable portion was secured. It now appeared that Hamilton had been a widower for some months, a fact of which his mother was unconscious; for so bitter had been her anger, that if his letters reached her they were returned unopened. Marian was the appointed guardian of the little Emma, and the testament distinctly repeated what, on her death-bed, Mrs. Langley had implied—that in all things she had been guided by Marian. It was the day after the funeral, and she, with her little charge, was on the point of leaving the house, being about for the present to take up their abode with the Matthews family.

Hamilton Langley and Marian Walton chanced to meet in one of the spacious drawing-rooms of that mansion. They were alone—and they had not so met for just nine years. For it was an autumn day; and this perhaps, with the circumstance of Marian's mourning garb, brought back to his mind a certain interview on a certain terrace. Rapid was the retrospect of years. How differently were they now placed! There is no telling what prompted him to say—

"How little you are changed, you are only more beautiful!"

"Mr. Langley!" exclaimed the lady in astonishment.

"Marian," he replied, with some show of feeling, "I behaved like a villain to you. If you would only now forget the past—or remember only that—that—we once loved each other."

"*Loved!*"

"Yes, did we not?"

"Certainly not." And now she raised those eloquent eyes courageously to his, as she continued, "You told me we should live to jest at our flirtation; I can do so I assure you. With falsehood on your side, and fancy on mine, it could be nothing very serious. Believe me nothing cures a woman's heart-wound so readily as the knowledge that the object of her preference is unworthy."

"And yet you have not married."

"True; I will send you cards when I do; and"——

"And what?"

"Why, as through your poor mother's influence Mr. Travers has obtained an excellent living, we may shortly hope to draw our long engagement to a close; but here comes Henry himself, he promised to be our escort. Good bye."

"Are you ready, my darling?" said Henry Travers, not seeing at the first moment there was any one else in the room, "and you, Emma, *our* adopted now," stooping to kiss the child who had run after him up the stairs.

An Honor to his Country
Humanity and Gentleness
THE MUTUAL PIECE-OF-PLATE PRESENTATION CLUB
An honest man's the noblest work of God
THE APOSTLE of TEMPERANCE

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

A LITTLE preliminary plain English—an illustrative prologue, not a flourish of trumpets—will be sufficient to lead the moral self-respecting reader, by an easy and natural train of reflection, to a proper appreciation of the objects contemplated by this new Society; of whose prospects as well as purposes we are happily enabled to offer an exclusive account.

It may be true enough that there is nothing which the world produces in such vast and superabundant quantities, as Merit. The daily supply is, no doubt, at least equal to a three-months' demand. But what is merit unrecognised, unrecompensed! Virtually, of no more consequence than an unfeathered peacock. Merit, without its reward and certificate, is a mere Frenchman without the ribbon of the Legion. The pure coin of gold or silver which everybody is in a conspiracy not to take, is of no more use to its owner, practically of no greater value, than the detected counterfeit. The claim to rank as "Most Noble," or to have a legal right to be addressed as "My Lord Duke," seems too absurd, when nobody, from

one end of life to the other, will consent to call us anything but "You Dick!"

We want to see merit universally acknowledged, obtaining a lawful stamp, wearing accredited honours, and carrying its credentials about with it; if in no weightier form than a snuff-box or a tooth-pick, subscribed for by admiring friends. We look eagerly for the dawning of the great day of philanthropy, when every man shall be able to refer to some more shining, more tangible testimony of his own manifold excellences, than his own bare word; pertinaciously contradicted, perhaps, by spiteful neighbours, who have known him all his days. And this bright dawn we may now hope to behold full soon—a dawn of best-plated, of real silver, and of silver-gilt—through the medium of the proposed association, described as the Mutual Piece-of-Plate Club for the encouragement of social virtues, the publicity of private character, and the elevation of bashful retiring merit upon a flaring brazen pedestal.

There can be little doubt that the world would have been a witness of its own virtue and glory in this respect long ago, but for the rooted prejudices existing among certain orders of moralists, who, though themselves eminently meritorious, are bitterly opposed to a general recognition of merit, and to all extension of its rewards and honours.

It is argued by these enemies to remunerated merit—who are of course inimical to the projected Piece-of-Plate Club—that the principle advocated strikes at the root of every constituted establishment in the country—nay, of every institution within the boundaries of civilization. They allege it to be a doctrine which never yet found favour in any age of the world; it was never tolerated but as a fable in any school; never practised but in caprice in any state; and that, above all, to adopt such a rule here in England, would be equivalent to turning the globe completely over in the air, and bringing New Zealand where the Observatory on Greenwich-hill is.

Institute such a principle as the recognition and reward of merit, and how—these moralists contend—will you provide for the extraordinary rush upwards in life which must instantaneously take place! Society would all at once become "top-heavy;" the people would be all head.

How carry on a war with an army nine-tenths officers! How maintain a representative government with electors all members of Parliament to a man! Could you enforce the game-laws, they urge, when every poacher turned out to be a justice of peace; or expect the due performance of multitudinous marriages, christenings, and burials, when every harassed jaded curate had dozed himself into a deanery, and was already dreaming of the mitre. It really might be dangerous—this we may fairly own—to make all your midshipmen rear-admirals at a move.

How would you get your play acted, they cry, when the whole company, including, of course, the "starved apothecary," claimed an equal right, on the score of merit, to be Romeo! In fact, how could the stage go on at all if merit were allowed to make its way on it! How prevent the boards from being crowded with young Norvals, down to the very float-lights! How stay the aspiring and meritorious call-boy, in his rush forward to seek collision with the rival Douglas there before him, whom he must be seen dashing scornfully aside, with, "*Your* name is Norval? Never. *My* name is Norval," *et cetera*. And this also may be a grave consideration with some of us:—who on earth is to pay us our dividends, when every little clerk in Threadneedle-street is figuring as a Bank Director, which is sure to be the case the instant real merit shall be recognised!

These arguments may be taken for whatever they are worth, without seriously affecting our faith in the proposed Club. More importance, perhaps, is due to other moral objections to which we are bound to allude—that a handsome recognition of merit often acts upon it as a sentence of expatriation, and that its reward is sometimes as an extinguisher to its luminous properties. It may be worth while to reflect whether we have not, before now, entirely lost sight of merit, by securing for it its due recompense and honour.

While your friend is unfortunate, neglected, and obscure—while his merit droops and pines in the bleak wintry shade of the world, and is only heard of at all to be scorned and denied—while it continues to be impossible, or nearly so, to persuade any man of ordinary acuteness that your despised friend is not a rank cheat—so long he is all your own; but when he has been proclaimed no impostor, but a hero—when he has found all the long-missing honours—when his merits are handsomely acknowledged, and virtue publicly owns her stray child, who is to be henceforth the pet—you feel that you have shaken hands with him for the last time. Fortune's note of "Welcome!" sounded like "Adieu!" He has gone where "Glory waited him," and where you are not wanted. While you alone spoke, your voice had a wondrous charm; but the world now echoes it; and he only cares for the echo. If you had desired his further companionship, you should have conspired with the rest—to keep his merits a secret, and to crush him. But you have obtained for him a crown of laurel, and not being used to it, it falls down over his eyes, so that he can hardly see you at all.

The effect of this is, to beget in many minds the suspicion, that merit is only merit while

nobody takes the smallest notice of it—that there are such things as spectral virtues, which vanish into invisibility with the light.

To these, as to the former class of objections, the sage and moral reader will give what ear he pleases. For ourselves, having suggested to him, though with brevity, a sufficient caution and guardedness, we proceed to unfold the principles and purposes of the Association now about to be founded.

The idea of a "Mutual Piece-of-Plate Presentation Club" was first conceived by a few estimable members of society, whose merit, while possessing many characteristics, is pre-eminently distinguished as of the kind called "modest." Having been subscribers, upon at least half-a-dozen rapidly succeeding occasions, to funds for the purchase of pieces of plate to be presented to friends and acquaintances of about equal intellectual pretensions and moral standing with themselves, it not unnaturally occurred to their minds—sharpened as their perceptions were by these repeated applications for two guineas—that it would be a shorter, a more delicate, and a far more economical way, to establish a regular merit-discerning and plate-presenting society: of which every one willing to subscribe, and possessed of sufficient virtue, public or private, might become a member—in the exalted certainty of securing, each in his turn, a glorious heir-loom—a touching and touchable tribute to his character, a memento of his perfections or a token of his services, rewarding them while living, and descending a lasting legacy to his posterity, in what seductive and insidious shape soever—salver or epergne, tea-service, cup, or candelabra.

It was easy to perceive, on the instant, that the idea involved numerous points of superiority to the practice hitherto in operation, as respects presentation pencil-cases, snuff-boxes, soup-tureens, and wine-coolers. Everybody knows that the present practice is, for some backward, blushing, modest creature, who has been serving his country for years and nobody the wiser—or ennobling the name of his species utterly unnoticed and unheard of—to get some conspicuously impudent friend to start the project of a piece of plate, with a subscription of ten guineas to begin with, which is, of course, never to be paid—save by the bashful cup-hunter himself; who is also good for sundry other subscriptions, entered at Coutts's and Drummond's—"Anonymous" giving five guineas, "John Smith, Esq.," three, and a "Friend to Retiring Merit" ten: to say nothing of several "Admirers," and a column or two of Initialists, put down for small sums at the end, to make up the protracted and unprocurable balance. But a check for a moderate amount covers the whole; and, after all, the heir-loom, with its handsome rims and handles, is devilish cheap.

Another plan, highly popular amongst a more audacious order of claimants, is to call on half-a-dozen influential acquaintances, and boldly avow that a splendid central ornament, with an appropriate inscription, is an object of considerable importance to their prospects, and of most anxious desire,—promising to do as much for every one of them in turn, and exhibiting, at the same time, a neat prospectus, with a printed list of the committee—which at once makes it quite too late to withdraw their names, and highly expedient that they should collectively curse their friend's assurance, and put down individually a guinea.

Not to improve upon such experiments is impossible. They may not invariably fail, but they always involve great hazard of failure, much hard work, and pitiful discomfiture. Even after the plate has been presented and sent home, and while it stands on the sideboard, an object of curiosity to envious visitors, it is awkward for the otherwise fortunate and honoured owner of the tribute to be compelled to account for the anomalous nature of the design;—to explain why there is nothing to be seen but serpents twisting about, and to lament that there were not funds enough—the subscription having perversely closed just as the work advanced to the present interesting point—for a young Hercules to strangle them. To be sure the omission has left a guinea or two extra for the engraver, who has elaborated the magnificent inscription accordingly, and given,

An honest man's the noblest work of God,

with surpassing effect.

Now, not only by the plan contemplated in the mutual-tribute principle of the new Club, will all such inconveniences and humiliations be avoided, but the candidate for the honours of a piece of plate will be enabled to take altogether a higher stand. His will be a more exalted, because a more moral position. His deserts will be fully recognised, and no thanks to anybody. He will not be placed in that equivocal niche of fame, wherein he is only elevated to glory by the kind partiality of friends. He will be most independent of the world, while in the act of reaping its honours. He will be crowned as the deserved, the admired possessor of genius and virtue—but he will honourably find his own laurels. *His* splendid tribute will be voted to him generously, not grudgingly. Whenever he may choose to give a dinner, his guests will have no opportunity of nudging each other, and circulating the whisper, "He spunged upon *us* for the spoons," or "*I* paid for those salt-cellars."

Moreover, upon this newly devised club-plan every candidate for the glories of gold or silver-gilt, will, while relieved from a shabby depend-

ence on his friends, enlist them notwithstanding in his service, and make them contributors to his honour. To his pride they will administer, with his pomp and splendour they will be associated; he will owe much to their honourable alliance, and nothing to their bounty.

Again: as all the piece-of-plate presentations must necessarily be regulated by the golden rule, do as you would be done by, the particular merit of each member, entitling him in turn to a tribute, will always be enhanced by that rarest of merits which consists in acknowledging other people's. By the first constituting law of the Club, no man can secure the honours due to his own virtue, without first joining in a testimonial to his neighbour's. Need we say another word in advocacy of the moral beauty of the plan!

This point, however, may be here lightly noticed. If excellence is to have its piece of plate, there can be no harm in seeing that the tribute has the hall-mark upon it. In other words, when we are receiving a reward, reason tells us to look to the value and fashion of it. Now, here the Club opens up a great field of advantage; for the meritorious man may not only secure his reward, but select the very pattern of it.

By the plate-presentations, common in society, a man too often gets what he has not the slightest want of. His friends spy out his virtues, and handsomely agree to give him what he has no wish for. Silver, in any form, except the one it takes—the boot-jack form—would exactly suit him; gold, in any shape but that of a shaving-dish, would be eminently attractive. But he must take what is offered, though it be absurdly inappropriate. He must take it with gratitude too, though it be useless. Through his smiling hollow thanks, he half blushes to think that the maxim, "beggars must not be choosers," is not entirely inapplicable in his melancholy case. The reflection does not help to make him feel that he has anything to be thankful for.

It is, possibly, in the discontent thus produced, that we must seek the hidden reason why so many beautiful memorials, the gift of admiring subscribers, are to be picked up cheap at the pawnbrokers' and the curiosity-shops.

How widely different will be the feelings engendered by the principle of the new Club! There, every gentleman, having paid up his subscriptions and become duly qualified for a testimonial, will be consulted as to its form and substance. If he happen to want a breakfast-service of silver, he will not be obligingly presented with a diamond snuff-box; and should he happen to prefer a classic vase, elegantly chased, he will not be expected to fall into grateful raptures with a set of dish covers. Truly, there is some distinction between one tribute and another; and there is no reason why virtue should be utterly indifferent to the intrinsic value of her testimonial. Humility may be content with a certificate of character written on vellum; but that foolish virtue ought to know that gold is far more durable, and of most excellent solidity for inscriptions.

We must now—having premised thus far, in a spirit not uncongenial, it is hoped, with the gentle reader's—venture to afford him a little insight into the constitution of the Club itself; admitting him to a peep at its machinery and prospects. All is far too incomplete at present for full disclosure, but we may glance briefly at a few of its proposed

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

The desire for honour, that is to say, for a friendly testimony to those qualities of "head and heart" which secure admiration and social esteem, is in all cases to be held as *primâ facie* evidence of the possession of them. In other words, the wish to attain, and to dispense too, the honours distributable by the Club, is to be taken as ample qualification for admission as a member.

A subscription of (blank) guineas is to be paid in advance by each member; and the funds so raised are to be exclusively devoted to the purchase of pieces of plate, bearing suitable inscriptions, testifying to the peculiar gifts (moral or intellectual), and to the eminent services (public or private), of the several members of the Society—such memorials to be presented by the general body, with due honours and ceremonies, to each individual, until the compliment paid by equal friendship has been equally experienced by all, and the tributary fire has, like an electric chain, encircled the Club.

For priority of tribute lots shall be drawn. In reference to the design, the taste of the receiver-elect himself shall especially be consulted. With regard to the inscription to be placed on the splendid gift, the form thereof shall be decided upon by a Committee, of which the respected winner of the memorial shall be an honorary member, that he may be present while it is being drawn up, to give accurate information as to his virtues and talents.

Every tribute to exalted excellence so voted by the Club, and paid for out of the subscription fund, shall be registered and regarded as a spontaneous free-will offering of heart-felt devotion and admiring regard, presented by the disinterested friends whose names are there inscribed.

While every recipient of club-honours is free to choose the pattern of his piece of plate, each will be expected to receive it exclusively as a testimonial to his own merits, and no bashful or super-virtuous member can be allowed to substitute for his set of silver tankards, richly

embossed with delicacies of Bacchanalian device, a necklace and bracelet for his wife.

Each memorial, as voted by the Club, shall be of a stated value; but the member-elect may enrich the tribute, turning silver into gold, or gilding it, at his own cost, upon making a proportioned and specified contribution to the funds.

The inscription, as adopted by the Committee, shall, in like manner, be considered as fixed, and declaratory of the universal sentiment; but each elected subject of the eulogies of the Club may alter, heighten, re-arrange, and add to such eulogies in his own case, on the terms indicated by the preceding regulation.

No member, however, can be allowed to make the least abatement in such encomiums, or diminish, reduce, or subtract from, any praises accorded to him by a vote of the Club, on any pretence whatever; and every offence so arising from undue modesty on the part of a member, must be visited by a forfeiture of the testimonial. The discharge of such painful duties will, it is hoped, be seldom called for.

The scale on which contributions, in purchase of the privileges specified, must always be regulated, will be equitably adjusted. Invariably, the highest intellectual qualities must be acknowledged by the highest rate of payment; and, as a general rule, it may be remarked that the assignment of intellectual gifts to a member must be paid for more liberally than moral excellence of an equal extent. So, too, it may be understood as a necessary regulation, that all recognitions of public virtue, on tributes presented by the Society, would prove costlier to the member honoured, than the most lavish record of private virtue, or the enumeration of personal accomplishments—for the obvious reason that they are so much more rare and valuable!

Thus, such phrases as "an ornament of the social circle," "an undeviating practiser of the domestic virtues," "the steadfast champion of the rights of friendship," and "the invariable promoter of disinterested philanthropy"—these, though eminently desirable in the catalogue of claims to an undying regard, are praises commonly attainable on no extravagant terms; but if it should happen that the member eulogized, desired to add to the testimonial, "the enlightener of his age, and an honour to his country," the designation would, of course, involve an additional outlay.

No member who was honoured in the Club for his virtues merely, and who had but contributed according to the scale in that case made and provided, could be allowed to squeeze into his inscription the obscurest hint about his genius, without a further contribution to the funds. "Admired and esteemed in all the relations of life" would be readily admissible; but the most distant allusion to "immortal fame" must be regarded as a special insertion to be effected on the usual terms. A motion that the word "advertisement" should be prefixed, has, however, been negatived.

The regulations of this friendly institution allude to another point which equally shows a discriminating spirit, in marking the boundaries of eulogy, and ensuring fair play and full protection to every member in his turn. A simple order of encomium, entirely deserved, and not lavish in any respect, is provided for by the brotherly feeling of the Club. A higher rate of eulogy may be specially arrived at, by the liberality and enthusiasm—rather, let us say, the superior self-knowledge—of the individual member appointed to receive the honour of the tribute. But there is a third degree of eulogium, of a still more special kind, which is only to be attained by the boldest self-approval, and a most ungrudging sacrifice. This will occur, whenever the introduction of names illustrious in history is demanded, with a view to particular reference and indirect comparison. Nothing points praise like a great name dexterously introduced—and nothing, according to the just decree of the mutual-tribute Club, should be so richly recompensed.

Thus, to speak proportionably, shillings might reasonably suffice for contributions, when the designation was that of simple "philanthropist;" but guineas would be too poor to buy the honour of being ranked as "a follower in the foot-prints of Howard." Any member of the Club, if he had sat in Parliament during a single session only, could find little difficulty in getting rated as a "lawgiver of a liberal turn of mind and an enlarged way of thinking;" but if his ambition demanded that he be styled "a direct descendant from Lycurgus," the exchequer of the Club would instinctively yawn for its deposit.

Every youthful patriot, when he had drawn his lot, would have a clear right to ascertain that patriotism was distinctly mentioned in the inscription upon his heir-loom; but a delicate allusion to Hampden or Washington could not be so cheaply conceded. So with the poetical members of the Society. When the voice of the Club had ranked them, without extra charge, as "children of the Muses," the ends of a generous justice had been reached. Should the young poets crave an express mention of Homer or Shakspeare—should they hint at a distant and respectful comparison, in the inscriptions upon their gilt cigar-cases, to Collins, Burns, or Keats,—their modesty must be content to blush in golden coins, paid into the treasury of the Club.

The fortunate members of the Mutual Piece-of-Plate Presentation Society, will also find that a scale of expenditure, admirably arranged, has been settled in relation to the various domestic

and social virtues, for which they may incline to be considered famous. An assignment of some of the best of these beautiful qualities is to be secured—engraven on the precious metals—at little more than prime cost. The abstemious and sober member drawing the lucky ticket for his tribute, will not only obtain assent to his design—Temperance on a tea-urn sighing at Bacchus—but the Club will add the inscription without charge. On the other hand, the intemperate member, who, beneath a crowd of festive devices on his goblets and sauce dishes, is anxious to introduce a stealthy insinuation touching the moderation of his appetite, must pay roundly.

As a general rule, we should say, that those members who would record as their chief characteristics upon their heir-looms, the qualities most opposite to their own in the flesh, would be the largest contributors to the funds of the Club. The larger the hypocrisy the greater the expense. Conjugal fidelity seems to rank high in cost. "An honest man" is almost a matter of course. "An affectionate son,"—"a fond father," are encomiums to be admitted, if desired, on every testimonial; but "a husband, whose inviolable constancy was beyond suspicion," rises into the class of special eulogy, and ensures, by its comparative rarity, a contribution to the fund.

After all, we have touched but on a few of the details by which the principle of the projected institution is hereafter to be worked out. As we hear more, we may reveal more. But sufficient for the present is the moral remark with which we close:—that if the design should save but *one* gentleman from an intrusion upon his privacy by a deputation to present him with a piece of plate, subscribed for on the hitherto approved plan, the projectors of the Mutual Piece-of-Plate Presentation Club will not have lived in vain!

THE DOCTOR'S APPLE-TREE.

A SCHOLASTIC STORY.

"Oh, the rogues! the ragamuffins! the young audacious and *edacious* varlets! They'll rifle my poor tree to the last apple. Talk of winter stock, indeed! Not a pippin will Mrs. Dummy receive into the *penetralia* of the store-room. But I'll be even with them at last, the rebels! *Quid opus est verbis?* I'll be on the watch this very night in the garden, and catch 'em *in flagrante delicto*—so I will."

Thus soliloquized, at the door of his own little back parlour, Dr. Dummy the Didasculus. In the matter of the apples, Dr. Dummy was a most injured schoolmaster. Not a boy in his establishment, who could assign the noun *pomum* to its right declension, and work properly through its cases, had been suffered to go with a watery mouth, for the want of an apple. On the contrary, the fruit had been dispensed with no niggard hand, so as even to have produced more than one slight case of what Dr. Dummy (whose love of Latin was reverential) called *angor ventris*—a kind of distemperature for which the smaller boys had no less forbidden name than that of "belly-ache." The tree in question, moreover, was the master's favourite tree, where he would sometimes forget, *sub viridi fronde*, as he phrased it, those vexations from which the mildness of his administration could not always exempt him. But when was the buoyancy of boys to be restrained by any motives which need the assistance of reflection for their exercise? The love of mischief—the spirit of adventure some mammas call it—is their ruling passion, strong in life. Whatever the respect due to property, boys will never cease to delight in petty larceny. The talent of secret appropriation is one which they cannot be brought to consider with the distrust and aversion which the best of their seniors justly prescribe. The Spartans of old understood this well, and gave licence to boyhood accordingly. Successful abstraction was tolerated, for the very adroitness which it supposed—while the performer of a lame transfer, the *detected* little rascal, was alone the object of a virtuous indignation. In our days, this Spartan rule is no longer applied to boys, although it sometimes glides into operation for the benefit of *men*. In the meantime, disguise it how we will, no apple is so sweet to the juvenile palate as that which is stolen; and the secret council, the sly detachment, the furtive march under evening shades, the scaling of the garden wall, the ascent and spoliation of the forbidden tree, the skilful retreat, the snug distribution of gains—these are the luxuries most enjoyed by the school-boy, that dearest lover of the romance of robbery!

Dr. Dummy's minatory words, intended for his own exclusive purpose, had reached the thirsty ears of the housemaid Martha, who had just passed him unobserved, and, catching his first exclamation, had made it a point of conscience to listen for what followed. All housemaids at schools are the confidantes of the boys, with whom they are joint lovers of fun, and partners in mischief. The alarming soliloquy of "Master," with its definite conclusion, of imminent import, was speedily conveyed to the young gentlemen. A council was called, at which Dashford, th

busiest and boldest, though not the biggest, acted as president.

[Scene of deliberation, the back bed-room on the second floor, immediately after the extinguishment of the candles, and disappearance of Smirke and Piper, the two ushers.]

"Well, here's a go, Larkins!" said Dashford, *sotto voce,* as he sat up in bed, with his night-cap pushed up over both ears, for vigilance sake. "The Governor's wide awake, that's clear."

Larkins.—He means to spoil our sport for to-night—but couldn't we play him a bit of a trick?

Buzzard.—We'd better not: what's the use of it? I see no good in it.

Larkins.—Pooh! you fool, you never see anything. You never see that it rains, till it pours. What a fellow you are?

Rumbold.—Let us do *something,* for the fun of it—no matter what. But there's so little time.

Dashford.—Plenty for use, but none for waste. Out with the pocket-lanthorn—it's in *your* box, Chidley—and light it at once. The Doctor wont stir till after his supper, so bustle's the word for *us.*

Larkins.—Bravo! But what are we to be at?

Dashford.—We'll get up a *Guy.*

Tubbs (a little boy with a squeaking voice).—Oh, my!

Dashford.—Don't make a row there, young whistle-throat. Turn the dark side of the lanthorn to the window, Chidley. Now for business, my boys. Dudmore, you must lend us your jacket and trousers.

Dudmore.—Oh yes, I dare say! What am I going to do that for?

Dashford.—Come, no nonsense, or I'll just serve you out, you know. Gollop, lug out all the things from the dirty clothes bag; we want plenty of stuffing. There, that's right. Hush! no questions yet. I'll put you all up to the plan presently. Blockly, you must make the *head.*

Larkins (rubbing his hands).—There's that pumpkin in my old box under the bed. It will make a prime head, won't it? Just the thing; and Wilder has got the mask that he frightened old Mother Crampley with the other day.

Wilder.—Here it is—a ready-made face for you; and not so very unlike Dudmore, either. D'ye think it is?

Dashford (gravely).—No joking; we must keep to our work. Shapely, shapely, there, Rumbold—too much stuffing in the middle. Don't give him quite so much of a corporation. You'll make him too fat by half-a-dozen shirts. Bannister, mind the legs; a pair of decent drumsticks, eh?

Bannister.—No, no, we'll make him a sort of a *calf.* There, he's a bit of a swell, in the lower line at least, in spite of the map of ink on the corduroys.

Postlewaite.—I've got a packing-needle *(rummaging his pockets),* and here's a lot of twine. Here goes for a finishing touch or two. Just pass the straps under the Bluchers, and make 'em tight. That's your sort!

Gollop.—What are we to do for the *hands?*

Dashford.—Oh! shove the *appearance* of them into the pockets, and leave 'em there to the imagination. That's it! Now, I call this, for a thing that's got up at the shortest notice, a tightish figure enough—a neatish style of a Guy. Ah! that cap of Wilder's goes nicely on his noddle; only pull it a little more over his eyes, or rather eye-holes. Now for a joiner. Postlewaite! four sheets well fastened together, my Trojan, in the twinkling of a bed-post.

Larkins (dancing about softly on tip-toe).—Tag-rag, merry-derry, perriwig and hatband! Capital! This is the thing—*quod rerum omnium est primum,* as the Doctor would say. You're going to stick up this funny little Frankenstein in the apple-tree, Dashford, eh?

Dashford.—You have it, Fred., that's my thought; Dummy will take him for one of the liveliest of *us,* as he's so bat-sighted himself, and then he'll find it's a jolly *do.* But I've another chance in my head besides——

Buzzard (after some whispering at the other end of the room).—Simpkin says he'll *tell.*

Tubbs (the little squeaking boy).—Won't I pitch into him, if he does, then? Only let him do it, that's all.

Dashford.—Bravo, my little man-minnow, there's the right spirit about you; but pitch your *notes* a little lower for present reasons. As for telling, Simpkin knows better. Now for the trial of "Here we go down, down, downy!" Larkins and I will do the trick.

Wilder.—The line's as fast as a rock. I'll let down *Mr. Newman* to join you below, as soon as you're ready for him.

The art of sinking by *sheets,* so often effectively practised in the literary world, was never better performed there than it was on this occasion by our young marauders. The moon had not yet risen, and, under favour of the night-shade, they soon reached the seek-no-further*—the Doctor's darling tree, which stood at the hither end of the garden, within forty yards of the house. Hoisted into the tree, and placed in as easy and natural a posture as could be expeditiously contrived, the phantom-figure was left to "do its spiriting" as it might—Dashford first taking special care, however, to fix its location in a certain far-projecting branch of the tree on the right-hand, for a reason. The enterprise being advanced to this point, the two juveniles were drawn up again into the now sleepless dormitory, where so many hearts, palpitating with emotions of *fun,* awaited the issue.

"*Nunc animis opus est, nunc pectore firmo!*" muttered the Doctor, as he rose from his supper of roast potatoes, and, with the short steps natural to his little round figure, sought his outraged garden. The moon at that moment held forth her lamp for his accommodation. When he arrived almost near enough to touch the tree, he was just enabled, by virtue of his dim optics, to make out that a figure was there. His spectacles uncased, and brought to bear upon the object, presently confirmed the impression.

"Oho! my young Mercury, have I found you out at last? Well, I protest! So there you are *in mediis rebus!* Come down this instant, and give an account of yourself—do you hear? Why, I declare, as far

* The term in Gloucestershire for a certain species of apple, and founded on a local fact. Two rogues, in the course of ransacking an orchard for its best fruit, came, not unobserved, to a tree bearing apples of this kind. "This will do," exclaimed one of them—"we'll *seek no further.*" The apples are of a somewhat rough surface, with plenty of colour, red, green, and brown, and a good hearty flavour.

I can see, it looks like Dudmore, it does—so quiet a boy as he always seems, too! Well, there's no trusting to appearances—*decipimur specie recti.* But why don't you speak, you rogue, eh? How composed the young spoiler looks there, with his hands in his pockets, and his head cocked on one side! Well this is *ultra modum*—a little *too* much, I protest. What, you won't come down? Then, my *puercule*, I must make you."

Albeit unused to anything at all like the malignant mood, the little Doctor was now thoroughly roused. Being ill-calculated for climbing, he began to shake the tree, as the best means of ejectment at hand. The provoking tenant of the long branch, as if in derision of his efforts, swayed to and fro with the communicated motion, his hands still in his pockets, and his head wagging about. The purblind schoolmaster tugged harder at the trunk, heedless, in his present irritation, of all consequences. Down tumbled headlong the object of his anger. Oh, terror and amazement! a heavy *flop*, and a splashing sound from out the bowels of the earth, announced to the Doctor's horrified senses that poor Dudmore had gone precipitately to the bottom of *the well*, which (be it here explained) had its yawning mouth immediately by the side of the apple-tree. To describe the excitement of Dr. Dummy at this catastrophe, were a task for the liveliest painter of the passions. He stamped, he danced, he vociferated in the most piteous Anglo-Latin; he flung his wig on the ground, and exhibited all the "quick denotements" of a lunatic. Out sallied a medley of conflicting runners from the house—wife, domestics, ushers. "Oh! the poor boy! *Hei mihi!* Lights, lights! The well! the well! Dudmore, poor Dudmore! I shall never forgive myself!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dummy," cried Mrs. D., while the gardener, who had made a partial descent, was fishing about with a long crooked stick for *the body*. "You ought to have known better—a quiet little man like you—who would have thought it! Fie upon you, Dummy! You've ruined me, and your children, and yourself too, that's what you have."

The appearance of the soused substitute, brought up in the face of moon and candles, presently changed the current of feeling. The sight was too much for quiet contemplation, and produced such a peal of merriment as set all the echoes of the garden in a roar. Smirke and Piper, the ushers, readier perhaps at a fortuitous laugh because of the gravity of their daily business, were almost in convulsions. Moreover, as the party turned to re-enter the house, the malicious moon, putting on her very brightest look, showed a number of grinning heads at the back bedroom windows, with the appertaining noses flattened against the panes, for closer observation of the "lark" that was going forward.

In all the ridicule which attended and followed this affair, there was fresh trial for the outraged temper of poor Dr. Dummy; who, had he possessed but a very small touch of the acerbity belonging to Mr. Squeers, of Yorkshire notoriety, would have flayed not a few backs of boys, for comfort of his choler. In the Doctor's anger, however, there was much more of thunder than of hail. His thoughts of punishment gave way on the morrow to the reflection *ira furor brevis;* and his genial countenance speedily lost all trace of the lines which offended dignity had "ruled straight" across his brow for that occasion only.

One little circumstance should not be here omitted as having characteristically quickened his restoration to good-humour. The word *malum*, by an odd coincidence, turned up for declension by one of the boys at lesson. After duly declining it, the lad exclaimed, with a waggish emphasis, *Malo malo quàm vivere cum malo malo!* Invited to construe his impromptu passage, he did so as thus:—*Malo*, I had rather, *vivere*, live, *malo*, in an apple-tree, *malo*, on an apple, *quàm*, than, *cum malo*, with a bad man.

Were the Doctor's apples *respected* in the subsequent time? No, but he himself was, in a duly increased degree. He continued to lose the produce of his favourite tree, whenever the chances growing out of temptation and opportunity were against him; for youth is predatory—must have mischief—and constitutes a "help-yourself society;" he continued therefore to lose his apples, but, what was far more than an indemnity, he preserved as many friends as he had boys; and whenever he happened to tell over the foregoing anecdote to any of his private friends, the worthy Doctor would smilingly wind it up with a maxim he delighted to quote from Juvenal, in favour of the juvenile—"*Indulge veniam pueris!*" or, in his own most liberal paraphrase, "Never beat your boys when they can do without it."

G. D.

SONNET.

TO MY MELANCHOLY.

Come, thou sweet mistress of my evening hours,
Companion of my walk, that otherwise
Were lonely—let us wander through the tow'rs
Of this grey pile, and hear the fitful sighs
The mournful breeze heaves through its wasting walls!
Hark! 'tis the surge of Time's eternal billow
That on the ear so sad and solemn falls!—
They hear it not, the sleepers, they whose pillow
Dreamless and cold lies deep beneath the soil—
Would we were with them, pale-eyed Melancholy!
Free from the weight—the burthen of life's toil—
Far from deceit, from insult, and from folly—
Bonded no more by ev'n Affection's chain—
Reckless of all as of the wind and rain!

W.

THE TWO YEW TREES.

BY J. AUGUSTINE WADE.

Lonely, and dark, and melancholy stood
Two Yew Trees in a valley—all around
Was light and loveliness—they only wore
The garb of mourning! Each inclin'd its gloom
Fondly towards the other—and 'twas strange
To mark how uselessly the sunlight strove
To waken them to gaiety and gild
Their shadowy forms with Day—which they refus'd,
Like sorrowers whose grief would not be cur'd.

As in the silent vale of Memory
Dark thoughts will gloom amid the greenest joys,
So did these twin-born mourners of the Glen,
Sisters in Melancholy, sadden there
While Spring's most happy smiles were spread around!
A stream, that had been noisy 'mid the hills,
And wak'd a thousand echoes with its roar,
Flow'd dark and silent by their aged roots,*,
Without a ripple on its surface sad!
In reverence the loud winds stopp'd their breath—
The wanton herbs and flow'rs that love the day,
Were far off from this solitude!—The birds
That had blithe notes there never sang their mirth!
But yet no baneful influence was nigh;—
No deadly aconite, or pois'nous breath
Of toad, or shriek of mandrake e'er impur'd
The wholesome melancholy of the shade!
Why were they there in loneliness of grief?
Why made they discord 'mid sweet harmony?
Youth and Affection lay beneath their pall—
Lovers were sleeping in the shaded earth,
O'er which a constant funeral was held
By the sad shrouding of the changeless Yews!

But let the Legend, that the white-hair'd bard
Sang in the halls of ancient nobles, tell
The story of fair Eveline and Lochlin!
To a sad ditty of his minstrel land
His harp and querulous old voice were tun'd;
And thus to list'ning maids and warriors,
The man of music Erin's music play'd:—

BALLAD: LOCHLIN AND EVELINE.

I.

The moon was mildly beaming
Her light along the shore;
'Twas mem'ry's hour for dreaming
Of joys that are no more!
'Twas then two lovers stealing
From lordly Castle Drome,

* "In the letters of Archbishop Usher (No. 81) it is stated by a Mr. Davis, who was employed by the Bishop to procure manuscripts for him in the East, that he learned from the Samaritans, that their nation pronounced the word Jehovah Yehueh, in Hebrew יהוה *Ieue*. Perhaps it may be thought far-fetched; but may not the name of the *Yew*, the very name of the God Jehovah, have been given it from its supposed almost eternity of life? It is generally believed to be the longest lived tree in the world. If this were the case, when a person spoke of the yew tree, it would be nearly the same as to say the Lord's Tree."—*Higgins' Celtic Druids, page* 25.

On Lough Neagh's bank were kneeling,
Weeping "Farewell to home!"

II.

The maid in many a story
For beauty's blush was nam'd;
The youth for deeds of glory
A warrior bold was fam'd.
But oh! their love so tender
Was crost by parents' pride,
Who'd sell their child for splendour—
A wealthy heart-lorn bride!

III.

"Soon, soon, our passage over,"
The youth in transport cried:
"Thy own fond faithful lover
Will clasp thee as his bride!"
But now the lake grew dreary,
And now the night grew wild!—
The maiden's heart was weary,
But love gave hope and smiled.

IV.

The lightning blaz'd—the thunder
Roll'd angry o'er their heads!—
Their frail barque torn asunder,
They found the billows' beds!
Next morn the wild bird flying
All heedless o'er the wave,—
Deem'd not how near were lying
Two lovers in one grave!

PSYCHE, LOVE, AND THE BUTTERFLY.

BY MISS PARDOE.

Cupid, the poets sing, once stole
A feather from the wing of Time;
He plunged it in the crimson bowl,
And fashioned it with art sublime.
"Psyche;" he said; "how blest 'twill be
While recording my love for thee!"

He sat beneath a plantain's shade,
To shield him from the noon tide-beam;
And of its leaf the page he made,
Destined to hold the fairy dream;
But when he sought to work the spell,
No character was legible.

"Psyche," he murmured pettishly,
"Fair page and fitting pen are here,
With which I fain would prove to thee,
How loved thou art; how fair, how dear—
But see, this pilfered plume is pale,
Nor will it trace the tender tale.

"I'd dip it in the rainbow's beam,
But that its tints are all so blended,
That, if I did so, I might seem
To tell thee what I ne'er intended;
I'd bid it drink thine eye's blue light,
But how could dazzled Cupid write?"

While thus he spoke, a butterfly,
Unconscious of their vicinage,
On gorgeous wing came floating by,
And 'lighted on a lily's page;
(Opened alone, 'tis said indeed,
For the bright golden sun to read.)

On tiptoe rose the child of Venus,
And gaily to the maid he cried,
"I think, young beauty, that between us,
Yon insect in its vest of pride
Might soon be caught, and with its wing,
I'd write thee many a glowing thing!"

The willing maiden, prompt at pleasure,
Sprang forward with a gentle bound,
And grasping at the fluttering treasure.
Laughed till the valley echoed round;
For, rising from the flower, the fly
Settled upon her warm lip's dye.

"Away!" cried Love, with jealous finger
Sweeping the insect from its hold;
"And is it there you seek to linger?
Methinks that you are over bold!
Away! nor dare, vain, fickle thing,
To press her rich lip with your wing."

"Fierce words!" exclaimed the fly, surprised,
"Fickle and vain! I'm quite perplexed
To know what can have authorised
Cupid to preach from such a text!
When all Olympus knows, that he
Is vain and fickle as can be."

"Peace! Peace!" said Pysche with a smile,
And kissed the gloom from Love's young brow,
"All was so bright and calm erewhile;
Why should we raise a tempest now?
Be silent, both—you're both to blame—
And now, dear Cupid, to our game."

But Love still pouted,—Love will pout
When subjected to opposition;
And Psyche entertained some doubt
Of this flaw in his disposition;
So (woman like!) she smiled the more,
Until his angry fit was o'er.

Time's plume they tinted with the wing
Of the bright subject of debate;
Who little guessed so light a thing
Would influence many a fair one's fate.
Thus, half in anger, half in jest,
Were Love's first characters imprest.

And thus it is in modern days;
The feeling of that hour remains,
And written line to beauty's praise,
Still somewhat of its spell retains;
For, mingled on the page we see.
Love, Fickleness, and Jealousy!

THE ADVENTURES OF A SCAMP;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY; CONTAINING MY BIRTH, PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND FORTUNES AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS WE SEE EVERY DAY, AND MY TRAVELS AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS HAVE NOT HITHERTO BEEN SEEN BY MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN; DIGESTED FROM MY DIARY, AND OTHER MEMORANDA, BY ME,

GEORGE AUGUSTUS DELABOUE BAGGES.

CHAPTER V.

ELECTION PRELIMINARIES.

When dinner was announced, the Mayor was playing with the receipted bills between his finger and thumb. There it was recorded that he and his brethren had dined—dined, in the large and orthodox sense of the word: they had religiously obeyed the proverb, that "good eating requires good drinking." It was true that my father had only looked at the amount; the deputation were blessed with elastic stomachs, and their tailors had studied room and ease in their waistcoats rather than an Inkson style of fit, but then——

My father did not leave the Mayor in his rumination—he understood the civic rules of diplomacy. "I know, Mr. Mayor, that it is intruding upon your good nature and that of your friends to ask you to dine at so very short a notice; you must put up with what you find; but you know we all must dine somehow, and I only wish I had been better prepared."

"Why, really," said the Mayor, looking happily round upon his companions, as much as to say, I've got you into a good thing here—"really we have been taking a—something"——

"Yes, yes, a lunch," said my father; "and if it was a good one, so much the better for you; but, remember, you've to travel, gentlemen. Come, you must do Mrs. Bagges the pleasure; she must not be disappointed in her little hospitalities; you must stretch a point to indulge me."

Butt put his hand under his waistcoat—he could get it in.

"I think we have turtle and a haunch," said my father, "and with what else may be found"——

If the Mayor had hesitated a moment longer, he would have lost his popularity for ever; the deputation had instinctively approached the door.

"We will have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Bagges, gentlemen?" said the Mayor.

"Of course," replied Butt, in a tone as if he could have put "you stupid ass" at the end of it.

My mother, to avoid accidents, had already gained the dining-room. The deputation reached it in safety. The guests were seated—the Mayor on my mother's right—and the serious business began.

In London, with a due disregard of economy, it is always easy enough to improvise a dinner; the more especially if you happen to have the substantials at the kitchen-fire, and good taverns and pastry-cooks in the neighbourhood. My mother had been energetic; she had even imparted her spirit to the footmen, by saying that it was an election business; they saw all kinds of delicious riot—a saturnalia in the very name; each ran, ordered, and sent in, as if he had himself intended to be member for Swinestead, and had deeply studied the taste of its inhabitants.

So, as my father modestly observed, "there was a dinner, such as it was." The deputation evidently thought so; they went to work like bull-dogs, all bite and no tongue.

The first who broke silence, excepting only the noise of spoons and plates, was Mr. Wallop, who muttered a sort of apology, for sending his plate a third time for turtle, by saying that "he could swim in it."

"There's something else to come, Wallop," said the Mayor, who, like the majority of his brethren, was finishing his heap of turbot and lobster sauce; and he winked at my mother, as much as to say, "Wallop doesn't quite understand manners."

"Every one to his taste," said Wallop, sulkily, "I an't come to turbot yet, Mr. Mayor."

I thought I had an opportunity: "The gentleman opposite us is classical, Mr. Mayor," I observed, "or rather historical; he is like the royal Clarence, who chose to die in a butt of wine; only our friend is wiser, he says he could swim in the soup."

"I hope you intend to bring that young gentleman down with you to Swinestead, Mr. Bagges," said Wallop, absolutely suspending the operation of his spoon for an instant; "with learning and abilities like them, Sir, he's enough to turn an election."

"Hear! hear!" said the Mayor, determined not to be outdone in praising the heir of the house of Bagges.

"Hear! hear!" echoed the deputation.

"Your very good health and speech, Mr. Bagges, Jun., Sir, and may you live to make a many of 'em, and to tread in your father's shoes when he kicks 'em off for you, Sir," said the Mayor.

And so, with breaks according to the fulness of their mouths, and such variations as loose

memory might occasion, echoed the deputation, all taking good care to fill bumpers.

"We will not trouble you for a speech now, Mr. Bagges, Jun.," said the Mayor; "no, Sir, for your convenience, we'll drink the toast again after dinner; not but what, when we get you to Swinestead, we shall drink your health two or three times at a sitting, if you make proper speeches in return. It is good practice, Sir, agreeable for both parties."

I felt the colour burning in my face. If my father might almost call himself M.P. *in præsenti*, I might style myself M.P., at least, *in futuro*.

The silence which ensued would have been embarrassing, but for the celerity of the remove. It was further broken by some observations from Mr. Swizzle upon the pictures in the room, there being two portraits of my mother and one of my father. Those of my mother were like, "but too melancholy," as Mr. Swizzle said; indeed each gave some idea of pain, with this difference, that the forefinger of the right hand seemed to indicate the ear-ache, or an unpleasant deafness, as the cause of it in one picture; while the same index pointed out the seat of the affliction as being in the digestive organs in the other.

Everything must have an end, and so at last had the dinner, which brought itself to the most natural close possible, by the declaration of each individual guest that he "couldn't eat any more or else he would," and more exact truth, perhaps, was never spoken. The cloth was removed, the wines were marshalled, and my mother left the table; but not till the Mayor had proposed her health, in a set speech, with his hope to see her patronizing the select balls in Swinestead, "when her excellent spouse should stick M.P. after his name."

Then began the bargain. It was principally conducted between my father and the Mayor, not only on account of the unlimited confidence placed by his fellow-citizens in that officer, but because the wine taken at this dinner, added to the wine taken after the other dinner, had reduced the conversational powers of the rest of the party to occasional interjections. The Mayor prided himself upon the faculty of "seeing all his brethren out." Whenever he had occasion to drink "before business," he always took a quantity of sweet oil, which, preventing the fumes of the liquor from ascending, drove all the effects into the system, and purchased present discretion at the price of future gout. On leaving the tavern, he had swallowed his dose of oil, so that the wine he could take afterwards was a mere question of capacity, and in that he was peerless.

"And now, my dear Sir," said my father, assuming the chair my mother had filled, "short reckonings make long friends. I like to see my way; plain sailing above everything, Mr. Mayor; if I should be tempted to stand for Swinestead, what is to be the damage?"

"That's coming to the point, Mr. Bagges, Sir," said the Mayor. "Why, you see, Swinestead is sometimes called, rather—rather a dear seat; but what then? It is an independent borough. If a gentleman, Mr. Bagges, goes in for other places that I could name, only I don't want to speak ill of my neighbours—if he goes in for them, I say, he's expected to be in a manner consistent; whatever he says he's expected by his constituents to act up to in a measure, or, at all events, to stick to his party. Now this isn't always convenient for a member. He has paid his money, and he ought to have his money's worth. And I say that if he has a independent vote for a independent borough, so that he can go just which way he pleases, and no questions asked, it's a cheaper article after all for a gentleman to buy, and more profitable for him to get his own again with, and something else to it into the bargain, than when a member's to be called to account for this and that and the other, and may be unseated next time only for doing what he likes with his own."

"That's all excellent sense," Mr. Mayor," said my father.

"Then we'll come to items, Mr. Bagges, Sir," continued the Mayor. "First, there's the late lamented Alderman Sir Peter Podgely's fixtures to be took to."

"His fixtures!" said my father, in some surprise.

"His fixtures, Mr. Bagges, Sir," replied the Mayor; "he's left 'em in good order, and they'll come pretty cheap."

"Oh!" said my father; "but—but"——

"Ah! I see," said the Mayor, "you're new to Parliamentary business, Mr. Bagges, Sir; all these things take time; I was green myself at first, Sir. Why, fixtures is what he has run up, and which nobody will ever pay if the gentleman that is to succeed him don't. So as this would be a great loss to the borough, and fall very hard upon the trade, Sir, we always look to the fixtures first."

"Ay, ay," replied my father; "and these fixtures—?"

"Why, we can't specify to a pound or two, Mr. Bagges, Sir, but we can give you an idea: there's the Independent Club, that is always supported by the members; it meets once a month to keep the voters together; and every voter has a quart of ale; his wife, a pint; his children, pint or half-pint according to age. That's for the common voters; the Corporation isn't expected to drink ale."

"No—no," said my father.

"The Corporation, therefore, goes to wine, or brandy and water, *ad lib.*, which, as our Re-

corder says, means up to their throttles. That account's settled every year; and the late lamented was only one year in arrear, and near upon three quarters more since, so that isn't so much."

"But for the year, at all events," said my father, "Sir Peter's estate"——

"Oh! bless you, Mr. Bagges, Sir," interrupted Sucker, "it isn't for us to be looking after estates. The claim's all due, right enough of course; but what justice do you ever get of the law, Sir? There would be some quibble or other about the consideration that would filch us out of our rights; executors and heirs never act like gentlemen: so what are we to look to? why, naturally, the next comer."

"Ah!" said my father, slightly sighing.

"It's as broad as it's long, after all," said the Mayor; "if you was to pay the debt of nature, why, the club score would be cleared as far as you're concerned. We should never think of vexing your poor dear lady with applications as we should get nothing by, or your very hopeful and promising son—unless he should be desirous to walk in his father's ways, and take to the fixtures like any other gentleman; and proud should we be to give him the preference, for his late lamented father's sake."

"Ay, ay, time enough to think of that, I hope," said my father; "pray fill, and give me the bottle, Mr. Mayor."

"With all my heart, Mr. Bagges," said Sucker, obeying, "and, gentlemen, here's Mr. Bagges's very good health, and success to him in Swinestead, and many merry days to him in Parliament for that borough. Three times three, gentlemen; and no further speeches or other ceremony, because we're upon business, and the mail starts at eight, and won't wait for us though we've booked it all to ourselves. Mr. Bagges, Sir, we hope we shall hear your voice often enough returning thanks at Swinestead."

My father bowed and smiled, yet rather abstractedly. He had been calculating. "Counting each voter, with his wife and family, to cost me six shillings a year for the Independent Club, Mr. Mayor," said he, "that account must be under £250; then add what my excellent friends of the Corporation may have done me the honour to put up to my score before I had the pleasure of their acquaintance; put that down at as much, £250 more—say £500. Well, well, we should not fall out about £500."

"Of course not; no gentleman of liberal spirit would do that," said the Mayor; "not that we can be nice to a shade about amounts of that sort; publicans furnish these things, and they have votes and influence, and in these cases all the dealings are upon honour; in election matters we're all gentlemen alike, and no gentleman likes to have his honour doubted. But from your style of settling our little bill and expenses to-day, I don't think you'd fall out with the victualling interest. Do the thing, Mr. Bagges, Sir, in Swinestead, in that style, and it will be quite satisfactory."

"Ah," said my father, "but I reckon you, Mr. Mayor, and these gentlemen, as my own personal friends; a hundred or two, for your good pleasure, I hope, I should never be a niggard about; but why can't we manage the general borough accounts upon something like a business principle?"

Sucker paused, looked round the room, and having collected from the little remaining intelligence of the eyes that were fixed upon him that he was expected to do his duty, he assumed a cast of countenance virtuously severe. "What do you think, Mr. Bagges, Sir," said he with an impressive loudness, as if determined that all who had sense left to hear him, should hear—"What do you think, Mr. Bagges, Sir, is the cause of that popularity, Sir, which I am proud and happy to say I possess in Swinestead, Sir, but this principle, Sir, that whatever I get for myself it is well known I will get for all the rest of the freemen? Upon what principle, Sir, do you think I have the power, Sir, to make you an M.P., Sir?" Here, but for his face and figure, Sucker might have sate for the portrait of the king-making Earl of Warwick. "What Sir, but that I shall do the best for the town in general, in general, in, in so doing. That's the rule of propriety, Sir, we go upon in Swinestead. This deputation, Sir, Mr. Bagges, Sir, which has had the honour of eating your dinner, Sir, is selected in that wise way, Sir. We are all a family at Swinestead, Sir, never trusting one another, because there's no need. There sits Mr. Wallop, Sir, representing the public interests of the town, the victualling department; there's Mr. Butt, for the drapers, and such like; Mr. Swizzle is entrusted with the ladies' interests, and Mr. Potter, who acts for the operative manufacturers; Mr. Snaggs and Mr. Growl are patriots as watches all the rest, and one of 'em would come in for Mayor if I was to be indiscreet and tip myself off my perch. So, Sir, put all preference and corruption, Mr. Bagges, Sir, out of your head, for they arn't of no use in Swinestead, Sir. Our motto, Sir, is 'Share and share alike, and no gammon.'"

"Hear! hear!" growled and muttered the deputation.

"Well! well!" said my father, rather baffled by this complete organization, "we'll get in the accounts and see:—What next?"

"A trifle for the rent of the sheds in which the independent voters meet at their monthly club," said the Mayor.

"Surely they might meet at the inns," said my father.

"Mr. Wallop will tell you, Mr. Bagges, Sir," said the Mayor, "that the respectable innkeepers

don't like having to clean after the freemen on those occasions, especially as the freemen are obliged to bring other people with them, the unrepresented interest, who take their share of the constitution out in the beer, and very proper too that in a land of liberty they should have something."

"That *is* the ticket," asserted Mr. Wallop, deliberately and solemnly.

"Humph," said my father: "Well, well, Mr. Mayor!"

"The next item," said Sucker, looking complacently at Swizzle, "is something pleasing to the enlightened and benevolent and domestic and enlarged mind."

"Hear! hear!" said Swizzle, in a tone quite attenuated by his own fulness.

"It is the public school, Sir, quite a credit to the place," said the Mayor, "which was established before the late Sir Peter Podgely came in, but which he said he would maintain as long as any of his family might represent Swinestead. Now there is none of his family left to represent it, but that's no reason the school should go down, so we determined to make a fixture of it. You can have it, Mr. Bagges, Sir, upon the same terms, as long as any of the Bagges family shall represent Swinestead, of which there looks to be good hopes for many a year; and only think, Sir, that it is for the borough interest of any family to bring up all the children in it as if they was your own."

"A serious charge, Mr. Mayor," said my father, his face lengthening visibly.

"Two hundred and seventy pounds a year does it handsome," said the Mayor—"house rent, principal master and two assistants; you always get people of that sort, that has only their heads to depend upon, very cheap, and if it warn't that they have votes it might be done for less; only in that we bow to Mr. Swizzle. And when you come to think, Sir, how it conciliates the mothers to get all their brats, with their noise, out of the way, and what a pretty show they all make at a chairing—and I will confess when the Corporation walks to church to see me or any other gentleman consecrated as Mayor!—it is really worth the money."

No doubt, no doubt," said my father, much as if he were swallowing a pill.

"They are educated in true Church principles, I trust?" he resumed with an effort, wiping his forehead.

"Their blue flags, banners, and all "Church and State" upon 'em, in large gold letters, which a member generally has regilt at election times," replied the remorseless Sucker; "there's not above half a year due upon that and the gilder's bill! that being settled, there's the subscriptions to the local charities, and the bowling green, and the beautifying of the market-place and town-hall, and the reading-rooms, all left to generosity, which with Mr. Bagges will create no dissensions. Then there's the members' cup at the races and the stewards' ball; you'll get out of the races altogether for about a hundred; Swinestead is not like Epsom, we're moderate; so we may say, as far as that list goes, that job's jobbed."

"Ah!" said my father, drawing a great breath, at last, "let's have a glass of wine now, Mr. Mayor."

"By all means," said Sucker, filling and putting the bottle round, "and now we can come to the next point, the head money."

"More!" exclaimed my father, quite aghast.

"Ah, my dear Sir! the head money is the very principal part of the business," said the Mayor, "the rest are all little advantages to the town in general, but many's the person looks to his head money to make up his rent and pay his outstanding bills, and a sore thing it would be for Swinestead if they couldn't count upon it from one election to another. Your head-money's two-thirds disposed of now, Mr. Bagges, Sir, I'll be bound."

"If I entertain this, Mr. Mayor, is it the last item?" asked my father.

"All but the trifle of fifty pounds to be thrown among the people at the chairing, which all goes to the public-houses, and is part of the perquisites of the victualling department, as Mr. Wallop will certify, Mr. Bagges, Sir," replied the Mayor.

"Well then! well then! what is the head-money?"

"But four guineas a piece to your own voters, Mr. Bagges, Sir. To be sure, as the other side goes upon family influence, which there is none, and purity of principle, which is an insult to our understandings, you'll have at the least, four out of the five hundred. The clergy and gentry, you know, can't take these things; every station in life has its disadvantages."

"Sixteen hundred guineas!" said my father.

"Imagine you're correct, Mr. Bagges, Sir," replied the Mayor, with the most complimentary smile, "you're used to calculations, any one may see, Sir; a practical man, just fit for Swinestead, and always looked up to in the House."

"To be looked up to in the House," brought a smile of satisfaction on my father's face. The Mayor knew his business.

"Come, come, Mr. Mayor," said my father, "four guineas a head in some cases may be necessary, but remember the time is but short, you have come to me at the very last moment. I wish to be just, two guineas I don't mind. Come now, you'll not better yourselves."

"Really, Mr. Bagges, Sir," said the Mayor, "after keeping us in conversation here till this time, and the coach starting in half an hour, and the nomination to-morrow, I must say it is

taking rather an unhandsome advantage of us to bate us in that way."

"Why, Mr. Mayor, had you applied to me earlier you would have had an earlier answer," replied my father: "but I am bound as a prudent man to draw a line. Sir Peter Podgely's affairs are said not to be in very good trim, and that ought to be a lesson to me. I am a man who deals at a word, Mr. Mayor—two guineas a head."

The Mayor thought for a moment—at length his eye twinkled, and he replied, "you're too hard upon us, Mr. Bagges, Sir, too hard upon us. You see the line we're in, and you're determined to have it your own way; well, two guineas I suppose it must be."

"Very well, very well," said my father.

"And a nice election it will be for you, Mr. Bagges, Sir, getting in in this very free and independent way without bribery."

"Without bribery!" said my father, astonished beyond all prudence.

"Of course," replied Sucker imperturbably. "Bribery, Mr. Bagges, Sir, is when all the candidates spend money for votes and the election goes to the highest bidder—that's bribery, Sir. They stand upon their purity of election, which lets you in cheap."

"Cheap!" said my father.

"These things are not done for nothing," said the Mayor.

"No," assented my father.

"The best friends must part," said the Mayor, "will you allow me to ring and know if our coaches are at the door?"

The footman announced their arrival.

"And now the parting glass, a bumper to our new member, gentlemen," said the Mayor, "with the honours."

Considering the state of the deputation, this was responded to with great vigour; it was a last rally, an expiring effort of electoral heroism.

All shook my father by the hand, and reached their vehicles with the assistance of our household.

The Mayor got into his conveyance last.

"He, he—has d— done us about that two guineas," stammered Butt to Sucker, as they departed.

"Hook 'em snivey," replied the Mayor, collectedly.

I returned to the dining-room from the fun of seeing out the deputation, and found my father in a brown study with his back to the fire, and his coat-tails tucked under his arm.

"It will cost more than a trifle, George," he said at last, and rather, as I thought, with something between dread and compunction, "but it will be a beginning in the political world, and I saved that eight hundred guineas, at all events."

"Ye—es," said I.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR FIRST APPEARANCE IN SWINESTEAD.

As there was much business to be done that evening, and the decanters were empty, my father ordered a cool bottle of Port; he then despatched a messenger to Mr. Winder, his attorney, with a note, stating his immediate want of able professional assistance, and he wrote a few lines to be delivered to his partner, Mr. Rags, at the banking-house the next morning, telling him shortly of the intended expedition, and that a few thousands would be drawn on the occasion. He then ordered post horses for midnight, sent a groom on for relays, and told me either to get what rest I could now, or trust to the comforts of the carriage for a night's repose. It was no time for me to sleep; my father's excitement had a great deal of anxiety in it, mine was all enjoyment.

In less than an hour, Mr. Winder arrived. He was dressed rather showily for an evening party, but an election was a thing after his own heart, as he said "it always led to so much," so he had quitted his friends immediately.

Two persons must be, by his advice, instantly secured; the first was Mr. Macer, *alias* Jobbs.

My father started at an *alias;* he was not aware that electioneering practice came so near the Old Bailey.

Moreover, Macer, or Jobbs, or ——, for his names were unlimited, was to be trusted with the funds.

My father shook his head, Winder knowingly wagged his in return, and smiled.

"Has it not often occurred to you, Mr. Bagges," said Winder, "in the great experience you have had of the world, that all men are rogues, one way or other, and yet very honest where their own particular bit of roguery is not in question? A baker, who will adulterate his bread so as to make it slow poison, and give short weight to a starving beggar, would be horrified if he were accused of filching out of his neighbour's till. You yourself, Mr. Bagges, if you heard a report upon 'Change that would bring stocks up, you being at the time a bull, you wouldn't contradict it, if you knew it to be ever so false, though it should ruin your next neighbours in Lombard-street. You'd think only how much of their business might come to you. One could no more trust you there than a peer with a canal bill where he has land to sell to the company. All fair in the way of trade, you'll say. Now I myself—I'm candid—I shouldn't wonder if I've some little flaw of that sort! of course, I don't know what exactly, or I should mend it. We all have! we all have! It is not an overgood world, and we must live in it, so why should we doubt poor Macer? In his way, he's as honest a fellow as ever breathed. I'd not mind trusting him with fifty thousand to-

morrow. The great thing is, Mr. Bagges, not to steer clear of rogues altogether, for if you did you'd never get on at all, but to know what they are rogues in and what they are not, and use them accordingly."

"Ah!" said my father, rather amused, a little enlightened, and yet not quite pleased at being introduced among the knaves, so he swallowed a glass of wine to compose himself.

"What says the immortal Shakspeare?" continued Winder, for on the subject of roguery he was an enthusiast; "'We are all knaves, believe none of us.' He was a judge of human nature, Mr. Bagges, he knew a thing or two. Well, then, let us come to Mr. Macer."

"Ah! well, well, I suppose you know best," replied my father. Every one is timid where he does not know his ground. Courage is greatly a matter of habit; a Nelson might tremble in addressing an audience, and Demosthenes ran away in a battle; so my father, who was usually a confident person enough, had very little of the pleasure of presence of mind in his entrance upon electioneering. After a pause, he inquired, "Who is Mr. Macer?"

"Ah! my dear Sir," said Winder, "that is exactly the question; if people could find out who he is, he would be of no use in the world. Above all, it is important that you should know nothing of him. I shall not see him myself. I shall drop a line to A. Z., at such and such a place, telling him anonymously that there are certain funds in gold which will be left with him at a certain time. Moreover, in another letter, which no one but he could ever discover came from the same person, I shall tell him that you are a candidate for Swinestead, and that the poll is fixed for a certain day. At Swinestead a person appears and acts, whom you have never seen or heard of before, and does a great many things which you never authorised. Now, Sir," asked Winder, triumphantly, "when it comes to a petition, where's their evidence of agency? Who is to connect you with any act of this man's?"

"But if they get hold of him?"

"Leave him alone for that; if they were to meet him they would not know him again."

"But, really," said my father, "if he were to bolt with the money, or to find it worth while to sell himself to the opposite side?"

"My dear Sir," replied Winder, "let me impress upon you that that is not in his line of roguery. Before an Election Committee, if any body could ever get him there, no doubt he would swear black is white; in an election itself he wouldn't hesitate at any forgery whatever that might damage the opposite side; that's his business. It was he that got a lot of the Red electors at Avonmouth on board of a schooner for a pleasure trip, by hoisting their colours, and pretending he was in that interest, and gave them a voyage to Norway during the whole fourteen days of polling, kept them very drunk during the whole time, brought them back to another port, and was never more heard of in that quarter. I mention the little trait to show you his talents. But it would not be worth his while to sell his character, it is worth a thousand a year to him."

"That *is* a reason," said my father. "Well, Mr. Winder, our bank will answer your cheque, or shall I draw one on account?"

"Let me find funds for the present," replied Winder, "it will destroy the clue."

"Ah!" said my father.

"Now, the next person you want is Jawbone, the barrister, a famous fellow for an election, lungs like a bagpipe, you can hear nothing else when he begins."

"I don't see that I shall want any argument," said my father; "all will be settled another way, you know."

"Ah! my dear Mr. Bagges," said Winder, "you do not understand the English character. Pardon me, Sir, you will come to it in time. Why, Sir, a rascal that will be drunk all the polling-time and come up at the last minute, when he has tried both sides for all he can get, expects you to find him a patriotic reason for his voting. He must have 'Church and State, and our Glorious Constitution,' or else, 'The March of Intellect, and Civil and Religious Liberty all over the world.' Now, Jawbone can do either of these for a country constituency better than any fellow going; and if it comes to a disputed vote before the returning officer, let me see any practitioner that has a chance with him. He'll quote Acts of Parliament, till he makes a young barrister think himself a fool, and laugh at him when the election's over for not knowing that they were made by himself for the occasion. Sir," continued Winder, enchanted with his subject, "he's the damn'dest impudent dog, and the greatest liar in existence."

"No doubt we must have him," said my father.

"And now, my dear Sir," said Winder, rising, "that I fully understand your wishes, I go to work, and there's no time to be lost. I'm off to Jawbone's chambers. When do you start?"

"At twelve."

"You can give him a seat in your carriage?"

"To be sure."

"Then you had better take him down with you."

Mr. Winder departed; we went up into the drawing-room—chatted with my mother till nearly twelve. Mr. Jawbone arrived—made himself at home instantly—partook with great zest of a devilled bone, and a bowl of bishop, and we are off on our journey.

I took mightily to Jawbone. His conversation was amusing and instructive. He might have assumed his Reader's motto from Pistol, "The world's mine oyster." His great text was, that all men were fools; and that the great art of life was to bamboozle them. Witnesses, Juries, Clients, Judges, were in this sense all "food for his mind."

"Come, come," said my father, who entertained an enormous reverence for the judicial bench, "it isn't so easy to take in a Judge."

"My dear Sir," replied Jawbone, "only watch them; they've all their weak side. Mankind look at the wigs, we look at what's under 'em.

We chatted thus, and then snoozed; after a few hours we arrived, it being about half-past nine in the morning, at Swinestead; we had done the journey at about eleven miles an hour.

"By-the-by," said Jawbone, shaking himself out of a very sound slumber, as the carriage came on the stones of the inn-yard, "eh, Mr. Bagges, a word; I think you're Tory, a'n't you—Pitt, Eldon, and that sort of thing?"

"Yes, yes, assuredly," replied my father.

"Ah! ah!" said Jawbone, "it is as well to know."

And so we descended, welcomed by some of the faces we had seen the evening before, and cheered by a mob, who took their signal from our Swinestead acquaintances. The house, of course, was Wallop's.

"The Mayor," whispered Swizzle to my father, as we passed along the passage, "would have been happy to meet you, Sir, but in Swinestead, and during the election, he must be impartial. You can understand these things, Mr. Bagges?"

"I really am beginning to understand them," said my father.

Washing, shaving, breakfast, and then the nomination.

Twelve o'clock was the hour appointed. At a quarter before, our carriage, with two horses decorated with enormous streamers of blue, a flagbearer on the box beside the coachman, and another behind, drove up to the principal entrance of the hotel. "Bagges for ever," was on one flag; "Bagges and the Constitution," on the other.

I wondered how such things could be so instantly prepared.

"My dear young friend," said Swizzle, in reply, "where there's money, there's everything. Our two great patriots, Snaggs and Growl, almost fought as we were coming down last night; each happens to have a friend in the gilding line, and each wanted the job for his man; so at last it was agreed, to prevent a split in the party, that double banners should be made on Mr. Bagges' account, and to make sure of it, each party was set to work the moment we arrived. These are only the first fruits; you'll see plenty more presently. Yes, yes, when you don't stop for money, you stop at nothing."

My father shivered a little at this speech; but by this time he was at the door, and a cheer from the Blue mob, every blackguard of which was profusely decorated with ribbon at his expense, re-assured him. There was something in such popularity worth paying for, and assuredly he wouldn't have it without.

So we mounted again, and proceeded slowly to the Market Place, our escort bellowing lustily, my father bowing out of one window, and Swizzle showing himself in great glory at the other. As for me, I wanted to enjoy the fun; so I got on the box, and the standard-bearer, who had been a showman's clown, mounted the roof for my accommodation, and there danced a flag hornpipe, thereby greatly increasing the enthusiasm of our supporters.

We arrived in good time at the Market Place, and here the shouting was redoubled, for it was already well known in Swinestead that my father was the candidate who would spend money. The Honourable John Montfort and Mr. Quickset came up, each with a small respectable cortège, and were indicated by Jawbone to the populace, with whom he was already as great a favourite as a low comedian in a country theatre.

"Purity of election! Here comes the 'cheap and nasty!'" as Mr. Quickset drove up.

Fortunately for Jawbone, the Honourable John Montfort was rather bald. "Respect the old family Whig interest, all the hair gone by this time."

These speeches, of course, were unheard by those to whom they referred. When the candidates took their places on the platform, he was all professional politeness. He had done enough; neither they, their movers, nor seconders, could be heard. They had precedence in the nomination as being first in the field. The Mayor opened the proceedings with great gravity, talked of the good of the borough, and his own strict impartiality, and was cheered at every sentence. He begged they would give everybody a fair hearing, which sentiment was much cheered likewise; and then a neighbouring Squire, renowned principally for his strictness in enforcing the game laws, began by proposing Mr. Montfort.

This was a luxurious opportunity for the popular feeling. The Market Hall, in front of which were the hustings, narrowed the street before it considerably, but then the space stretched away into irregular nooks, affording the most convenient concealment possible for those who were inclined to take an active share in the proceedings, on behalf of the auditory. From behind many an old gable and market-

house pillar, rotten cabbages, dead cats, and unsavoury eggs, came with various success of aim, some hitting the speaker, some impartially bestowed on his opponents.

The public always prefer pantomime to sentiment; every good hit made by the throwers was received with ecstacy. The speakers curtailed their performance. Mr. Quickset, indeed, who had evidently got a speech by heart, advanced with desperate bravery, which even a rotten pumpkin right in his face could scarcely disconcert. Jawbone compassionately appealed to the mob to hear him, and winked at them to enforce his appeal, but all in vain; Quickset received a dead cat, well soaked in mud, on his left eye, and withdrew. Mr. Swizzle and Mr. Potter had known much better than to tire the patience of their hearers in proposing my father, feeling that some personal pique, or the impartial love of mischief, might honour them with like notice. They escaped pretty well.

At last, my father advanced to the front; he was the last speaker, and the mob, taking their cue from those in the secret, cheered, and then sunk into what, after such a noise, appeared to be a fearful silence. For my father, this was rather worse than the noise. He declared afterwards he would rather have been pelted. His expanse of face assumed much the hue and expression of a suet pudding; but Jawbone was at his elbow.

"Pitch it into 'em; never bother yourself about sense, only repeat the words after me."

With that he began, and my father found presence of mind to follow.

"Gentlemen, this ancient and most distinguished borough,"——

Immense cheering, during which Jawbone told my father to keep his mouth moving, as if he were saying something.

"Trust I shall prove serviceable to every elector,"——

Redoubled shouts of applause, during which again my father moved his lips.

"Public Institutions and Charities of Swinestead,"——

Ditto.

"Glorious Constitution, intended to benefit us all,"——

Ditto, ditto.

"Church and State,"——

Ditto, ditto, ditto.

"Our revered Monarch and his illustrious family,"——

Ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto.

And so on to the end of the chapter, concluding with "a long and mutually advantageous connection with this distinguished borough."

Upon this effort of oratory came the show of hands, which was greatly in our favour; a poll was demanded for the other candidates, and was fixed for two days afterwards; and we returned loudly cheered to Wallop's, the King's Arms, where my father's principal adherents had organized a dinner in honour of this first success, of course at his own expense.

THE HAYMAKERS' SONG.

BY MRS. CAROLINE WHITE.

A MERRY troop are we, at rise of sun,
Tramping along the field-paths wet with dew,
Making the still lanes noisy with the fun,
And song, and laughter, of our sun-burnt crew—
Our cheeks are brown, but 'neath Old England's skies
Who hath more ruddy lips, or brighter eyes?

We have to labour hard, with scanty cheer,
Through the red sunshine of the summer's day,
But the breëze fans our brows, and streams are near,
And laughing health and strength turn toil to play;
Lightly we poize the fork, and lighter pass
The gathering rake along the scented grass.

Spreading the wind-rows to the tepid air,
Or heaping high the seared sweet-smelling hay,
We labour on, as free from worldly care,
As if we were not children of the clay.
Oh! hard, indeed, would be the bread we eat,
But that brown toil and hunger make it sweet.

High o'er our heads the lark's glad voice is heard,
Show'ring her songs through misty heat-clouds down,
Until the heart, upspringing with the bird,
Feels light, as if it never knew a frown,
(So pleasant are the thoughts her wild notes bring
To minds unhaunted by some evil thing).

Sharp rings the mower's scythe in distant fields,
'Till the bright clover heads are lowly laid—
And one that I know well amidst them wields,
With an untiring arm, his shining blade;
But when the stars upon the mill-stream shine,
And all have gone their way—that arm is mine!—

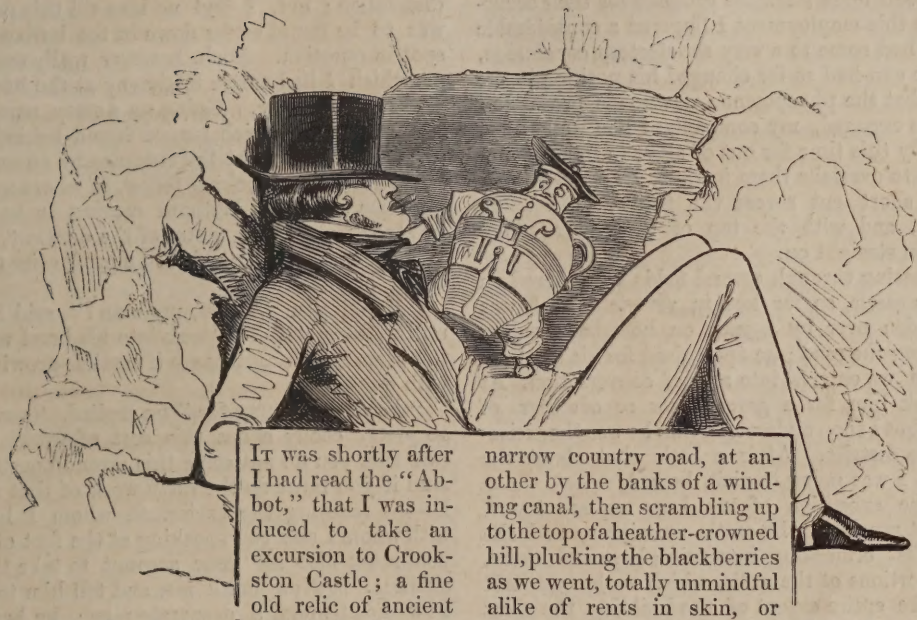
Yes, we have joys, though humble, pure, and high,
As those that thrill the fair patrician's breast,
Love midst the lordly dome, or summer's sky,
Is *love* alike, howe'er it be exprest.
Few are his words, but in his burning cheek,
And bounding heart, I feel what he would speak.

There is a lowly cot, with sun-burnt thatch,
Scarce seen amidst the vine that spreads it o'er,
(And round it humble flowers, and herbs to match,
That give a grace unto the meanest door)—
And he dwells there—but when the Autumn's gone—
Lie still my heart—he will not be alone!

THE JAR OF WHISKEY;

OR, AN ADVENTURE AT CROOKSTON CASTLE.

BY GERALD WALTON.



It was shortly after I had read the "Abbot," that I was induced to take an excursion to Crookston Castle; a fine old relic of ancient times, situated on the southern bank of the Cart, in Renfrewshire, about half-a-dozen of miles from Glasgow, where I happened to be sojourning at the time. As every reader, I presume, has read the novel in question, I do not deem it necessary to make any further allusion to it; what I have got to relate is the Adventure I had there, and thus it was:—

It was upon a fine breezy summer noon—no matter for the year—that three of us, sworn friends and close companions, resolved to pay a visit to this old ruin, or "interesting relic of feudal times," as the guide book has it. Before starting, however, it was agreed that we should, at least for once in our lives, enjoy the luxury of dining in a castle, even although the carpet should be formed by the green turf, and the roof of the chamber nothing better than the bright canopy of heaven; so we had a small portmanteau packed with an abundance of eatables, together with a bottle of port, and a large tin flask of Islay whiskey.

It was a bright warm sunny day; but there was also a strong breeze, bringing along with it a most delicious coolness, and sending the blood dancing through each vein with such vigour, and freshness, that I found it impossible to resist the strong impulse, to rush forward against the breeze, so away I started over hill and dale, by bank and brae, till, quite exhausted, I sank breathless upon the green sward, where, amidst gowans and buttercups, I gaspingly inhaled their perfume. The actual distance of the castle "as the crow flies" was not very great; we, however, deeming it preferable to deviate from the usual route, wandered along in the most approved zigzag fashion; at one time sauntering along a narrow country road, at another by the banks of a winding canal, then scrambling up to the top of a heather-crowned hill, plucking the blackberries as we went, totally unmindful alike of rents in skin, or cloth; anon, scouring across a forbidden field, where the farm-servants came shouting in our rear, till at length, when heartily tired, we sat down to rest ourselves upon the trunk of a fallen tree, and at one short sitting, finished the contents of the tin flask. This latter proceeding did not cause us any uneasiness, as before setting out we were led to understand, that it could easily be replenished at an old farm-house in the neighbourhood of the ruin, and it was even whispered, with liquor undefiled by the prying guage of the exciseman;—but of this anon.

As we drew near the castle we were witnesses of a singular phenomenon, something similar to which I had heard of before, but had never seen; it being one of those singularly beautiful optical delusions that are only to be seen in certain situations, combined with peculiar states of the weather,—a thing which I am told is of very rare occurrence. Our road took an abrupt turn round by the side of a steep hill, which rose right in our front, rendering the whole country that lay beyond impervious to our view. Before we came to this turn, on looking over the top of the hedge, we beheld a large opening in the side of the hill, of at least forty feet in diameter; through which appeared stretched out for many miles, one of the most striking and beautiful landscapes which it is possible to imagine; bearing a strong resemblance to some of those which Turner has sometimes painted; over which a hazy indistinctness hangs yet where every object is plainly visible.

For awhile we stood entranced, and gazed, with feelings of awe and admiration, upon this wonderful scene, doubtful of its reality, and for a time totally

incapable of accounting for its appearance. On approaching the hedge, however, the whole affair vanished from our view, and in its stead we found a sand-pit, dug into the side of the hill, for supplying that material to the neighbouring farmers; yet on moving back a few yards in the same direction that we approached, the same beautiful landscape again became visible. I remained awhile amusing myself by tracing out on the sides of the pit, the various curves and projections that formed the most prominent features of the picture; and endeavoured to satisfy myself upon scientific grounds for their occurrence. In this employment I lingered a considerable time, and had come to a very satisfactory conclusion, just as the sun had so far changed his position in the heavens, that the phenomenon was no longer visible; while thus engaged, my companions had walked on, and were by this time far out of sight; afraid of not being able to overtake them in time, I resolved upon taking a short cut across the fields; so, leaping the hedge, and with the top of the tower for my guide, I ran straight on.

After passing through several fields I wandered on toward the castle, so far lost in reverie that I was nearly ridden over by a man on horseback, riding hastily along the road; he apologised for his carelessness, when we entered into a brief conversation. At first I took him for a gamekeeper or overseer of some sort, but I soon understood that he was the exciseman of the district. After a little chat about the ruin which I was going to visit, he rode on.

With the exception of one large square tower, there is not much of the castle remaining, and the whole is fast crumbling into ruin; here and there, are large portions of the walls, which enable you still to trace the entire extent of the building, the moat and rampart being still distinctly visible; the moat, of course, is perfectly dry, and in many places nearly filled with large pieces of the fallen walls, and other rubbish that has been gathering for ages. None of the chambers are complete, though you may still observe the extent of the large hall, with an immense fire-place at one end; but the roof is gone, which erst reverberated with the loud revelry of the bold Barons of Renfrew.

It was at Crookston that the ill-fated betrothment of Mary and Darnley was arranged; and tradition points out the chamber which they occupied for some time after their unfortunate nuptials. The view from the window of this chamber commands a large extent of country, pleasingly diversified by hill and dale; while immediately beneath it, reaching from the castle to the brink of the river, stretches a green lawn, where, it is said, the Queen witnessed, and sometimes joined in the dances and other entertainments which took place shortly after her marriage. On the summit of the tower, provided you have the hardihood to climb to that perilous height, you may see the stone in which the flag-staff was fixed, from which the broad banner once floated, together with the large stones, often rode to and fro by the watchful guard; and from which the signal fire was wont to blaze. No part of the castle has been inhabited for many generations, and the walls that were once hung with rich tapestry, are now overspread with green moss, or mouldering in the deadly grasp of the ivy plant.

By this time we began to think that it would be as well to see after our dinner; so, without much further ceremony, down we sat upon the sill of the principal window, a large square place, the walls being nearly eight feet thick. The portmanteau was soon unpacked, and it was universally allowed that one bottle of wine was rather too scanty an allowance of liquor for three weary travellers; as a punishment for losing my way, I was packed off to the farm-house to have the flask replenished with a quantity of the best "mountain dew."

In some of the remote Highland districts of Scotland, there is still a little traffic carried on in illicit distillation; but, I had no idea till this day, that it was to be found so far down in the lowlands as the spot in question. Such, however, really was the case, of which I had ample testimony at the house which I was approaching. Going up a steep, narrow, winding, miry road, which turned round behind the outhouses, I was met at the entrance by an exceedingly dark, ill-favoured looking fellow, of whose age I could not form a guess. Without moving to let me pass, he stood right in the centre of the doorway, and with a frowning brow demanded in a gruff voice the nature of my business.

"Could you fill this, my man?" said I, holding up the flask, which he took into his hand with a furtive glance, his countenance if possible growing darker with emotion.

"Hark ye, young Sir," he replied, "you seem to go pretty coolly about this sort of work, but take care that you do not come this errand once too often. And if you must do the dirty work of that scoundrel F—— (naming the exciseman whom I had met), with whom I saw you speaking at the foot of the hill, you must also lay your account to take the consequences. "Now mark me, and tell him to be wary how he tempts a desperate man; he has already thwarted me more than once, but, if he again dares to cross my path, by heaven it will be at his own peril. Now, trump, you've had your answer—there is your road, and there goes your property before you;" saying which, he gave the tin flask a smart kick with his foot, which sent it whirling through the air, down to the foot of the hill; showing that whatever else he knew in perfection, there was one thing at least of which there could be no doubt, and that was, that he possessed a thorough knowledge both of the theory and practice of foot-ball playing.

Thunderstruck at this strange behaviour, I was utterly at a loss how to proceed, believing at first that I was actually confronting a madman; however, I assured him, that he was mightily mistaken, if he took me either for an exciseman or the spy of one. I told him the occasion of my presence in the neighbourhood, and if we had really been misinformed as to the nature of his *other* business—hoped he would excuse me for troubling him; but this was of no avail, he still stuck to his former point, and had burst out into another passionate tirade, when he was interrupted by the appearance of a stout old man, who, alarmed by the hubbub, issued from one of the outhouses, demanding the cause of quarrel.

I told him in a few words.

"Hout, tout," said he, "ne'er fash your thoom, that's aye the gate wi' him;" glancing at the surly fellow, who slunk away round by the end of the houses. F—— has nae need to be sae gleg as a' that comes to. Your flask—ne'er mind it, wait a wee;" and he entered one of the back rooms, from

which he soon reappeared. "We've to be a wee cautious, but no sae much as you think,—here's a bit jar o' the real stuff, you can bring it up when your dune, and if I'm no here, you can pitch it into the cart-house." Having settled for the contents, I trudged off with the jar to my friends at the castle, where I soon arrived.

I found them both loaded with the eatables, and standing on the green sward on the outside of the tower, evidently preparing for some adventure.

"What's the row now?" said I.

"Oh nothing, only we have made a discovery." It seemed that one of them had dropped a fork over the window, and on going down to look for it, he discovered another chamber, the existence of which we had never dreamt of, the entrance being completely hid from view by some bushes growing close to the wall. They had both been in the chamber, and had resolved that we should, only for the fun of the thing, dine within. I consented, seeing that it was rather chilly above, and moreover it threatened rain soon. The entrance was up two or three steps, and then down a narrow spiral staircase, leading to a narrow aperture, so small that it scarcely deserved the name of door. The light was admitted by a loop-hole near the ceiling, the roof being high, considering the size of the apartment. The walls were of hewn stone, and, altogether, the chamber had a very comfortable appearance, so much so, that the dinner was soon spread and the duties of it entered upon, without much further delay. We did it ample justice; the viands were not long in showing the effects of our inroads upon them, and the liquor came in for a due share of our attention. On producing the whiskey, I told them of the scrape I had nearly got involved in, when looking out for it, and to make all square we toasted a bumper or two to their confusion. How long we sat discussing the eatables, and other topics, I cannot now say; all that I can remember is, that the spirits soon began to work their enchantments. We sung and shouted, danced and jumped, till we were all hoarse and tired. Then nothing would satisfy the other two, but a view from the top of the tower; but, as I had always the name of being a rather cautious individual, I deemed it more prudent to remain where I was, and enjoy a cigar, rather than run the risk of breaking my head, which at the time was not in the clearest state.

I had sat only a few minutes, when I was suddenly interrupted by an appalling incident; at first, when we entered the vault it seemed totally dark, owing to the sudden transition from the broad glare of day, into its gloomy walls, where the light was rather scanty, being only admitted by the loop-hole which I have mentioned. However, by the time we had finished our repast, our eyes had become so well accustomed to it that we could discern every object in the place. Turning with my back to the wall, facing the loop-hole, and occupied as I have already stated, I was startled by the appearance of a bright red light glaring up suddenly on the opposite wall; at this alarming occurrence I immediately sprung to my feet, and advancing, found it proceeded from a narrow, deep pit, the mouth of which had hitherto escaped our notice, being hid by the dark shadow cast by the window, right below which it was situated. How I mustered courage to look down, I cannot now say. I felt as bold as a lion; but whether it arose from the quantity of drink I had taken, or proceeded from what philosophers style innate courage, I need not trouble either the reader or myself by inquiring. Look down, however, I did, and, seeing some steps, or rather projecting stones on each side, began to descend, without for a moment considering what I was about. Down I went, step by step, with a foot on each side, the place being much wider than an ordinary chimney. I went down for a considerable way without stopping, and with an ease akin to that which we feel in dreams, when we pass through scenes, and overcome difficulties, almost independent of the slightest act of volition. When about half-way down, I thought, judging from the distance of the bottom, which I could dimly see, I became conscious of a choking sensation, and experienced some difficulty in breathing; doubting whether to go down, or return, I stood for a short time, till I recovered so far, that I determined to persevere.

On arriving at the bottom, I found myself standing in a dungeon vault, which, after looking at the distance I had descended, I concluded to be far beneath the level of the ground; the walls being covered with a black slimy composition, and dripping wet. It being too far sunk for either windows, or loop-holes, the ghastly apartment was lighted up by a blazing fire, which burned in a stove, or furnace, beneath a large vat full to the brim of boiling liquor. It was the glare of the fire in this furnace, the door of which was open, which had penetrated to the chamber above, and attracted my attention.

There was another chamber adjoining the one where I stood; if anything, it was larger, and, on entering, I found that it contained a still, in good working condition; along with a quantity of barrels, tubs, and jars, lying about in all directions. "Oh, oh," thinks I, "here's a solution of the whole mystery;—this must be the workshop of these rascals, there is not a doubt of it, and it argues a pretty extensive business too,—not to be despised by any means." But how they got an entrance to these apartments, I could not divine. It must have been underground, for there was no trace of any passage, or door above, that I could remember, and it was absurd to think that it could be the one by which I had gained admittance.

Groping about in the dark for a solution of this difficulty, I was startled by the creaking of hinges, quite close to me, and had barely time to step aside, when a door burst open, and the smuggler entered, dragging some heavy body along the floor. He pulled it into the inner apartment, and you may guess my astonishment, when, instead of a sack or something of that sort, I discovered the very exciseman, whom I had met at the foot of the road; his hands tied tightly behind his back, and otherwise presenting a most frightful spectacle. His face was completely covered with blood proceeding from an ugly gash in his brow, above the eyes, one of which was entirely hid by a piece of raw flesh, which had been laid open with some sharp instrument, and now hung from his eyebrow. It was a horrible sight. I was fixed to the spot, and remained trembling in the dark chamber, hidden amongst the barrels, determined to watch their proceedings. It was a most fearful scene that now took place. The smuggler was a big, strong, large-boned fellow, with a chest like an ox, and a pair of tremendous fists, in which he grasped the poor ex-

ciseman as firm as a vice. His face was purple with passion, his hair hung matted upon his brow, from beneath which a pair of bloodshot eyes glared upon his victim. They were both breathless with the struggle, but he was the first to speak.

"Again I have got you in my power, and you won't escape me this time. You have been the bane of my existence—the curse of my life—you have crossed my path in every way, and blighted every project upon which I have set my heart. But now you shall learn what it is to goad a desperate man."

"You coward, you have taken advantage of me," said the exciseman.

"Liar, that you are, you know I am no coward. But you, you crawling viper, by every step and action of your despicable life, do well deserve the name. By your hidden, underhand means, you have ruined me. You have deprived me of the means of pursuing my lawful employment, you have ruined my character, and driven me from the society of my fellows. And, oh God! at last you have whispered your vile insinuations to *her*, and wiled away the heart of my wife,—her for whose sake I have endured all the misery. He paused here, and seemed deeply affected; he then resumed—"And all this because she had the hardihood to give her hand to a man whom she loved, instead of such a contemptible wretch as you, but I shall yet make you an offer. Let us both go and seek out my wife—your cousin—and before her acknowledge the falsity of your statements; then let you and I separate for ever. Promise this, and you shall go forth from here unharmed."

"I'll be d——d if I do."

"Then be so," and he struck him a blow upon the face which sent him staggering back into the ash-pit of the furnace, where he fell with his head upon the red-hot bars.

Maddened with the scorching pain, the exciseman sprung to his feet, and, rendered desperate with agony, he snapped the cord which bound his arms; at the same moment springing at the throat of his opponent he brought him to the ground.

A fearful struggle ensued. The exciseman was uppermost for awhile, and I thought he had fairly mastered his enemy, who seemed paralyzed by the suddenness of the shock. They both lay calm for a few minutes, the exciseman, as if considering how next to proceed; while the smuggler, whose arms were firmly pinned down, separated one of his legs and gave the exciseman a kick in the abdomen, which made him groan with pain. He lost his hold and his enemy got above him. He twisted his arms behind, and, as if suddenly inspired with a new idea, he dragged him up, and, with a swing, he placed him upon the edge of the boiling vat.

"Now do you accept my terms, ?—speak, or by heaven I plunge you in." But the exciseman only screamed with desperation at the thought of the dreadful death. "Once more I ask you, will you go? Speak!"

The only answer was a dreadful yell, which rung through the vaulted roof. Then came a plash, as he plunged him into the vat, followed by a hissing sound as the boiling liquor closed over him, and in a moment ended his struggles for ever.

The smuggler stood amazed at what he had done; it was an awful pause—it was the look of the murderer after he has "done the deed." I had often tried to conceive such a look, but I pray heaven I may never see it again.

All this while I stood shivering with fear. I had approached the door of the apartment during the struggle, and, now that it was over, I became alarmed for my own safety. As I turned to look about me for a hiding place, the smuggler discovered me. He stepped forward, and seized me by the collar, while I shrunk beneath his baleful gaze. He never spoke, but dragging me to the vat, prepared to plunge me in. I cried for mercy—I roared and struggled, but it was all in vain. My strength failed me, while, with a powerful grasp, he bent me down—down—down. I felt the warm steam covering my face, and the scorching liquid was already drenching my hair,—I felt it boiling and bubbling in my ears. "Oh murder, murder!"

"Hillo! what the devil's the row?" said a voice; and I felt myself rudely shaken.

"Oh! murder—murder,—mercy—murder!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ho! ho! ho! here's a decided case."

"Oh mercy, where am I? I suppose I have been dreaming," said I, looking up, and seeing my two friends in the vault, where it seems I had fallen asleep.

Reader, I had eaten a hearty dinner, and when I awoke, I found the flask was *empty*. I believe I am occasionally troubled with the nightmare, and now I assure you I was glad that it was no worse. The day, by this time, was pretty far spent, so we prepared to return home immediately. One of my friends took the jar back to the farm-house, where he saw the smuggler enjoying a pipe by the fireside.

On our road home we met the exciseman, but whether he had belied the smuggler to the extent I had dreamed, I never took the trouble to inquire.

A SEASONABLE GOSSIP.

BY JAMES SMITH.

Whate'er the wanton Spring,
When she doth diaper the ground with beauties,
Toils for, comes home to Autumn; Summer sweats,
Either in pasturing her furlongs, reaping
The crop, or ripening the fruits for food,
While Autumn's garners house them, Autumn's jollities
Feed on them; I alone in every land,
Traffic my useful merchandise; gold and jewels,
Lordly possessions, are for my commodities
Mortgaged and lost. I sit chief moderator
Between the cheek-parched Summer, and th' extremes
Of winter's tedious post; nay, in myself
I do contain another teeming spring.
Surety of health, prosperity of life
Belongs to Autumn. FORD.

FOR a perfect insight into the rural life—the humbler rural life of England, in its best, busiest, and happiest phase—commend us to the beneficent and glorious autumn. While the year was yet young, and the soft winds of spring went whispering abroad tidings of green leaves and budding flowers—when the blue canopy of heaven shone with a serene and happy light, and hidden runnels began to chime a cheerful music, and the primrose glimmered in the hedge-row, and the violet peered forth timidly from mossy banks and southern slopes—when trees were bursting into leaf, and birds rehearsed what seemed a half-forgotten strain, and insect-life began to stir and waken from its wintry sleep, what season so hilarious as the sunny showery spring?

It melted into summer; and what a well-spring of enjoyment was there then, in dim woods, and by the margin of abounding rivers, when the fierce heat of day was yet prevailing unabated; and when the more grateful twilight stealthily succeeded! Go where you would, how deep, how most divine a calm, descending hour by hour, and deepening as it fell, invested all the purpling earth! At such a time, did not the question often struggle to your lips—"What season shall presume to vie with affluent and flowery summer?"

But that, too, merged by gradations, delicate and imperceptible as rainbow tints, into the fruitful and foison-teeming autumn—a gladsome and a blessed season. And each hath its peculiar, unique, and individual grace; each its distinct and separate attributes and associations, a charm exclusive and incommunicable. How admirably Spenser has personified these lapsing seasons, no genuine admirer of that nature-loving poet need be told. Yet must we give the old man audience here, enriching by his threads of gold the humbler web with which we purpose interweaving them:

First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowres,
That freshly budded, and new blossmes did beare,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowres,
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a iavelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A guilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as some did him love, soothers did him feare.

Then came the iolly Sommer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,

That was unlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bowe and shaftes, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the libbard or the bore,
And now would bathe his limbs, with labour heated sore.

Then came the Autumne, all in yellow clad,
As though he ioyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which, to-fore,
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corn, of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

And thus brought once more to the very threshold of our topic, we take reluctant leave of Spenser's vivid verse, and resume our rural gossipry.

Before the vapoury haze of early morning has been touched with gold by the ascending sun, voices come floating up from every lane and outlet of the village; and the frequent rustle of intruding footsteps in the bearded corn startles the wakeful lark from his dewy, and thenceforth-to-be-forsaken, lair. Up—up—to the very precincts of a cloud, which a sun-glint has converted into fire, the startled bird soars, carolling, while his moist plumage, kissed by a slant beam, quivers radiantly in the dawning light. Far and near, let the eye wander where it will, from the bold swelling uplands, that exhibit one broad tract of yellowing corn, to the golden patches in the valley, that shine the brighter from their contrast with the dark trees and verdant pasture-land by which they are surrounded—all is life and movement. No idlers now hang listlessly over the old stone-bridge, at the bottom of the village, and sound the rivulet's bubbling depths with pebbly plummets. None gather now around the deserted smithy, and out-roar the roaring bellows, with the babble of their blended voices; but fields and lanes, stack-yards and barns, absorb all idle hands; and when the "leazing bell" rings out its long-expected chime, and troops of gleaners pour from every cottage door, and throng the meadow paths, and darken the garnered fields, you would suppose the village had been visited by pestilence, so little to betoken life is there, throughout its quiet, sleepy, straggling street.

Perhaps no modern writer, not even Howitt excepted, has given so true, and (its brevity considered) so complete a picture of a harvest scene as Professor Wilson, in the following passage of his "Soliloquy on the Seasons:"

Now, too, is England, "merry England," indeed; and outside passengers, on a thousand coaches, see stooks rising like stacks, and far and wide, over the tree-speckled champaign, rejoice in the sun-given promise of a glorious harvest-home. Intervenes the rest of two sunny Sabbaths, sent to dry the brows of labour, and give the last ripeness to the over-laden stalks, that, top-heavy with aliment, fall over in their yellowy whiteness into the fast reaper's hands. Few fields now—but here and there one thin and greenish, of cold, unclean, or stony soil—are waving in the shadowy winds; for all are cleared, but some stooked stubbles, from which the stooks are fast disappearing, as the huge wains seem to halt for a moment, impeded by the gates they hide, and then, crested perhaps with laughing boys and girls,

"Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings."

No—not rings—for Beattie, in that admirable line, lets us hear a cart going out empty in the morning—but with a *cheerful dull* sound, ploughing along the black soil, the *clean dirt* almost up to the axle-tree, and then, as the wheels, rimmed, you might almost think, with silver, reach the road, macadamized, till it acts like a railway, now glides along downhill the moving mountain! And see, now, the growing stack, glittering with a charge of pitchforks! The trams fly up from Dobbin's back, and a shoal of sheaves overflows the mire. Up they go, tossed from sinewy arms, like feathers, and the stack grows before your eyes, fairly proportioned, as a beehive, without line or measure, but shaped by the look and the feel, true almost as the spring instinct of the nest-building bird.

This is as true to nature, as it is perfect in point of finish—a truly English picture, by a Scottish artist.

Let us now glance for a moment at the farmer, the genuine unsophisticated yeoman of the old school—the broad-backed, strong-limbed, and brawny-handed scion of the ancient stock—what a transformation the autumn works in him! Much as we respect the many traits of excellence peculiar to his character, we must confess, that he is, in general, a dull and ponderous animal, a slow-spoken, heavy-witted saunterer, patiently watchful of the progress of his crops, and punctually attentive to the periodical satisfaction of his appetites; but at hay-sell and at harvest, how marvellous the change! It is a strife betwixt the laverock and himself, which shall be first abroad; and as with him so with his household. The earliest glance shot by the rising sun, through the sparkling casement of his ample kitchen, shines upon every member of the family, old and young, circling a breakfast-table laden with abundance most profuse. Brief space, not idly spent, is thus consumed. Without, a sleek and silken-coated cob, saddled and bridled, awaits the burden of his master's bulk, and, mounting this, the anxious yeoman hastens to the fields. The swarthy reapers own the influence of their master's eye, and sickles glance like lightning-flashes through the yielding corn. Sometimes, alighting from his nag, he wields that implement himself, and with a lower, broader sweep, enjoins a greater thrift of straw, dwelling exultingly the while (how mournful is the yearly retrocession of the world!) upon the superior mode of reaping and of binding sheaves, which generally obtained when *he* was young; while elder men, who were *his* rustic tutors in the labours of the field, bury their brown faces in the wheat, and with difficulty suppress a smothered laugh. Presently he is among the busiest of the carters in a neighbouring field, pitching the sheaves, or driving team, or portioning out supplies of beer, or ruminating on the quality and prospective value of his well-housed oats. And so he flits from field to field, busy as the busiest, and manifesting a volubility of speech and suppleness of limbs peculiar to the occasion, rather than the individual. Dinner supplies him with a timely respite, but the customary nap which used to follow like an epilogue, is now foregone, and

afternoon, and even night (if the sky be threatning), find him lingering in the fields with the adhesive pertinacity of the worthy in the old ballad, who

> Oft fitted the halter, oft traversed the cart,
> And often took leave, but seem'd loath to depart.

Nor is it merely in the harvest-field and in the homestead that the most delightful characteristics of the season are observable. Orchards and garden-grounds are rich with their abundant fruitage; and creaking branches heavy with luscious burdens, droop to the very ground, which they so richly chequer with their restless shadows. Loitering through these green alleys, you almost hope

> To catch a glimpse of Fauns and Dryades
> Coming with softest rustle through the trees;
> And garlands woven of flowers wild and sweet,
> Upheld on ivory wrists or sporting feet.

And, with a kindred appreciation of the luxuries of such a haunt, you learn to think approvingly of the thoughtful wisdom, not unmingled with a shrewd and worldly policy, which induced the reverend dwellers in monastic houses, to zone their grey abodes with bowery gardens and with fruitful orchard-trees, planting a natural cloister wherever they had reared their less enduring avenues of stone; each, like the other, meet for fostering solemn meditation, or for recreation of the "o'er informed" and weary mind.

What exquisite and varied scenes has Shakspeare laid in such localities! Think of the carousal in Justice Shallow's orchard, when the "sweet of the night" came in; of the ominous gathering of banded conspirators in that of Brutus; of Malvolio, "practising behaviour" in Olivia's; of the strife betwixt Sir Rowland's fiery-blooded sons in that of Oliver; and of the delicious moonlight interview among the whispering trees at Belmont. Nor fail to call to mind, as relevant to the spot, the touching allusion made by Felicia Hemans (in the sonnet entitled "Orchard Blossoms") to the

> Old nook,
> Haunted by visions of the first-loved book.

That nook, the branches of an apple-tree—that first-loved book, the volume penned by the magician who created Ariel and Prospero, Hamlet and Lear. With such associations, do not the leafy orchards become the "*campi santi*" of a rural realm?

Thus gossiping, have we consumed those heavy hours of heat and languor, when the strongest sinews were unstrung, and the hand trembled, and the head drooped beneath the influence of the intense and steadfast blaze of the careering sun; when no slow-sailing cloud stretched its vapoury screen athwart the dazzling orb, but a quivering mirage danced restlessly above the arid fields; and trees were motionless, and even streams seemed dumb, and lost the liquid murmurs which were music to the thirsty and dust-begrimed wayfarer's ears. And now, with how sincere a welcome do we greet the gradual approach of eventide!

Lo! where the sun goes down. That sky, and all that lies beneath its cope, is garmented with such rare beauty, as in another season you might seek in vain. The heavens above are one vast pearly concave, brightening into a silvery effulgence around the sinking sun. All objects and all forms beneath are flushed with gold and crimson. It sleeps upon the branchy trees, and throws their massive shadows into deeper gloom. It glistens upon cottage casements, and pours a richer glow upon the rose-trees garlanding the porch. Sinuous streams and glassy pools, it touches with a lustrous light. Old towers, and the crumbling walls of tottering ruins forget their age and desolation, and wear a look of renovated youth. Winding valleys are filled with the hazy radiance, and it lingers upon the loftier uplands, until the young moon fills her horns, and "eve's one star," hangs sparkling in the cloudless ether.

And now wend homewards all the sun-browned throng, with which the fields have teemed from earliest dawn.

> The day is past and gone,
> The woodman's axe lies free,
> And the reaper's work is done.
>
> The twilight star to-heaven,
> And the summer dew to flowers,
> And rest to all is given,
> By the cool soft evening hours.
>
> Sweet is the hour of rest,
> Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
> And the gleaming of the west.
>
> When the burden and the heat
> Of labour's task are o'er,
> And kindly voices greet
> The tired one at his door.

Home they troop, pouring in through every avenue, in companies of eight or ten. Feeble age, and even feeble infancy, each with its slender freight of "leazings;" the mother with her band of ruddy children round her; the reaper with his youngest born toddling on tip-toe, that he may still retain his father's horny finger within his tiny grasp; and the arch-eyed maiden loitering behind to listen to the whispers of a rustic lover.

All that the pen has written, or the graphic pencil traced of scenes peculiar to the hour—

> Che volge 'l disio,
> A naviganti, e'ntenerisce il cuore,
> Lo di ch'han detto a dolci amici adio—

now comes fresh upon the mind, enhances your enjoyment of the time and scene, and blends confusedly with the dreams by which the heavy slumbers of the night are visited.

Let us now conclude as we began,—with the sweet music of a poet's song,—an ode (or call it what you will), worthy of the season, and worthy, too—despite of here and there a strained conceit—of lasting preservation among the accumulated, and still accumulating treasures of our land's language:—

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee, sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all it's twinèd flowers;
And sometimes, like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barrèd clouds bedeck the dying day,
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft,
The red-breast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.—KEATS.

THE MONSTER CITY

BY THE REV. ROBERT JONES.

NOVEMBER'S sun, red and large, was fast sinking into a gorgeous resting-place of clouds, and a thin mist, gradually condensing as the day declined, floated through the air, as I sailed in my tiny skiff against the stream of a broad and glorious river. The burning clouds were mirrored in the waters, converting them into an estuary of molten gold.

Impelled, as it were, by some invisible power, I found myself approaching a mighty and colossal city, whose endless palaces and minarets were bounded only by the clouds. As I neared its domes, ships of gigantic stature skirted the banks of the river, from whose tall tapering masts broad crimson pennons, like fragments of clouds, were floating on the breeze. Through their spars and cordage, on either side, I could distinctly trace the outline of mighty store-houses for merchandise, or granaries large enough to contain the harvests of nations.

My little barque and myself seemed mere atoms amidst the surrounding vastness, and yet, despite our insignificance, our progress was rapid and powerful. A flowing breeze bore us onward. We passed many a tower and tapering spire, whose height was lost in the clouds; and many a temple whose space would have sufficed for a world to worship at its shrine. Passing and repassing us were mighty steamships vomiting their lurid flames on the air, and beating the waters around them into a very storm—huge amphibious monsters, whose powers seemed derived from all the lightnings of heaven being condensed in their furnaces.

As we flew onward we neared a majestic fortress on the right bank of the river—a square massive building, whose angles were surmounted by towering pinnacles. Grey with time, and lofty as the skies, it seemed to have been built in "those days when there were giants in the earth," and to have grown with increasing years. To have scaled its walls would have been a task as difficult as to have scaled the clouds. It was an impenetrable, everlasting barrier from foes. Near it, on the same side, stood a modern building of the most capacious dimensions—its perfect contrast. Built at a period when order and regularity were the prevailing features of architecture, window after window covered its walls, interrupted only by successive tiers of columns. Its interminability alone attracted my attention. The monotony of its character, however, was delightfully relieved by a spire of the most exquisite proportions, that gracefully rose in the distance beyond it, supported on light flying buttresses.

But we rapidly moved by it, and an ancient monumental column of the most gigantic proportions succeeded, whose summit of wreathed flames pierced through the clouds and rejoiced in the clear sky above. Immediately before us a stupendous bridge was now in view, spanning with terrific strides the broad expanse of waters. It was indeed a magnificent structure—its arches, like so many rainbows, exalting their summits to the heavens; and its buttresses, like rocks of granite, bidding defiance to the rushing tide. Crowding its parapets were seen forms of mighty men, holding converse together in groups, or gazing downwards on the various moving objects on the waters.

We darted through its centre arch with the rapidity of an arrow, and a new scene lay before us, partaking rather of a mercantile and manufacturing, than of a maritime character. The stately ships that had hitherto crowded together in endless tiers were gone; leaving here and there in their stead, a huge, lazy hulk, or overgrown lighter, that lagged in the very tide. Gazing on either bank I traced vast workshops, or mighty laboratories with long endless chimneys, interspersed with giant warehouses and homes of men. It seemed the very spot that the Cyclops of old, emigrating from Ætna, would have selected as their own.

Another, and, if possible, a nobler bridge now rose in the distance—a structure of the most curious workmanship. Its ribs of iron were bare, giving it the appearance of the skeleton of a huge terrific crocodile in the act of crossing the stream. So broad and lofty were its arches, that a mountain would easily have floated under them. But onward we flew, gazing on the immensity and grandeur around, as if a newly created Titan world, with its corresponding appendancies, had started into being.

But if my wonder had been hitherto great, it now became boundless as I gazed on a stupendous temple on my right, that sprung in glorious magnificence upwards, as if it would have forced its way into the heavens; and looked superciliously down on the mighty buildings around it, as if they had been so many pigmies. It was of itself a city—and a glorious one. To add to its grandeur, high above all rose a mountainous cupola crowned with a golden ball and cross, that midway between heaven and earth glittered proudly in the evening light. On one of its western towers a dial, of monster proportions, with tall golden figures, looked scornfully in the face of the setting sun, as if chiding it for its departure, while itself remained there a record of centuries rather than of hours, or indeed of eternity rather than of time.

The evening sky had now become exceedingly glorious. Depth after depth of cloud in eternal succession was crowding into the west, assuming the forms of mighty fabrics, or tremendous monsters of the deep, or landscapes of the boldest outline, whose rent valleys were overhung with jutting crags of rock. Their hue, however, was not diversified by a single shade. It was one deep, dark crimson. The vision of the opening of the seventh seal floated through my brain.

But we stopped not in our career—the scenery on the margin of the river continuing the same in character until we had sailed under another bridge, grey with time, though equally magnificent with those we had already passed. Here, however, on the right bank of the stream, a new scene burst on my view. A green and extended lawn, adorned with many an ancient tree, lay sloping downwards to the water's edge, surrounded by piles of buildings of a collegiate character, together forming one of the most stately and venerable groups I had ever beheld. On the northern side of this spacious quadrangle a beautiful temple threw a halo over the scene. Imagination itself could not have painted a more sacred and peaceful spot. It seemed the favoured abode of science and holy meditation. As for the discordant jarring of human passions, it was an Eden into which they could not enter. Its very air was too pure—too etherial for them to breathe in.

And yet onward—pile after pile interminably floating by and losing itself in the distance; as though some mighty magician had raised, by the stroke of his wand, a vast moving panorama, in which all the grandeur and mightiness of this lower world had been grouped together. On the same side, and crowning the whole, a stately palace of the most stupendous proportions and noble architecture, rose proudly from its throne on the waters and mingled its turrets with the clouds. Terrace rising above terrace, and column succeeding column, added to its splendour, and

made it worthy of the home of a hundred kings. I had read of Aladdin's wonderful structure—I had revelled in all the beauty, and mightiness, and grandeur of genii-built fabrics and magic palaces—but never, in the wildest day-dream of my imagination, had anything so glorious as that now before me glanced through my mind.

As I had approached it, the outline of another bridge had caught my eye. This now stood before me in all its grandeur. Though equal in dimensions, it exceeded in beauty and loveliness every similar structure I had yet beheld. Its graceful curves and pillared parapets exhibited the chastest proportions, and the most skilful workmanship; while its material was of the purest granite. The stern destroyer Time seemed powerless here. He had in no way impaired its freshness nor crumbled an atom of its dust. For ought apparent to the sight, it might have been erected in the antediluvian world, or built amongst the bubbles of yesterday.

We flew beneath its arches. The sun had now set; the loftiest spires had ceased to return its parting glow; and a heavy twilight had succeeded, casting a deep and sombre hue on every object around. Yet even in the parting light, the scene that here spread its glories before me, excelled in grouping and effect all I had yet seen. It was of gorgeous magnificence—a world of itself. The river, gently curving to the left and disappearing, gave to the colossal fabrics that skirted its banks the appearance of a vast amphitheatre, wherein the most varied forms of tower, dome, and minaret, were blended together in one glorious whole. Nor was this all. On either side, and in the distance, tiers of gigantic structures rose above tiers in endless succession, interspersed with palaces, temples, theatres, and columnal monuments of antiquity. But the pile that crowned the whole was an ancient Gothic Abbey that rose in the centre before us, a personification of majesty itself. Like some ancient oak amidst a forest of surrounding shrubs, it looked serenely down on the surrounding structures, as if pitying their earth-chained condition, while its own brow was in the skies holding communion with heaven itself.

Deep and protracted was my gaze; and, lowering my little sail, I continued drinking into my inmost soul the splendours of the scene, until darkness had spread its canopy around it, and its very outline had melted away.

Apprehending danger from a further extension of my movements in the increasing darkness, I directed my little skiff towards the shore. My thoughts were now turned inward. Various were my conjectures as to the strange and mighty world into which I had been so suddenly hurried. Was I in a dream? No. Every thing around me was too real—too palpable for that. Had sorcery spread its witcheries before me? I could not tell. Nor were my doubts dispelled until I had touched a sloping pier on the right bank of the river, where I was accosted with the well-known cry of—

"Poor Jack, Sir! Please to remember poor Jack!"

It came from a ragged little urchin, who had seized the bow of my skiff to assist my landing. The spell was broken. I found I had been sailing up the Thames, and gazing on the glories of London through the magnifying lens of—a November's mist.

THE MYSTERIOUS PREDICTION.

A LEGEND OF CRUTCHED FRIARS.

BY DARWIN HILLIER.

Mr. John Dawson was an eminent drysalter of the City of London, and his counting-and-dwelling-house was in Crutched Friars. He had been carefully trained in drysalting habits by his father, who was in that way of life himself; and, consequently, when in course of time he became a partner in the old man's business, he had acquired the character of a fellow that didn't mind work, and knew what was what.

With this fair reputation, and his enviable prospects, it may be supposed that many prudent mothers considered the young drysalter as a very desirable son-in-law. He had his choice of so many pretty girls, and refrained so long from coming to terms, that it began to be suspected that he really meditated old-bachelorship. At last, he put an end to all such injurious reports, by leading to the hymeneal altar Miss Sarah Simkins, a young lady of thirty-five, or thereabouts, not over handsome, but owning ten thousand pounds, three per cent consols. It was generally considered a very good match on both sides.

A short time after this auspicious union, the old drysalter died, and John, his only son, succeeded to the entire business. He did not allow this improvement in his circumstances, however, to cause any relaxation in his money-making efforts. He was, if possible, more devoted to business than ever; and so seldom quitted his dirty, old, ink-stained desk, in his dirty, old, smoke-stained counting-house, that

Mrs. Dawson declared she never had his company one minute up stairs in the drawing-room, and Sunday was the only day they could be at all domestic and comfortable.

One child only, a daughter, had blessed their marriage. Laura was a pretty little girl, and as merry and winning in manner as prepossessing in person. She was accomplished, too. She drew flowers that were very like flowers; spoke French so as to be understood; and could play more than one piano-forte piece, by Thalberg, right through, without missing a great many notes. She was romantic to a degree, and doted on Byron.

On a dull morning in November, the drysalter and his family were assembled round the breakfast-table. Dawson, in spite of the suicide-provoking weather, was in excellent spirits. He rubbed his hands, and, addressing his wife, "Mrs. D.," said he, "don't be surprised if you see a nice bit of dried salmon for breakfast. I toddled up to Thames-street last night, got a slice, quite a bargain, and gave it to Susan to cook. Dried salmon is a thing I am particularly fond of, and I reckon a little on this, I can tell you."

Just as he uttered these pleasant words, Susan entered the room, bearing a dish which she placed upon the table.

Dawson eagerly raised the cover; but the contents no sooner met his view than he cried out, with astonishment and rage exhibited on his countenance, "Stop!"

Susan stopped in her retreat towards the kitchen.

"What is this?" continued Dawson. "What d'ye call this stuff?"

"The salmon, sir," faltered Susan.

"The salmon!" exclaimed Dawson, with a savage sneer. "*This* the salmon that I bought last night in Thames-street! Take it away! You have burned it to a cinder, and you may throw it into the cinder-hole if you like."

"My dear," mildly interposed Mrs. Dawson, "don't be in a passion. Let us *try* the salmon, at all events."

"Do what you like with it, ma'am," said Mr. Dawson: "*I* shall not touch it. I shall breakfast on dry bread."

"Now, papa, you're in a pet!" said Laura. "You're in a pet about a bit of salmon, I do declare!"

"What's that to you?" exclaimed Dawson, in a tone which evinced how true was the bold charge. "I'll be *in* humour, or *out of* humour, and ask nobody's leave. I shall have no breakfast at all, since you provoke me; and when I come up to dinner to-day, let me find you ready and willing to receive Mr. Clayton: I invited him yesterday."

"Mr. Clayton again!" exclaimed Laura, pouting.

"Indeed, Mr. Dawson," said her mother, "I think you ask Mr. Clayton here too often."

"I think *not*, ma'am," said Dawson. "He is no favourite, I know, either with you or Laura; but he is such a man as I should like to see my son-in-law, and I insist that proper attention be paid him."

So saying, the drysalter proceeded down stairs to his counting-house on the ground-floor.

It is a fact very mortifying to the pride of human nature, that a slight and even ridiculous incident does often effect a great mental change. The little disappointment connected with his breakfast, had entirely obscured the kindliness of Dawson, and transformed him from a man into a bear. Half-an-hour ago he had felt pleased with himself, and with all the world beside: at present, he was just in a mood to marry his daughter to a man whom she detested, to quarrel with his wife, and to bully his clerks. And with all this ill-will towards others, there was some portion of hatred of himself for yielding to such impulses; which, however, as is usually the case with such species of semi-remorse, only stimulated him the more.

In this delicate frame of mind he entered the counting-house.

It was a small, dark room, fitted up in the true city taste. A swinging-door divided it from the street. All along one side was a window of ground glass, which admitted a yellow imperfect light. A wooden screen, painted to imitate oak, enclosed the whole of the office except a narrow space in the immediate neighbourhood of the public entrance. This screen was also furnished with a door, a narrow railing at its top, and a brass-plate in which was a slit with "Bills for Acceptance" painted above.

Mr. Dawson took his seat at his own particular desk, and having unlocked it, and taken out certain papers, turned towards the long window at which were placed two clerks writing in huge books with much industry.

"Mr. Todd!" exclaimed Dawson.

One of the clerks leaped from his high stool and stood before his principal.

"Mr. Todd," said Dawson, "did you make out that invoice?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Todd.

"Did you advise Wiggins and Co., as I directed?" said Dawson.

"Yes, Sir," replied Todd.

"Did you go down to Sanderson and Co. last evening?" said Dawson.

"No Sir," replied Todd, "I"——

"And why *didn't* you go down to Sanderson and Co.?" said Dawson, raising his voice. "It was important business, and you know it."

"Why, Sir," said Todd, "I"——

"Pooh, Sir," said Dawson, "that excuse wont do. No, Sir, it won't do. And let me tell you, Mr. Todd, if this is the way you mean to act, the sooner we part the better."

"Considering that you have not allowed me to make any answer," said Todd, "your violence may perhaps be called unreasonable. However, if you really wish me to leave you, I will do so with pleasure."

"Then go, Sir!" exclaimed Dawson, boiling with rage at his clerk's unexpected and provoking coolness. "Go at once, Sir."

"I will just add up this column of figures," said Todd, "and be off directly."

So saying, he proceeded with the utmost calmness to his desk under the window, leaped nimbly on to his stool, and immediately commenced a motion of his pen down the column, showing thus his progress in the particular application of the rule of addition to which he had alluded.

Dawson watched his proceedings with a mixture of sorrow and dread. The sorrow was caused by his own violence, which he now heartily repented; and the dread was caused by the extreme, the unnatural

self-possession of Todd, which seemed to his excited fancy to bode some undefined evil. He would have given a few pounds in hard cash to have been able to recall the events of the last hour, and would have done anything in the way of compensation short of owning himself in the wrong, and eating his own words. As this was a course of proceeding, however, to which he had an invincible objection, he accordingly did nothing, and a barren regret was the sole evidence of his return to a more healthful condition of mind.

Meanwhile Mr. Todd travelled scientifically down to the bottom of the column, and, having checked his calculation by the counter process of travelling up again, he wrote some figures, dried them with a piece of blotting-paper, and closing the book, placed it in its rightful position on its rightful shelf. Then he buttoned up his coat, took his hat from a peg, and, having smoothed it with a silk handkerchief, advanced with it in his hand to the desk of Mr. Dawson.

"Sir, I wish you a good morning," said he; "but before I go, I must tell you that, in my opinion, you have acted very foolishly. Knowing the peculiarities of your constitution, I am not *surprised* at this, but *grieved*."

"Mr. Todd," gasped Dawson, "I"——

"In your head," continued Todd, "the organ of destructiveness is large, and a trifling matter consequently excites your anger. Still, as a rational being, it is incumbent on you so to cultivate the moral and intellectual faculties as to bring the animal propensities under control."

"Mr. Todd," exclaimed Dawson, "I insist, Sir,"——

"Man," continued Todd, "is naturally prone to a state of society; and, being so, must allow himself no more individual licence than is compatible with the happiness of his fellows. But to the point; you have a snug business, Sir; very snug. With a clever, active partner, it would be snugger still. *I* am in every way suited to be that partner."

"Sir!" exclaimed Dawson, "this insolence"——

"Is truth, Sir, is truth!" exclaimed Todd, "and you *feel* it. Yes, Sir; mark my PREDICTION, and own that each word carries conviction with it. Before three months have rolled over our heads, I shall be your partner; and the house known now as that of JOHN DAWSON will be still better known as that of DAWSON AND TODD."

Having uttered this extraordinary speech, and before Dawson could recover from the state of utter amazement into which it had thrown him, Todd fixed his hat on his head by a smart blow, and, stalking out of the office, left the outer door swinging for nearly two minutes after his departure.

The drysalter gathered his senses gradually as the silence remained unbroken, and with a troubled spirit began to ponder what this could mean. Was it impudence and mere bravado? or was there more in it than appeared? was Todd intoxicated? Was it a temporary attack of insanity? Or was there some deep deliberate purpose at the bottom of his wild behaviour?

"Ah," said Dawson to himself, "no doubt he was vexed at my stupid harshness, and chose to revenge himself in this way. Well, well; what's done can't be undone; but I'd sooner have given five pounds than this should have happened. Ah, he was a fine fellow! told a good story, and sang a good song; and was a steady man of business, too; only I must be in such an infernal passion as to forget it! I shall lead a precious life with Mrs. D. and Laura when they hear about it. Ah, well, I'm a stupid old fool; there's no doubt of *that!*"

Just as Mr. Dawson arrived at this agreeable point in his soliloquy, the outer door opened gently and a face appeared.

"Ah, Dawson!" exclaimed the face, "all alone, eh? May I come in?"

"To be sure, Clayton, to be sure," said Dawson; "I was just expecting you."

Mr. Clayton accordingly walked into the counting-house, and shook hands with its master. He was a red-faced, stout man; neither very young nor very gentlemanly in appearance. He wore a coarse blue great coat, with large buttons, and had a green shawl about his neck. He was facetious in manner; and by profession a stockbroker.

"Well, my old boy," exclaimed he, "here I am as per agreement. I've shut up shop—cut stock-brokering for the day, and am quite ready to cut your mutton as soon as you like. How goes the enemy?"

"It is just five," replied Dawson, "and we will go up stairs at once, where Mrs. D. and Laura are waiting for us, I dare say. Thomas," continued he, addressing the remaining clerk, who was a youth of about seventeen, "shut the door for the day; Mr. Todd will not be back again, and we will do no more business until to-morrow morning. You may go home."

Having given these necessary directions, Mr. Dawson and his friend the stockbroker ascended to the dining-room.

They were received with a proper show of cordiality by Mrs. Dawson and the fair Laura, who, however disagreeable the visit of Mr. Clayton might be, did not allow their want of sympathy to exhibit itself openly.

Clayton, on his part, took the most violent pains to ingratiate himself. He agreed with every opinion advanced by mother and daughter; took wine with them; turned over the music for Laura after tea; and when the ladies retired for the night, and left Dawson and Clayton over their whiskey-toddy, the stockbroker felt certain that he had made a favourable impression.

"Charming girl is Miss Dawson, Sir," said he; "I wish she only liked *me* as well as I like *her*."

"Pooh, man!" exclaimed Dawson; "you're too modest. She likes you well enough; and will dream of you to-night, I dare say. You have certainly advanced your cause this evening."

"Do you *think* so?" said Clayton, joyously. "Well *I* think I did the thing in tidy style. I talked about novels, and opera-singers, and the Royal Academy Exhibition, and all that, you know; and I'm blessed if I understood three words she said, or I said myself. But 'nothing try, nothing have;' and it aint a little 'll make me blush—that's *one* comfort."

"Faith, Clayton," exclaimed Dawson, laughing, "you will be turned into a fine gentleman, in spite of nature. You must subscribe to a circulating library, and go once a week to the Opera, or you will have no chance with Laura. When you marry her, you must

teach her notions more suited to the wife of a citizen."

"I shall try, depend on it," said Clayton. "It would make one look precious foolish not to understand what one's wife was talking about. If ever Miss Laura becomes Mrs. Clayton, I shall put an end to the piano-forte tinkling and novel-reading, I can tell you. It won't do, though, to let her know that *now*."

In such conversation, stimulated by successive glasses of whiskey and water, two or three hours passed; and it is a fact that Dawson, after he had let out his friend, and locked the street door, made several false steps in proceeding up stairs to bed.

The next morning at eight o'clock, the drysalter and his consort were seated as usual at the breakfast table, awaiting the appearance of Laura.

"She is very late," said Dawson.

"I hope the dear child is well," said Mrs. Dawson.

They waited some time longer.

"Something must have happened," said Dawson.

"I will go this instant and see," said Mrs. Dawson; and accordingly she left the room.

One minute had not elapsed when a distant scream was heard. Dawson started from his chair, and was rushing out, when Mrs. Dawson rushed in, threw herself on the sofa, and buried her face in a white cambric pocket-handkerchief.

"For heaven's sake, what does this mean?" cried Dawson, fearing all sorts of dreadful accidents.

"Oh!" sobbed Mrs. Dawson, "she is gone! she has left us! and I shall never see her again!"

"Laura gone!" exclaimed Dawson, turning pale. "How? where?"

At this point, Mary, the housemaid, who had followed her mistress into the room, came forward with a smirk on her comely countenance, and dropping a courtesy, "Yes, sir," said she; "Miss Laura went off at six punctual this morning. Mr. Todd was a waiting for her; and by this time, I'll be bound, they're near upon being married."

"Mr. Todd waiting for her!" exclaimed Dawson, in a voice elevated nearly to a shout. "Mr. Todd marry my daughter! The rascal! He was making love to her under my very eyes, and I suspected nothing. But he shall repent his conduct, or poverty is no curse. Not a halfpenny shall he have with her—not one halfpenny!"

"My dear," meekly interrupted Mrs. Dawson, lifting her face from the cambric pocket-handkerchief, "You are so violent. Perhaps it is all very well as it is."

"I say it is *not* very well, ma'am," roared Dawson; "It is very *ill*, ma'am. As ill as it can be. And you, hussey," said he, turning to Mary, "why did you not tell me of this elopement as soon as you knew it was intended?"

"La, sir," exclaimed Mary, don't put yourself out so! What's done can't be helped, and you must make the best of it. *I* inform upon Miss Laura! No, Sir, not if I was to get twenty pound by it. We ought to do what we can to make all true lovers happy—that's what *I* say. And so I always did; and so I always will do,—if I never get married myself."

"Hold your tongue, girl," cried Dawson; "you are all alike, and I was a fool to ask you the question."

"Miss Laura left this letter, Sir," said Mary; "and told me to be sure to give it you as soon as there was no danger of your catching her."

With these words she produced a very neat, young-lady-like looking note, and presented it to her master.

Dawson snatched the epistle from her hand, and, opening it, read as follows:—

"My Dearest Papa,

"I tremble to think of the rash step I have taken, and if I did not know how dearly you love me I should fear that you could never forget it. Last evening, Henry Todd saw me secretly—said that you had discharged him at a moment's notice; and that unless I consented to be his without delay, we must part for ever, and I must remain exposed to the persecutions of that odious Mr. Clayton. Ah, my dear papa, was this an appeal to be resisted? We had been for some time solemnly engaged to each other, and our separation would have been death to both. Do not wonder that I yielded. I fly on the wings of love to bind myself to Henry in the silken bonds of Hymen! But I shall be miserable if you refuse to kiss, in kindness,

"Your own Laura."

"Upon my soul, a pretty letter," exclaimed Dawson, "A pretty letter, indeed! The disobedient, ungrateful girl! I will never let her into my house again! She and her husband may beg their bread before I will keep them."

"You do not mean what you say," quietly remarked Mrs. Dawson.

"Time will show, ma'am," said Dawson; "time will show."

Three weeks after the above-narrated events the neighbourhood of Crutched Friars was struck by an important alteration on the door-post of the drysalter's counting-house. The brass-plate, on which had appeared so long the name of "John Dawson," had gone entirely, and there now appeared in black letters on a white marble slab the names of "Dawson and Todd."

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(*Continued from page* 192.)

THE MARRIAGE.

THE news, of which mention was made in the last chapter, was no less than that the son of Jacqueline had betrayed the secret of the chateau to the Republican authorities of Nantes, and that, before long, a party would be despatched to arrest all those who were found within its walls. Various plans were debated: instant flight?—but the Republican cruisers were about in every direction, if they took to the sea; by land their retreat would be obstructed on every side: defence when the hour of attack came?—but the few guns and fowling pieces at hand were not in such a serviceable state (even supposing they had hands enough to use them), as to make resistance possible. The old Sieur de Boispreau inclined to this last idea; Leonie to the first, when she considered, that not only her father's life was at stake, but also that of another not less dear to her. De Talmont, however, decided the matter in this way: "I cannot deny that we all incur imminent danger in remaining here, if this news be true; but, as yet, are we quite sure that it is so? If it be false, or if any event should occur to call off the attention of the Republicans from our retreat, we shall be in as great security here as in any spot of unhappy France. What I advise is this, that Dubois be sent out to collect intelligence, and in the meantime we will make preparation for instant flight, if it should become necessary; I do not see that our case then will be worse than it is now. What say you, Etienne, old sailor, you have looked death in the face often enough to know how to fence with him best?"

"I incline to your Highness's opinion," said the old sailor, "and if you will do me the honour of stepping apart with me for a few minutes I will show you a plan which will make these Blues as tame as unweaned children, even if they were standing in the very court-yard below. Mademoiselle Leonie will excuse us for a few minutes, it is for the King's service."

The Duke accompanied the old sailor into another smaller apartment, when Etienne, closing the door, advanced with an air of mystery to his companion: "Aha! Monseigneur de Talmont, I can trust in your loyalty and truth; did I not tell you that I would tame these accursed Republicans, although every room in the chateau were filled with them? Look here." He touched a spring at the corner of the room, and a small opening was seen, large enough to admit a man's hand; Etienne, introducing his hand, thrust back the panel, and, taking a small lantern from within, struck a light, and beckoned to his companion to follow. They went down some steps, which conducted them to a passage, on each side of which were vaults, which, doubtless, in the olden time, had been used for the domestic service of the house.

"Many a year, Monseigneur, since these have been used; the entrance used to be from the great hall, but that has been bricked up, and I do not think there is a person in the house besides myself who remembers these vaults. I have not forgotten them, however, as you shall see."

Advancing a few steps along, he caught the Duke by the arm, and, holding the light at a little distance, said, "Ha! Monseigneur, what do you see?"

"Nothing; give me the light!"

"I shall have the honour of disobeying you, Monseigneur; were I to trust this light in your hands—we and Mademoiselle Leonie, and the old gentleman, might be in one minute some hundreds of feet nearer the clouds than we are just now!"

"What do you mean, Etienne?"

"Oh! simply, that I have powder enough here to raise this house, and all who may be in it, a few feet from the earth at my pleasure!"

"It is well—it is well! Then, if there are any means of escape for ourselves, a fusee is all that is needful!"

There is. For ourselves we have a passage which will take us to a sure spot in the gully—we wait for the explosion—there is a boat below to cross the stream—we land—and then the blessed Virgin protect you all, for Etienne can do no more."

"Well, Etienne, if your powder be dry, and in good order, we will give these fellows a warning how they come to meddle with the houses of gentlemen."

"I will answer for the powder; it is as dry as though I had kept it in this *tabatière* which I now have the honour of offering to your Highness."

The Prince accepted his offer with a laugh, and, with a heart much lightened, ascended again to the upper apartments.

"I have been speaking with Etienne about our means of defence," said he, as they entered the room where the others of their party were assembled, "and he has convinced me that we have the power of keeping any assailants in

check for a sufficient time to make our own escape; so I propose, once more, my former plan, that we remain here tranquilly, and send Dubois out to collect intelligence; we shall put one or two sentinels, moreover, in such places, that we shall be sure to have intelligence of any attempt at surprise, although I do not think they will attempt this, as they believe their task too easy a one to make it worth their while. Does Monsieur de Boispreau consent to my plan?"

The old man would readily have given his consent to any proposition that the Prince had made; but, in truth, his plan seemed the best that could be devised under the circumstances, and met with the approbation of all.

A few days glided by, during which nothing occurred to interrupt the security of the inhabitants of the chateau, and De Talmont became the companion of Leonie in her walks and her rides. Is it necessary to describe the growth of affection between two such beings—the one chivalrous and noble, with every emotion of a lofty mind called into play, and purified by the part which he had taken in the horrible drama which was then played out in France—the other, pure, simple, and uncontaminated by any contact with the world? She loved, and yet scarcely knew that she loved; every day brought with it an increase of affection; yet so little conscious was she of the danger she ran, that it never occurred to her to think of the result. There was a little farm-house, about a mile distant from the chateau—it had attached to it a garden, filled with vegetables, a few bee-hives set upon a plank, and on one side of it a little brook, nearly dry at this season, murmured sweetly along. On the other side the forest trees formed the boundary of the garden, which was just parted off from the forest by a bank covered with wild flowers; while in the trees above the birds made the air musical with their harmonious notes. Into this garden you might, one summer's afternoon, have seen Leonie and the Prince enter. One arm of the Vendéan General was passed round her waist, while with the other he clasped her hand. His eyes earnestly sought to meet hers, but they were cast on the ground, as though she feared to encounter his fixed and earnest gaze.

"Dearest Leonie," he murmured at length, "how unutterably happy I am by your side."

"Ah!" she said, "do not speak so to me; I am frightened when you speak to me in that tone."

"Why should I not use the language of affection to you, when you yourself say that you entertain towards me all the fond affection of a sister?"

"Yes, of a sister."

"Then, dearest Leonie, there is nothing in your heart which tells you that I love you far more deeply than ever yet brother loved a sister?"

"Why should you require more of me now? before I knew you for a Prince you asked nothing more of me—is it on that account that you ask more?"

"Dearest Leonie!"

"Oh! not so; call me your sister; every other name frightens me—and do not look so at me; your eyes sparkle, and I shall think that you are angry with me."

"Angry with you! You do not know what is passing in my heart at this moment?"

"Speak, speak to me at once; what do you mean?"

"Oh! Leonie, you know not how deeply, how fervently I love you."

Leonie arose, all troubled, from the bank on which they were seated. "My brother," she said, "it is not good for us to stay longer here.

"What do you fear? You know you are safe with me; do you not call me your brother? But there is another name more fond than that, which I would hear from your lips; will not you be my wife? I have little now but a good name to offer, and a strong arm to defend you with; but, Leonie, will you not love me as I do you?"

"Henry, Henry," she said, as she threw herself into his arms, "do with me what you will; but we must not quit my father. I cannot leave, in his old age, him who has given me life. You must think for me, and do what your own noble heart shall dictate."

They returned slowly to the chateau, and on their arrival the Prince went with Leonie to her father, to ask his consent to their immediate union, which, as it may be supposed, the old man was only too proud to give, and preparations were made to perform the ceremony next day. Under any other circumstances such a union as this would have been performed with the high state and ceremony which befitted the rank of the contracting parties; but now the public calamities rendered it necessary that the marriage should be performed as privately as possible.

When all was prepared, two little girls, dressed in white, like the bride herself, came to give Leonie and her father notice that Father Vincent was at the altar, ready to perform the ceremony. His daughter knelt at the old man's feet, to receive his blessing for the last time, as another had stronger claims to her obedience and affection.

"May the Almighty, whom we have constantly worshipped and adored, be gracious to thee, my child! May he send his angels to guard thee on every side and protect thee; be to another what thou hast been to me; and, in giving thee to him, I have given him a higher blessing than ever yet one man has conferred upon another!"

The old man conducted Leonie to the chapel, where they found the Prince waiting for them; and the two lovers soon pronounced that solemn word which united their destinies to each other for ever, and afterwards listened in silence and reverence to the pious exhortations which the good priest uttered to them.

The inhabitants and servants of the chateau, notwithstanding that they had been forbidden by their master, could not refrain from testifying their joy at their young mistress's marriage in noisy mirth and glee, and even went so far as to discharge a few shots in the air; but all were too happy to think of any danger, and so the day ended in peace.

THE ATTACK, AND THE ESCAPE.

For three days all went quietly at the chateau; early on the fourth Dubois returned with every mark of hot haste about him.

"The Blues are upon us," he said; "this evening we may look for them; we have but barely time to give them the slip."

"The affair regards me," answered his master. "Monsieur de Boispreau will, I believe, trust me with the command. Is it not so, my father? Many a time have I led the King's forces to victory against more odds than we have to contend with, and when nothing but my own fame was at stake; but now, do you think that, with Leonie at my side, I can fail? Courage all. Monsieur de Boispreau, and you, Leonie, you will hold yourselves ready, at an instant's notice, to embark in the boat below; I must see that the secret passage is clear for your flight, and post a sentinel over the boat. Etienne, how many men have we fit for service?"

"But four; there are besides, three women—three brave Breton girls—who will fight as well as any soldiers."

"Ha! They must be moved at once from the chateau; we could not take them with us; and to leave them behind would be to condemn them to death and dishonour. See that they depart at once. Give a fowling-piece to each of the men, with half-a-dozen rounds of cartridge; and hark thee, Etienne, come this way." The two went together, to make preparations to spring the mine, and to lay the train, leaving the others to obey De Talmont's directions.

The Prince and Etienne accordingly descended into the vaults below, and saw that all was ready for their design, and that the train was laid up to a certain point.

"My plan is, Etienne, if the force sent against us be of any number, and they attempt any violence in the execution of their duty, to allure the whole party into the chateau; and when we have escaped to the shelter of the rock, you fire the mine, we step into the boat and cross the river. Even if they should have stationed any outposts in the woods about, they will be so alarmed at the explosion, that we shall have time to cross the river in safety; once there, we must make the best of our way to one of the posts of the Royalist army."

The preparations of Leonie and her father were soon made; it was from the condition of the old man that the worst was to be apprehended. Leonie had been habited in a man's apparel; Etienne was still robust and strong; and the four peasants attached to the chateau were serviceable fellows, in the prime of strength and vigour, and all well armed. These, guided by De Talmont, were in themselves a formidable party. Eight horses were saddled, and waiting for them on the other side of the river, so that, if Monsieur de Boispreau could bear the fatigue of the hurried flight, there was, in reality, little to be apprehended.

The day wore on, and they had finished their evening meal, when the man who had been posted as sentinel on the road leading from the village, came in with the intelligence, that a company of soldiers, about thirty in number, were advancing on the chateau, headed by a Republican officer, and guided by a peasant, who, by the description, was recognised as being Jacqueline's son.

"Curse on him," said Etienne.

"Silence all, and obey quickly," said the Prince; "Monsieur de Boispreau will remain here to receive the officer; I will stay in the adjoining apartment. Leonie, you must go alone to the spot appointed. Close the gates of the court before the house; the three men I will place myself; and, Etienne, when they arrive, you will answer these soldiers according to instructions."

A few minutes passed in silence and suspense after these various orders were executed, when the company of soldiers emerged from the shelter of the forest, and halted before the chateau. The officer in command paused to give some directions, and three or four of the soldiers left the body, as though to see that no person could escape unnoticed from the house.

This done, he advanced alone to the gate, and striking violently with the handle of his sword, demanded admittance in the name of the Republic.

A small wicket was opened above, and Etienne appeared: "What is your business here, Monsieur," said he to the officer.

"Open your gate at once, I seek the Citizen Boispreau."

"There is no such person here."

"It will be well for you to open at once; we have notice that the citizen and his daughter are still here; and we are charged to conduct them to the tribunals at Nantes."

"I tell you again there is no such person here; Monsieur de Boispreau and his noble

daughter, Mademoiselle Leonie, do indeed live here, and if you have any business with them I will inquire of him if it be his good pleasure to receive you."

"I have no time for fine speeches; give the citizen notice, and return instantly, or I will force the gate, and do the errand myself."

"That is as it may be, Monsieur. However, I will do your message."

In a few minutes Etienne returned: "Monsieur de Boispreau is willing to admit you and the officer of the municipality, to his presence, no one beside."

"It will suffice. Marien Casetel, come with me, and I will deliver these aristocrats into your hands. Soldiers, wait until you have orders to advance."

Etienne then admitted the officer and the municipal agent, and conducted them to the presence of Monsieur de Boispreau.

"Will you inform me, gentlemen," said the old man, as they entered, "what has procured me the honour of this unexpected visit?"

"You shall know soon enough," said the Republican soldier, with a little hesitation, for, despite of himself, he could not help feeling respect for the venerable old man.

"In that case, Monsieur," said the old gentleman, "you will have the goodness to seat yourself, for my old enemy the gout will scarcely permit me to remain standing. Etienne, give chairs to these two gentlemen."

The other tried to put on a grave magisterial air, while he said, "Citizen, you will answer your preliminary questions before I put in execution the warrant of arrest which I have against you."

"Arrest me, Monsieur, and wherefore?"

"That matters but little. Now answer,—how long have you lived in this part of the country?"

"How long have I lived in my chateau, you mean; for I scarce ever leave it."

"Learn, citizen, that there are no more chateaus in France; but answer my question."

"Why, Monsieur, I have lived here some sixty years, except those times when I was absent on the King's service. My ancestors some four hundred."

"Learn, that there are no more ancestors in France, nor Kings either."

"Indeed, Monsieur! But what is the meaning of all these questions?"

"You are accused of assisting the counter-revolution; but it is my place to put questions, your's to answer. What is your profession?"

"Officer in the King's navy."

"Have you not a sister at Nantes detained as ci-devant canoness?"

"If you know the fact, why ask me?"

"Silence, citizen, and respect. What is the name of this old sailor?"

"Etienne."

"Is he not an agent of Pitt and Cobourg?"

"You had better ask himself."

"Now, citizen, before proceeding to the arrest, you will deliver up to me your arms and your papers; then I will proceed to your arrest and that of your daughter."

"At your proper peril," answered the old man. "I bid you take fair warning, that if you and your scum do not clear yourselves off in three minutes I will fire upon you in the King's name."

"How! what is this!" said the Republican officer. "That we will try!" So saying, he advanced to the window, and discharged a pistol in the air, and instantly turning back into the room, seized Monsieur de Boispreau by the collar.

At this moment the Prince burst into the room, with a cutlass in his hand, and dashing the hilt of it in the officer's face, sent him flying to the other side of the apartment. He fell heavily to the ground, but, recovering himself instantly, discharged a second pistol at the Prince's head; but, luckily, the bullet glanced harmlessly by him.

Seeing that his attempt was in vain, he drew his sword, and advanced to attack him hand to hand; the issue of the combat was not, however, doubtful for a second, as their swords had scarcely crossed ere De Talmont thrust his cutlass into his breast, and he fell dead on the floor.

It was now the municipal officer's turn to be frightened: "Gentlemen, Gentlemen, what are you about? Really there is no occasion for us to proceed to these extremities."

At this moment two or three shots were heard from the windows of the chateau, and these added to the terror of the insolent coward, who, in his full security, would have signed the death-warrant of old and young, without a moment's compunction.

He fell on his knees in an agony of terror: "Oh! Gentlemen, Gentlemen, spare my life; Monsieur de Boispreau, spare my life; I am Jean Caratel, the grocer of St. Nayaire, who have had the honour of serving your illustrious family for years."

He had scarce time to finish his sentence ere the Prince had opened the window, and cast him into the court-yard beneath.

"Now Etienne, Monsieur de Boispreau, there is not a moment to be lost; let us retreat at once. Etienne, you know your duty."

He spoke truly; the Blues had already forced the gates of the chateau, and were in the court-yard, when two or three more shots were fired at them, and then the men, according to their instructions, abandoned their posts.

The Prince partly led, partly carried the old man away; and little more than a minute suf-

ficed to bring them to Leonie, who had already been joined by the servants who had fired from the windows on the Blues. All were there but Etienne.

"My father, my father, Henry," said Leonie, "let us go at once, they will be upon us ere we can reach the boat."

"Have no fear," answered the Prince, "never one of them shall lay hands upon us; there is not one of those ruffians who has sixty seconds to live. Etienne, is all well?" continued he, as the sailor made his appearance.

"All is well, my Prince."

There was a short pause, during which the wild cries of the assailants were heard in the court-yard of the chateau; and the party in the cave regarded each other with looks of mute expectation. Then one explosive roar, so long, so loud, so dreadful, as though the thunder of heaven had burst immediately above their heads. Then a shower of fragments of rock and stone fell around them in all directions.

THE FLIGHT, AND THE ARREST.

The old man and Leonie exchanged looks as they became aware of the destruction which had fallen upon the home in which they had spent so many tranquil years; but this was no time for giving way to feeling.

"We must cross the river instantly," said the Prince. "There are parties doubtless scattered about, and we must not give them time to recover from their first surprise. Etienne, conduct Madame. I charge myself with Monsieur de Boispreau's safety, and you, my brave friends, follow at once."

They reached the boat in safety; but when they were in mid-stream, a shot, which fell near them, gave them notice that all of the attacking party had not perished in the explosion of the mine, and that their retreat was discovered.

Their only safety now lay in instant flight, and when they had disembarked on the other side, and mounted their horses, hope again illumined their path.

"Etienne and Dubois; you will ride one on each side of Monsieur de Boispreau; I myself, Leonie, will ride by your rein; one of you, my friends, will go in advance; the other will remain at some little distance behind, to cover our retreat. Forward!"

The party advanced according to this arrangement, at the top of the speed which the condition of the old man permitted. The country around them was desolate and abandoned, the villages deserted, the houses but a mass of charred and disfigured ruins.

"We shall scarcely reach Saint Etienne de Montluc, to night," said the Prince to Dubois.

"No, Monseigneur, we shall have to take refuge in the forest, which, although it may not offer the same convenience to Madame, will, at least, be more secure."

About an hour and a half's riding brought them to a part of the country which was wilder still. It was a vast forest, with here and there a morass, or a large pool of shallow water, occasionally they passed a hut, such as might have been used by the charcoal burners, but all were deserted. They were now obliged to advance slowly, for as the shades of night closed around them it was not possible to distinguish their way in the darkness of the forest. The party had now closed together, as it would have been difficult to follow in the track of any one who was riding before, and they kept on their way in silence. It might have been midnight when they arrived at a little cottage, and here De Talmont ordered the party to halt, and, dismounting, advanced to see if there was any one inside, but, like the others, it had been abandoned.

"We will wait here for a few hours, the horses have need of rest, and upon their good condition our safety depends. You, Monsieur de Boispreau, and you, Leonie, will not, I think, either of you be sorry for a few hours' repose. The party dismounted and prepared to rest themselves for awhile. The hut was built against a rock, and the grass which grew round it, the moss which covered the path-way leading to the door, all seemed to indicate that it had not, for a long time, been inhabited by man. The back of the hut opened upon a cave, from the top of which, water fell into a pool below, round the brink of which, the grass was growing green and fresh.

Into this they conducted their horses, and the men soon collected a litter of leaves and rushes, upon which they might rest themselves during the night, and spread before them the corn which they had brought, so that the animals might be in condition to resume their journey on the next day. A fire was soon made in the interior of the hut, and every precaution taken to guard against surprise. The night was divided between the two servants, who were to watch alternately, and the Prince, Etienne, and Dubois agreed that each of them should be a-foot during a third of the time as an additional sentinel, and to see that the other did his duty. Leonie having uttered her evening prayer, fell fast asleep at the feet of the old man, who could not obtain the same refreshment, as the events of the day had too deeply agitated him to permit him to sleep.

(To be concluded in our next.)

NEW BOOKS.

Rambles in Germany and Italy. By Mrs. Shelley. Two Vols. *Moxon.*

This is precisely the work to be expected from the writer. Eloquent, at times passionate in its language; abounding with the most picturesque descriptions of many of the loveliest places of the earth; glowing with intensest admiration of the wonders of art; and alive with the keenest sympathy for a people burning with a sense of political degradation, and silently, yet resolutely, awaiting the coming hour—for come it will—of enlightened freedom. There is, however, but little novelty in the subject of these volumes. "They were," says Mrs. Shelley, "thus originated. Visiting spots often described—pursuing a route such as forms for the most part the common range of the tourist—I could tell nothing new, except as each individual's experience possesses novelty. While I passed in haste from city to city—as I travelled through mountain-passes, or over vast extents of country, I put down the daily occurrences—a guide, a pioneer, or simply a fellow-traveller, for those who come after me." And a more intelligent, more delightful fellow-traveller, it would be impossible to find in post-chaise, diligence, or eil-wagen.

Other travellers before Mrs. Shelley have chronicled their conviction of the entire change of character which has, within the last twenty years, taken place in the French people. They are no longer the polite, the courteous, the light-hearted nation that danced and sang away its cares. No; they worship money in their shops and back-parlours with as earnest a devotion as the most ledger-loving son of John Bull. Certain it is, we are not now the only nation of shop-keepers. We were wont to take our notions of the French from the pictures of Watteau; to believe in their airiness, their keen sense of enjoyment, their indomitable animal spirits. *Ils ont changé tout cela.* They may, it is true, still vaunt of Napoleon; but, as a nation, they think more of his likeness in gold than of all the famous associations of the empire. Mrs. Shelley says.—

> By this time I became aware of a truth which had dawned on me before, that the French common people have lost much of that grace of manner which once distinguished them above all other people. More courteous than the Italians they could not be; but, while their manners were more artificial, they were more playful and winning. All this has changed. I did not remark the alteration so much with regard to myself, as in their mode of speaking to one another. The "Madame" and "Monsieur," with which stable-boys and old beggar-women used to address each other, with the deference of courtiers, has vanished. No trace is to be found of it in France. A shadow faintly exists among Parisian shop-keepers, when speaking to their customers: but only there is the traditional phraseology still used; the courteous accent, the soft manner, erst so charming, exists no longer. I speak of a thing known and acknowledged by the French themselves. They want to be powerful; they believe money must obtain power; they wish to imitate the English, whose influence they attribute to their money-making propensities: but now and then they go a step beyond, and remind one of Mrs. Trollope's description of the Americans. Their phraseology, once so delicately, and even, to us more straightforward people, amusingly deferential, (not to superiors only, but toward one another) is become blunt, and almost rude. . . . . Perhaps more than any people, as I see them now, the French require the restraint of good manners. They are desirous of pleasing, it is true; but their *amour propre* is so sensitive, and their tempers so quick, that they are easily betrayed into anger and vehemence. . . . On board these long narrow river-steamers I found the same defects—the air, most agreeable to a traveller, of neatness and civility was absent. There is, however, no real fault to be found, and I should not mention this, were it not a change; and I sincerely wish the French would return to what they once were, and give us all lessons of pleasing manners, instead of imitating and exaggerating our faults, and adding to them an impress all their own—a sort of fierceness when displeased, which is more startling than our sullenness. As I said, this has no reference to any act towards myself; but the winning tone and manner that had pleased me of old no longer appeared, and it was in the phraseology used among each other that the change was most remarkable.

Mrs. Shelley has a good word for the King of Bavaria, who, with all his impulsive eccentricities, has done much to elevate the taste of his people. His passion is for building. No sooner is one great work accomplished, than another is planned. The people grumble at the expense; his Majesty lets them so enjoy themselves, and continues to build:—

> He is popular as a good king and a clever man, fond of the arts; but is esteemed to have "a bee in his bonnet," which "bee" appears to have degenerated into a wasp with his son Otho. The Crown Prince of Bavaria is much respected and has the reputation of being gifted with his father's talents, with judgment superadded. The appearance of the King is droll enough; tall, with long legs and arms, he walks furiously fast, talks earnestly and loud, and gesticulates violently; he dresses shabbily, and his thin, adust, face is inconceivably wrinkled.
>
> The baths which he particularly patronizes are those of Brukenau, about twenty miles distant, where he has a palace: these are steel-waters, and most people go to strengthen themselves there, after being diluted by the Kissingen springs. The King has perceived the flow of money brought into other States by the resort of strangers to the baths, and is very anxious that his should be celebrated. For this reason, he decorated Dr. Granville's button-hole with a bit of ribbon, much to the disgust of the native physicians, who are provoked to remark, "Our King is sometimes one fool." Dr. Granville is practising here, also to the discontent of the native medical people, who see the rich current of English guineas turn away from themselves. However, as he is the cause of many coming here, he has certainly a right to profit by their visits. The King is very fond of receiving the English; he understands our language, and asks, in royal style, a thousand rapid questions; being somewhat deaf he does not always hear the reply, and droll equivoques have taken place.

In her ramble of 1840, Mrs. Shelley settled for a time at Cadenablia, on the Lake of Como. She gives the following pleasing picture of the "happy family" who kept the hostelry:—

> Here then we are in peace, with a feeling of being settled for a year, instead of two months. The inn is kept by the brothers Brentani, who form a sort of patriarchal family. There is, in the first place, an old mother, who evidently possesses great sway in the family, and a loud voice, but with whom we have nothing to do, except to return her salutation when we meet. The eldest brother, Giovanni, a tall stout man, attends to the accounts. He is married, Peppina, his wife, is of good parentage, but being left an orphan in childhood, lost her all through the rascality of guardians during the troubled times of Napoleon's wars and downfal. She waits on us; she is hard-working, good-humoured, and endowed with all the innate courtesy which forms, together with their simplicity of manner, the charm of the Italians. Luigi, the next brother, who welcomed us from the steam-boat, is put forward to do the honours, as the beau of the establishment. He has all the airs of one, when each day he goes to receive guests from the steamer, with his white, low-crowned hat, and velvet jacket, his slim figure, and light mustachios; he waits on us also. Then there is Battista, who acts as cook; Bernardo, who seems as a sort of under-waiter; and Paolo, or Piccol, as he is usually called, to his great disdain, a handsome lad, who runs about, and does everything; these are all brothers. There is a woman besides, to clean rooms, and a scullion or two: all the family work hard. Poor Battista says his only ambition is to get a good night's sleep; he is up early and down late, has grown infinitely thin upon it. Bernardo nourishes the ambition of going to England—the frequent resort of the natives of the lake of Como—and try, as others of the villages about had done, to make a fortune. My young companions are great pets in the house. You can be on excellent terms with this class of people in Italy without their ever forgetting themselves; there is no intrusiveness, no improper

familiarity, but perfect ease joined to respect and ready service. For the rest, they of course are not particularly addicted to truth, and may perhaps cheat if strongly tempted, and I dare say, their morals are not quite correct. But in all their doings, as yet, they keep their compact with us faithfully, taking extreme pains to serve us to our liking; far from having the slightest cause of complaint, we have every reason to praise.

Further on, Mrs. Shelley has occasion to remark on the love and mutual good-understanding to be found in Italian families. How true—how painfully true—is the commencement of the following!

The duties of husband and wife are in England observed with even more sanctity than they obtain credit for. But in how many instances do our affections and duties begin and end there—with the exception of those exercised by the parents towards their *very young* children. We all know that when a son or daughter marries, they literally fulfil the dictum of Adam, "therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife." Our family affections centre in the small focus of the married pair, and few and ineffectual are the radii that escape and go beyond. Now it must be acknowledged that, however endearing at the outset, however necessary and proper to a certain extent, such a state of things may be, it often degenerates after a little time into the most sordid selfishness. The Italians are deficient in this self-dedication to one, but they have wider extended family attachments, of a very warm and faithful description. We who consider it a necessary of life to have a *menage* to ourselves—each couple in its nest—cannot understand the harmony and affection nourished in a little republic, often consisting of grandfather and grandmother, who may be said to have abdicated power, and live in revered retirement—their days not counted and grudged, as with us is too frequently the case: then comes father and mother, respected and loved—and then brothers and sisters. If a sister marries, she becomes a part of another family, and goes away. The son brings his wife under his father's roof; but the size of their houses renders them independent in their daily life. The younger sons are not apt to marry, because in addition to their want of fortune, too many women, essentially strangers, would thus be brought under one roof, and would be the occasion of discord. We know how readily the human heart yields to a law which it looks on as irrefragable; submitting to single life, uncles learn to love their nephews and nieces as if they were their own offspring, and a strong family chain is thus formed. A question may arise as to how much of family tyranny turns these links into heavy fetters. In the first place, their families are seldom as numerous as with us. The necessities of their position fall lightly on the males. All over the world younger sons seldom marry; or only do so to exchange luxury for straitened circumstances; and younger sons who continue to grow old under the paternal roof, sharing *by right* the luxuries to which they were born, and in which they were educated, are better off than our younger sons, who are often thrust forth from the luxurious home of their youth, to live on a bare pittance in a wretched lodging.

The Germans are no favourites of Mrs. Shelley. She gives the following pithy illustrations of the easy honesty of a Rhine-boat steward:—

The man, who acted as steward on the steamer, a thin, pale, short, insignificant-looking fellow, had taken his bill to him of our party whom, I suppose, long experience in such matters had led him to divine was the most *insouciant*. The bill was paid without a remark, and then brought to me. I was startled at its amount, and examined it. First I cast it up, and found an overcharge in the addition. This was pointed out to the man. He acknowledged it very *debonairely*. "*Ah, oui, je le vois, c'est juste*" (Ah—yes—I see—it's quite correct); and he refunded. Still the bill was large: and I showed it to a lady on board, who had paid hers, and had mentioned the moderation of the charges. I found that the man had charged us each half a florin too much for dinner. Again the bill was taken to him. This time he was longer in being convinced; but when our authority was mentioned, with a look of sudden enlightenment, he exclaimed:—"*Madame, vous avez parfaitement raison*" (You are quite right, Madam), and refunded. But this was not all: my maid came to me, to say she hoped I had not paid for her, as she had paid for herself. True enough, she was charged for in our bill. We were almost ashamed to apply again; but a sense of public justice prevailed, and again we asked for our money back. In this instance the man yielded at once. Clasping his forehead, he exclaimed;—"*Mon Dieu! que je suis bête!*" (Good God! how stupid I am!) and repaid us. In the evening of this day, as K—— was gazing on the splendour of the setting sun, the false steward stood beside him, sharing the rapture, and exclaimed:—"*N'est ce pas, Monsieur, que c'est magnifique!*" (Isn't it fine, sir?)

The despotism in which the Faculty at Kissengen hold their subject patients is amusingly described:—

All the Germans get up at four, and parade the gardens to drink the waters till nearly eight; I contrive to get there soon after five. These waters are not mere salts, like Carlsbad, nor mere iron, but a very diluted mixture of both. I believe them to be very conducive to the restoration of health; but they must only be taken under a physician's superintendence, as it is dangerous to play with them. The morning walk I find pleasant. I leave the gardens after each glass, and stroll beyond into the meadows bordering the Salle, away from the garish spectacle of the smart toilettes, and the saddening sight of the sick. I return to breakfast at eight, if that may be called a breakfast which is not one. So many things are supposed to disagree with the waters, that not only everything substantial, but also butter, fruit, tea, coffee, and milk are prohibited. We dine at one, at the *table d'hôte* of the Kurhaus; the ceremony is, to the last degree, unsatisfactory and disgusting. The King of Bavaria is so afraid that his medicinal waters may fall into disrepute if the drinkers should eat what disagrees with them, that we only eat what he, in conjunction with a triumvirate of doctors, is pleased to allow us. Every now and then a new article is struck out from our bill of fare, notice being sent from this council, which is stuck up for our benefit at the door of the *salle-à-manger*, to the effect that, whoever in Kissingen should serve at any table, pork, veal, salad, fruit, &c. &c. &c., should be fined so many florins. Our pleasures of the palate are thus circumscribed, not to say annihilated; for the food they give us is so uninviting, that we only take enough barely to sustain life: for, strangely enough, though butter is prohibited, their dishes overflow with grease. . . . .

As I was sitting at breakfast this morning I had a visit from my physician. He looked with consternation on the table. "Butter!" he exclaimed; "strawberries! tea! milk!" there was a crescendo of horror in his voice. One by one, these slender luxuries were withdrawn, and I was left with a *little* bread, and water (the staple of the place) *ad libitum*.

At Weimar, Mrs. Shelley saw the coffins of Schiller and Göthe:—

We saw the coffins of the poets, in the dark tomb, placed not side by side, princely etiquette forbad, but in the same narrow chamber with those of the princes who honoured them. These coffins suggest a wonderful contempt for the material of life; Camoëns exclaimed, when dying in an hospital, "Lo! the vast scene of my fortunes is contraced to this narrow bed!" This tomb told us that princely protection and the aspirations of genius were shut up in those dust-containing coffers; yet not so, while the works of the one endure, and the memory of the acts of the others survive in the minds of posterity. This friendship after death, this desire to share even in the grave the poet's renown, after having sheltered and honoured him during life, makes one love these good German sovereigns. Mr. Landor says the Germans possess nine-tenths of the thought that exists in the world. There is, in even larger proportion, honour for thought. The gardens of the palace are agreeably laid out; and except that turf is wanting, resemble an English park, with fine old trees and a river running through. This spot was a favourite resort, and there is a pretty shady summer house overlooking the river, where the sovereigns held *réunions*, and entertained their poet friends; many a June evening was there spent in refined intercourse; there is also a pavilion in the garden which Göthe inhabited in the summer months.

It is by no means unusual to hear King George the Third still called "the venerated," "the good," "the pious;" when his goodness and piety caused a sea of blood to flow in America. We hold in proper abhorrence the slave-holder—the dealer in black human flesh; what shall we say of a good and pious King, who bought the unwilling subjects of a tyrant in order to perpetuate tyranny? Mrs. Shelley is in Hesse-Cassel, where she writes the following. The blood burns as we read it:—

It was in these territories that a scene was enacted during the last century, so overlooked by history, that I believe by-and-by it will only be remembered (how is it even now?) by the commentators on Schiller. When we read of the *Hessians* in the American war, we have a vague idea that our Government called in the aid of foreign mercenaries to subdue the revolted colonies; an act which roused Lord Chatham to exclaim in the House of Peers, "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country I never would lay down my arms, never—never—never!" We censure the policy of Government, we lament the obstinacy of George III., who, exhausting the English levies, had recourse to "the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder;" and "devoted the Americans and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty." But our imagination does not transport itself to the homes of the unfortunate Germans; nor is our abhorrence of the tyranny that sent them to die in another hemisphere awakened. Lord Chatham does indeed in the same speech, from which the above quotations are made, cast a half-pitying glance on the victims of their native sovereign, when he talks of "traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign

sovereign." Schiller, in his tragedy of "Cabal and Love," describes the misery brought on his own countrymen more graphically. A petty German prince, namely, the Duke of Hesse Cassel, or perhaps the Margrave of Anspach, who also dealt in this unholy traffic, sends a present of jewels to his mistress—she is astonished at their magnificence, and asks the bringer of them, how the Duke could pay for such immeasurably costly jewels? The servant replies—"They cost him nothing. Seven thousand children of the soil started yesterday for America; they pay for all." "But not compelled?" the lady demands. The poor man, who has two sons among the recruits, replies, "O God, no! Perfect volunteers. True, some forward lads stepped out of the ranks, and asked the colonel, how dear the Prince sold his yoke of men? But our gracious lord caused all the regiments to be marched to the parade-ground, to shoot down the jackanapes. We heard the report of the firelocks, saw their brains scattered on the ground, and the whole army shouted, 'Hurrah for America!' Then the loud drums told us it was time. On one side shrieking orphans followed their living father; on the other a distracted mother ran to cast her sucking child on the bayonets; here a pair of betrothed lovers were parted by sabre-blows; and there greybeards stood struck by despair, and at last flung their crutches after the young fellows who were off to the New World. Oh! and with all that the deafening roll of the drum mingled, for fear the Almighty should hear us praying!"

We were told that the facts were worse even than this picture; since when first the order was given out for the enlisting of the soldiers, hundreds deserted their homes, and betook themselves to the neighbouring mountains of Franconia, and were hunted down like wild animals, and starved into surrender.

History fails fearfully in its duty, when it makes over to the poet the record and memory of such an event. One, it is to be hoped, that can never be renewed. And yet, what act of cruelty and tyranny may not be reacted on the stage of the world, which we boast of as civilized, if one man has uncontrolled power over the lives of many, the unwritten story of Russia may hereafter tell.

Mrs. Shelley imparts the following useful knowledge for the benefit of those who would rid themselves of the inconvenience of German starers :—

The Germans do not address each other with the plural *you*, as is our custom; *thou* denotes affection and familiarity. The common mode of speaking to friends, acquaintances, servants, shopkeepers—to everybody, indeed—is the third person plural, *sie*, they; your own dog you treat with the *du*, thou; the dog of your enemy with *er*, or he. The Germans have a habit of staring, quite inconceivable: I speak, of course, of the people one chances to meet travelling as we do. For instance, in the common room of an hotel, if a man or woman there have nothing else to do, they will fix their eyes on you, and never take them off for an hour or more. There is nothing rude in their gaze, nothing particularly inquiring, though you suppose it must result from curiosity; perhaps it does; but their eyes follow you with pertinacity, without any change of expression. At Rabenau, and other country places, the little urchins would congregate from the neighbouring cottages, follow us about up the hills and beside the waterfall, form a ring, and stare. A magic word to get rid of them is very desirable—here it is: ask one of them, "*Was will er?*" "What does *he* want?" The *er* is irresistible—the little wretches feel the insult to their very back-bone, and make off at once.

Mrs. Shelley's belief in the ultimate regeneration of Italy, is the belief of assured hope. She relates many circumstances which prove that the public mind is quickened to a sense of the despotism that would annihilate it :—

I should like to know how the Milanese feel towards the present Government. Since the death of one of the most treacherous and wicked tyrants that ever disgraced humanity—the Emperor Francis—the Austrian Government has made show of greater moderation. As the price of the restoration of Ancona by the French, the exiles were permitted to return. While we were at Como, we had seen the honoured and noble Confalonieri, returned from Spielberg, the shadow of a man; his wife no more, his life withered. . . . A hatred of the German is rooted in the nobility of Milan; they are watched with unsleeping vigilance: above all, the greatest care is taken that their youth should not receive an enlightened education. From the moment a young man is known to hold himself free from the prevalent vices of the times, to be studious and high-minded, he becomes marked; he is not allowed to travel; he is jealously watched; no career is open to him; he is hemmed in to a narrow and still narrower circle: till at last the moss of years and hopelessness gathers over and deadens his mind. For the present governments of Italy know that there is a spirit abroad in that country, which forces every Italian that thinks and feels, to hate them and rebel in his heart.

Life in Venice :—

The manner in which the upper class live, is, I fancy, monotonous enough. In the winter, the Viceroy comes from Milan to inhabit his palace, and gives a few balls. Some ladies open their houses for *conversazioni* in the evening; but the usual style is for each lady to have her circle, and the general drawing-room is the Opera-house; or they assemble in the Piazza of San Marco. There is a plentiful supply of chairs before the doors of the principal *cafés*, and they sit and converse. It is not etiquette for a lady to enter a *café*, and they are shocked at the English women, who do not perceive the difference between eating their ice, or sipping their coffee, in the open Piazza, and entering the shop itself. To sit, or to walk, listening to the band, and exchanging visits in this glorious drawing-room, lighted up by the mighty lamps of Heaven, is, especially to an unhacknied stranger, a very pleasant way of passing a summer evening. The *café*, to which the noble Venetians resort, is that of Suttil. Foreigners go next door, to Florian, where Galignani is taken in, which is an attraction to the English. That reading does not flourish here, may be gathered from the fact that there is no circulating library, nor any literary society, such as are frequent in country towns in France and England, where people subscribe among one another for the supply of books. The French Consul tried to establish one, but did not succeed. . . .

Meanwhile, to live among a people who do not read—do not desire to learn—presents to us a singular phasis of society. What can they do? Many things, it may be said, remain for women in the discharge of their duties, without becoming *blue*; but the fact is, that the desire for improvement is the salt of the human intellect; that a wish to acquire knowledge is natural to a well-conditioned mind, and ought especially to exist among individuals of that class of society which enjoys uninterrupted leisure. The Italians are delicately organized, and have intuitive taste in music and most of the fine arts; but accomplishments, as they are called, cannot be cultivated to any extent, nor can even a love of duty subsist among the idle, which the Italians proverbially are. Still, among the Venetians, as all over Italy, you must not suppose because they are ignorant—because they live in a confined routine—because to make love in their youth, and take care of their money in later years, be the occupation of the greater number, that you find the provincial tone of a French or English country town. Graceful manners—accents modulated by the kindest courtesy—savvity that is all gentleness, and a desire to do more than please, to be useful, is innate among them—it reigns in every class of society, and wins irresistibly. When I was last at Venice, many many years ago, I knew no Venetians, and it so happened that the English whom I saw chose to erect themselves into censors of this people, and to speak of them in unmeasured terms of censure. New to Italy, we believed those who had lived there long. Shelley, in his letters and poems, echoes these impressions. I cannot pretend to say with what justice such opinions were formed. I do not know whether the Venetians are improved. If a foreigner came to England, and chose to associate with the most vicious of our country people, both nobles and that worst race who live by the vices of the rich, he might find as much to abhor as Lord B— represented as detestable at Venice. But then there is another class among us,—and he declared there was no other here.

Mrs. Shelley gives the following summary of the vices of the Italians; vices assuredly redeemed by many social excellences :—

Assassination is of frequent occurrence in Italy; these are perpetrated chiefly from jealousy. There are crimes frequent with us and the French, of which they are never guilty. Brutal murders committed for "filthy lucre" do not occur among them. We never hear of hospitality violated, or love used as a cloak that the murderers may possess themselves of some trifle more or less of property. Their acts of violence are, indeed, assassinations, committed in the heat of the moment—never cold-blooded. Even the history of their banditti was full of redeeming traits, as long as they acted only for themselves and were not employed by Government. There is plenty of cheating in Italy—not more, perhaps, than elsewhere, only the system is more artfully arranged: but there is no domestic robbery. I lived four years in Tuscany; I was told that the servant who managed my expenditure cheated me dreadfully, and had reason to know that during that time she saved nearly a hundred crowns; but I never at any time, when stationary or travelling, was robbed of the smallest coin or the most trifling article of property. On the contrary, instances of scrupulous honesty are familiar to all travellers in Italy, as practised among the poorest peasantry.

We here take leave of Mrs. Shelley, cordially recommending her work as one of equal beauty and utility. The two volumes form most admirable companions to the prose writings of her lamented husband.

Essays on Natural History, Chiefly Ornithology. By Charles Waterton, Esq. *Longman and Co.*

This work is a "Second Series" with "A Continuation of the Autobiography of the Author." "The book," says Mr. Waterton, "is an unsolicited donation to the widow of my poor departed friend, Mr. Loudon, whose vast labours in the cause of science have insured to him an imperishable reputation. If this trifling present on my part shall be the means of conveying one single drop of balm to the wound which it has pleased Heaven lately to inflict on the heart of that excellent lady, my time will have been well employed, and my endeavours amply requited."

Generous as was the motive which dictated the composition of this work, it needs no such consideration to make us heartily—most heartily—welcome it. Mr. Waterton is, at all times, a most delightful writer. Full of enthusiasm for his subject—animated by the most humane and philanthropic intentions—the very earnestness with which he enters upon his work makes us consider with at least respect the ultra opinions to which he at times gives utterance. A most devoted Catholic—convinced of the truth of the miracles of the Romish Church—he narrates all the pomp and circumstance that attend the annual liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, with a most passionate conviction of its reality. On this point, however, we shall touch no further; but refer the reader to the book itself, for the true and particular account of the ceremony. Our first selections shall be from the *Autobiography*. As it often happens, Mr. Waterton obtained a reputation for extreme piety from a circumstance in which religion had no part.

I had a little adventure on the road from Baccano to Rome not worth relating, but which I deem necessary to be introduced here in order that some of my friends in the latter city, and others in England, may not give me credit for an affair which deserves no credit at all. These good friends had got it into their heads that I had reached Rome after walking barefoot for nearly twenty miles, in order to show my respect and reverence for the sacred capital of the Christian world. Would that my motive had been as pure as represented! The sanctity of the churches, the remains of holy martyrs which enrich them, the relics of canonized saints placed in such profusion throughout them, might well induce a Catholic traveller to adopt this easy and simple mode of showing his religious feeling. But, unfortunately, the idea never entered my mind at the time; I had no other motives than those of easy walking and of self-enjoyment. The affair which caused the talk, took place as follows. We had arrived at Baccano in the evening, and whilst we were at tea, I proposed to our excellent friend Mr. Fletcher, who had joined us at Cologne, that we should leave the inn at four the next morning on foot for Rome, and secure lodgings for the ladies, who would follow us in the carriage after a nine o'clock breakfast. Having been accustomed to go without shoes month after month in the rugged forests of Guiana, I took it for granted that I could do the same on the pavement of his Holiness Pope Gregory the Sixteenth, never once reflecting that some fifteen years had elapsed from the time that I could go barefooted with comfort and impunity; during the interval, however, the sequel will show that the soles of my feet had undergone a considerable alteration. We rose at three in the morning after, and having put a shoe and a sock or half-stocking into each pocket of my coat, we left the inn at Baccano for Rome just as the hands of our watches pointed to the hour of four. Mr. Fletcher having been born in North Britain, ran no risk of injuring his feet by an act of imprudence. The sky was cloudless and the morning frosty, and the planet Venus shone upon us as though she had been a little moon. Whether the severity of the frost, which was more than commonly keen, or the hardness of the pavement, or perhaps both conjoined, had deprived my feet of sensibility, I had no means of ascertaining; but this is certain, I went on merrily for several miles without a suspicion of anything being wrong, until we halted to admire more particularly the transcendant splendour of the morning planet, and then I saw blood on the pavement; my right foot was bleeding apace, and on turning the sole uppermost, I perceived a piece of jagged flesh hanging by a string; seeing that there would be no chance of replacing the damaged part with success, I twisted it off, and then took a survey of the foot by the light which the stars afforded. Mr. Fletcher, horror-struck at what he saw, proposed immediately that I should sit down by the side of the road, and there wait for the carriage, or take advantage of any vehicle which might come up. Aware that the pain would be excessive so soon as the lacerated parts would become stiff by inaction, I resolved at once to push on to Rome; wherefore, putting one shoe on the sound foot, which, by the way, had two unbroken blisters on it, I forced the wounded one into the other, and off we started for Rome, which we reached after a very uncomfortable walk. The injured foot had two months' confinement to the sofa before the damage was repaired. It was this unfortunate adventure which gave rise to the story of my walking barefooted into Rome, and which gained me a reputation by no means merited on my part.

There are matters touched upon below that make us involuntarily shudder at the Italian *cuisine*. That a certain ill-famed individual sends cooks is an adage, the truth of which (at least in Rome) is made disgustingly manifest:—

There are many things in Rome which offend our English feelings, although the natives do not seem to be at all affected by them. Thus all the spouts send down torrents of water from the eaves of the houses into the streets below, inflicting a deluge on those who have not learned the art of threading their way successively through the spaces which intervene betwixt the descending torrents. Many a time have I received on my shoulders this annoying fall of water. The streets, too, are abominably filthy with offensive matter, causing a nuisance which would not be tolerated for a single day in an English town; and within the entrance door of many of their dwellings there may be seen a pool which loudly calls for the mop, if the purity of ladies' flounces be an object worthy of attention. Again; the kitchens of these Italians appear as though they had never once been white-washed since the days of Ancient Rome; whilst their cooking utensils are, at times, none of the most cleanly. A friend of mine had ordered an omelet for supper. His servant, on going accidentally into the kitchen, saw the cook preparing it in a kind of thing which I dare not exactly describe. But the reader will understand me when I inform him that the filthy rascal, not having a proper kitchen-pan at hand, had actually been up into the bed-room for a substitute. Our English maid, once expressing a wish for a culinary utensil in order to pour some broth into it, the Italian servant had one in her eye that would just suit. She went and brought the brass-pan in which we regularly washed our feet.

There are descriptions more than enough of the Forum, Coliseum, and other wrecks of mighty Rome, and therefore we would rather have Mr. Waterton's gossip on Rome's bird-market and slaughter-house for pigs, than on the Column of Trajan:—

I fear the world will rebuke me when I tell it, that instead of ferreting out antiquities, and visiting modern schools of sculpture and of painting, I passed a considerable portion of my time in the extensive bird-market at Rome. I must, however, remark that the studio of Vallati, the renowned painter of wild boars, had great attractions for me; and I have now at home a wild boar, done by him in so masterly a style, and finished so exquisitely, that it obtains unqualified approbation from all who inspect it. The bird-market of Rome is held in the environs of the Rotunda, formerly the Pantheon. Nothing astonished me more than the quantities of birds which were daily exposed for sale during the season; I could often count above four hundred thrushes and blackbirds, and often a hundred robin red-breasts in one quarter of it; with twice as many larks, and other small birds in vast profusion. In the course of one day, seventeen thousand quails have passed the Roman custom-house; these pretty vernal and autumnal travellers are taken in nets of prodigious extent on the shores of the Mediterranean. In the spring of the year, and at the close of summer, cartloads of ringdoves arrive at the stalls near the Rotunda. . . . As you enter Rome, at the Porta del Popolo, a little on your right is the great slaughter-house, with a fine stream of water running through it. It is probably inferior to none in Italy, for an extensive plan, and for judicious arrangements. Here some seven or eight hundred pigs are killed on every Friday during the winter season. Nothing can exceed the dexterity with which they are despatched. About thirty of these large and fat black pigs are driven into a commodious pen, followed by three or four men, each with a sharp skewer in his hand, bent at one end, in order that it may be used with advantage. On entering the pen, these performers, who put you vastly in mind of assassins, make a rush at the hogs, each seizing one by the leg, amid a general yell of horror on the part of their victims. Whilst the hog and the man are struggling on the ground, the latter, with the rapidity of thought, pushes his skewer betwixt the fore leg and the body, quite into the heart, and there gives it a turn or two. The pig can rise no more, but screams for a minute or so, and then expires. This process is continued till they are all despatched, the brutes sometimes rolling over the butchers, and sometimes the butchers

over the brutes, with a yelling enough to stun one's ears. In the meantime, the screams become fainter and fainter, and then all is silence on the death of the last pig. A cart is in attendance; the carcasses are lifted into it, and it proceeds through the street, leaving one or more dead hogs at the doors of the different pork shops. No blood appears outwardly, nor is the internal hemorrhage prejudicial to the meat, for Rome cannot be surpassed in the flavour of her bacon, or in the soundness of her hams.

The benediction annually bestowed on the lower animals, in the name of St. Anthony, is thus described. Mr. Waterton rebukes, in a true spirit of Christianity, the superficial condemnation of the ceremony ventured by an acquaintance :—

At last the day arrived on which the beasts of draught and burden were to receive a benediction from the hand of a priest at the door of St. Anthony's church. The sun shone brightly, and the scene was truly exhilarating. Every horse, and mule, and ass, was decked out in splendid colours, and in trappings corresponding with the means of their owners, whose faces bespoke the joy of their hearts, and whose orderly conduct at once proclaimed the religious feeling which had brought them to the place. When the animals had received the benediction, they passed onwards with their masters, to make room for those behind them; and this was the order of the day, until the last blessing upon the last animal brought the exhibition to a close. As this scene of primeval piety was going on, an English gentleman, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, and who was standing by my side, remarked that he was tired with looking at such a scene of superstitious folly. "If it be folly," said I, in answer to his remark, "to give a blessing to an animal in one shape, it is certainly folly to pronounce a benediction upon an animal under another. And still we all do this in England, and in every other Christian country. Where is the well-regulated family which, on sitting down to a leg of boiled mutton and caper sauce, does not beg the blessing of Almighty God upon it, through the mouth of the master of the house, or by the ministry of a clergyman, if present? "Benedicite omnia opera Domini, Domini!" Who ever thinks of cutting up a young roasting-pig, immersed in delicious gravy, and hot from the kitchen, without asking a blessing on it?—"Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts!"

We now return with Mr. Waterton to England, and give his account of a hare-fight on a certain Easter Sunday :—

On Easter Sunday, in the afternoon, as I was proceeding, with my brother-in-law, Mr. Carr, to look at a wild-duck's nest in an adjacent wood, we saw two hares fighting with inconceivable fury on the open ground, about a hundred and fifty yards distant from us. They stood on their hinder legs, like two bulldogs resolutely bent on destruction.

Having watched them for about a quarter of an hour, we then entered the wood; I observing to Mr. Carr that we should find them engaged on our return.

We stayed in the wood some ten minutes, and on leaving it, we saw the hares still in desperate battle. They had moved along the hill side, and the grass was strongly marked with their down for a space of twenty yards. At last, one of the sylvan warriors fell on its side, and never got upon its legs again. Its antagonist then retreated for a yard or so,—stood still for a minute, as if in contemplation, and then rushed vengefully on the fallen foe. This retreat and advance was performed many times;—the conqueror striking his prostrate adversary with its fore feet, and clearing off great quantities of down with them.

In the meantime, the vanquished hare rolled over and over again, but could not recover the use of its legs, although it made several attempts to do so. Its movements put you in mind of a drunken man trying to get up from the floor, after a hard night in the ale-house. It now lay still on the ground, effectually subdued; whilst the other continued its attacks upon it, with the fury of a little demon. Seeing that the fight was over, we approached the scene of action—the conqueror hare retiring as we drew near.

I took up the fallen combatant just as it was breathing its last. Both its sides had been completely bared of fur, and large patches of down had been torn from its back and belly. It was a well-conditioned buck hare, weighing, I should suppose, some seven or eight pounds.

Mr. Carr's groom was standing by the stable door, as I came up, with the hare in my hand. "Here, John," said I, "take this to your own house, and get your wife to dress it for your family; it is none the worse for being killed on Easter Sunday:" and then I told him how it had come into my possession. He thanked me kindly for it; and I learnt from Mr. Carr, at the end of the week, that John's wife had made it into a pie, with the addition of a few rashers of bacon—that it proved to be uncommonly good—and that they would all remember, for many years to come, the fight betwixt the two hares in the park at Walton Hall, on Easter Sunday afternoon, the 16th of April, 1843.

Mr. Waterton has a good word for the toad; and we ask the attention and sympathy of the reader to the following humanizing paragraph :—

That poor, despised, and harmless reptile, is admirable in its proportions, and has an eye of such transcendent beauty, that when I find one I place it on my hand to view it more minutely. Its skin, too, so completely adapted to the subterraneous places into which it goes for shelter, is well worthy the attention of the philosopher. As this little animal is innocuous, I feel sorry when I see it trampled underfoot by inconsiderate people, who have learned from their grandmothers that it is full of venom.

The melody of the dying swan is tested by Mr. Waterton to be merely poetic music — nothing more :—

Once I had an opportunity which rarely occurs, of being with a swan in its last illness. Although I gave no credence to the extravagant notion which antiquity had entertained of melody from the mouth of the dying swan, still I felt anxious to hear some plaintive sound or other, some soft inflection of the voice, which might tend to justify that notion in a small degree, but I was disappointed.

This poor swan was a great favourite, and had been the pride of the lake time out of mind. Those who spend their life in the country, and pay attention to the ordinary movements of birds, will easily observe a change in them, whenever their health is on the decline. I perceived that the plumage of this swan put on a weather-beaten appearance, and that the bird itself no longer raised the feathers of his wings, as he passed through the water before me. Judging that he was unwell, I gave orders that he should be supplied with bread and boiled potatoes. Of these he ate sparingly, and in a day or two he changed his quarters, probably for want of sufficient shelter from the wind. Having found his way down to the stables, he got upon a small fishpond there, out of the reach of storms. From this time he never fended for food, but he continued to take a little white bread now and then from my hand. At last he refused this; and then he left the water for good and all, and sat down on the margin of the pond, with evident signs of near-approaching death. He soon became too weak to support his long neck in an upright position. He nodded, and then tried to recover himself, and then nodded again, and again held up his head; till at last, quite enfeebled and worn out, his head fell gently on the grass, his wings became expanded a trifle or so, and he died whilst I was looking on. This was in the afternoon, and I had every facility of watching his departing hour, for I was attending the masons, some thirty yards from the pond to which the swan had retired. He never even uttered his wonted cry, nor so much as a sound to indicate what he felt within.

The disparity that we often see in wedlock does, it would appear, sometimes occur among others than human geese :—

Whilst I am actually writing this, there are two geese on the lawn before me. One of them is a Canada goose, the other a Barnacle gander. The latter is about half the size of the former. Notwithstanding this disparity, the old fool of a goose has taken the insignificant little fellow into connubial favour, although there are four-and-twenty others of the Canada species here, from which she has it fully in her power to make a more profitable choice. Singular to tell, this is the third year that these infatuated simpletons have paired, and the goose laid eggs, without any chance of a progeny. And, in high quarters, sometimes unions take place, where the husband is ignorant of the language of his wife, and the wife of that of her husband. . . . . My tom-cat, apparently an excellent mouser, will sometimes prefer a dry biscuit to a mutton chop. Sterne's ass seemed to relish macaroon. Did all asses relish macaroon, we might doubt the fitness of the Spanish proverb, 'La miel no es para la boca del asno:' Honey is not made for the mouth of the ass. Parrots in cages will pull off their own feathers, and eat them by the dozen. Blackbirds, although on very short allowance, caused by the frosty weather, would not touch their favourite ivy berries, which were thrown down in abundance for them in the garden of my friend, Mr. Loudon, of Bayswater. I knew a healthy old owl who took her confinement so much to heart that she refused all kind of food, and died at last for want of it. And, when I was in the Mediterranean Sea, I saw a brute in the shape of a man, swallow pieces of raw fowl (which he had torn asunder, feathers and all), with as much avidity as Sir Robert Peel devours our incomes.

Last year this incongruous, though persevering couple, visited the island again, and proceeded with the work of incubation in the same place, and upon hay which had been purposely renewed. Nothing could exceed the assiduity with which the little Barnacle stood guard, often on one leg, over his bulky partner, day after day, as she was performing her tedious task. If anybody approached the place, his cackling was incessant: he would jump up at his knees, and not desist in his aggressions until the intruder had retired. There was something so remarkably disproportionate betwixt this goose and gander, that I gave to this the name of Mopsus, and to that the name of Nisa; and I would sometimes ask the splendid Canadian Nisa, as she sat on her eggs, how she could possibly have lost her

heart to so diminutive a little fellow as Barnacle Mopsus, when she had so many of her own comely species present, from which to choose a happy and efficient partner.

The whole affair appeared to be one of ridicule, and bad taste; and I was quite prepared for a termination of it, similar to that of the preceding years, when behold! to my utter astonishment, out came two young ones, the remainder of the five eggs being addle.

The vociferous gesticulations and strutting of little Mopsus were beyond endurance, when he first got sight of his long-looked-for progeny. He screamed aloud, whilst Nisa helped him to attack me with their united wings and hissings as I approached the nest in order to convey the little ones to the water; for the place at which the old birds were wont to get upon the island lay at some distance, and I preferred to launch them close to the cherry-tree, which done, the parents immediately jumped down into the water below, and then swam off with them to the opposite shore. This loving couple, apparently so ill-assorted and disproportionate, has brought up the progeny with great care and success. It has now arrived at its full growth, and is in mature plumage . . . . I am writing this in the middle of February. In a fortnight or three weeks more, as the breeding season approaches, perhaps my little Mopsus and his beauteous Nisa may try their luck once more at the bole of the superannuated cherry-tree. I shall have all in readiness, and shall be glad to see them.

Mr. Waterton hints that this may probably be his last work. We hope not. We hope to meet with him again and again, delighting and instructing, by his rare intelligence, his kindly-active sympathies. We cannot have too many such books as these *Essays*.

Mary Schweidler, the Amber Witch. *Murray.*

This story professes to be "the most interesting trial for witchcraft ever known, printed from an imperfect manuscript, by her father, Abraham Schweidler, the pastor of Coserow, in the Island of Usedom." It is, in truth, an original work, by Dr. Meinhold (excellently translated from the German by Lady Duff Gordon). We have read no such work since *Robinson Crusoe*. It is, in every respect, a kindred composition with that immortal story. There is the same carefulness of detail—the same dwelling upon the most minute circumstance of daily life—that gives such wondrous reality to the fictions of Defoe. The picture of Mary Schweidler, who is accused of witchcraft—(she has found a vein of amber by which herself and father become suddenly enriched)—is one of those creations that take "at once and for ever" the public mind. She is a creature of the most transcendant moral beauty. Nothing can be more touching, more profoundly pathetic, yet elevating withal, than the calm heroism with which she prepares for martyrdom to superstition. Again, what a beautiful creation is her father—the simple-hearted, pious pastor! The work being happily published at a price which brings it within the possession of the great mass of readers, we shall not indulge in extract; but most earnestly counsel a perusal of the book itself, assured that by doing so we are preparing for the reader a feast of daintiest delight.

John Manesty, the Liverpool Merchant. By the late William Maginn, LL.D. *Mortimer.*

This novel may afford a new regret that Maginn (with all his various genius—his profound scholarship—his apt and flourishing wit) expended so much of his rare qualities in subjects of ephemeral interest, when he might have built for himself, in separate considered works, a high reputation as a writer of fiction. With all the defects inevitable from the circumstance of the work wanting the last finish of the author, *John Manesty* is a novel of no mean order of merit. Its interest is well sustained, and quietly and naturally worked out. The story progresses in good order, and the character of Manesty is unfolded with the hand of a master. The book contains many scenes of capital description and of high interest. That in which a noble cockfighter has "his birds" brought into his bed-room, and from his dying bed watches the combatants until victory is decided, is wrought with considerable power, and coloured to the life.

Gazette of Variety. Vol. I. *Cleave.*

The steady improvement of the popular mind is nowhere more strongly exemplified than in the style and matter of the multitudinous cheap weekly publications. It is but a few years ago that the efforts of this immense body of purveyors to the then growing appetite for literature, appeared to be to feed the most morbid tastes, to pander to the most debasing passions. A brighter gleam, however, stole through the dank atmosphere; men—ennobled by their minds—of original ideas, and philanthropic dispositions, saw the importance of this channel of public instruction, and they thought it not beneath their endeavours to turn it to a wholesome, a moral, and intellectual power; to seize upon it at its spring, to enlarge it in its progress, and lead it to a noble and expansive grandeur, beneficial to virtue, honourable to man. We lament that there still exist some of the fetid, the corrupt; but, glad are we to hail such works as the one now under our eye—ranking amongst the first of our cheap weekly literature, embodying considerable talent, and the evident motive being to produce a high moral character in the rising generations; to befit them to participate in the great and important changes which are inevitable in the onward progress of our country. We avoid all invidious comparisons, but must say that a work more fitting to occupy a leisure hour, to amuse a family circle, and to instil all that we admire into youth, is scarcely to be found in the whole range of cheap publications. We have been especially pleased with the contributions of Mrs. Caroline White, to this, we trust, flourishing periodical.

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☞ *The whole of the Engravings under the superintendence of* E. Landells.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

The Title Page and Index for Vol. III., will be given in the November Part.

All communications in future to be addressed to the Editor, No. 2, Crane-court, Fleet-street.

THE
ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE

RAMBLES ROUND LONDON.

A VISIT TO THE MODEL PRISON AT PENTONVILLE.

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.

In walking from Highgate to London by one of the rural lanes I had so often frequented a few years ago to enjoy the profusion of wild roses and sweetbriar, I was much surprised to find all my beautiful hedges destroyed, and in their place a multitudinous collection of streets, squares, crescents, and public buildings—the whole district mapped out into parallelograms, and rapidly forming into an immense town. Houses inhabited almost before they are finished—rents so high as to show that the number of new habitations is by no means equal to the demand—every appearance, indeed, that, in a short time, this suburb alone will give an addition of a hundred thousand inhabitants to our already gigantic metropolis; the little tea-gardens and superficial cottages are giving place to substantial dwellings, while the *kind* of taste displayed in the construction of even the villas and mansions which are growing up on all sides, tells in plain terms the class of persons, who, from the prosperous state of trade and manufactures are wealthy enough to possess country houses.

Among these, on the most elevated spot of ground between London and Highgate, and not far from the celebrated Copenhagen Tavern, stand two very imposing masses of architecture, remarkable for their

position as well as their size. One is the Caledonian Asylum, containing a hundred boys, orphans of Scotchmen, or children of destitute persons of that nation, in London and its environs, who are not entitled to parochial relief; the building has just been doubled in size, and when complete will contain an equal number of girls. I looked over the details of the institution, which seems to be admirably managed, and I do not think that any equally numerous collection in any country can show a larger proportion of healthy, vigorous, and handsome children. The weather was excessively warm, and I could not but envy the little kilted vagabonds the comfort of naked knees. It was remarkable as an evidence of *race*, and of the long time before the physical characteristics wear out, even with all the rapidity of intercourse and extensive intermixture of the present day, that, with scarcely an exception, the type was the original Saxon yellow hair and fair complexion. I know not where one could see a set of happier faces, or countenances more open and ingenuous.

I pass on, however, to a subject of deeper interest, forming as striking a contrast to the foregoing, as can be found in the whole compass of society—the Model Prison for Felons! What a strange and painful transition—from countenances radiant with health and happiness, as yet unmarked by vice or passion, to the coarse and hardened features of habitual soul-destroying wickedness; a thin brick-wall divides the moral antipodes; yet these wretched beings of the Felon Prison came from the hands of the Creator with the same feelings, the same propensities, the same power of adaptation to the circumstances which should surround them—the same capacity for vice or virtue—the intellectual organs formed exactly on the same model, as the innocent children of the Asylum, who have been brought up with every good motive encouraged, and every bad one repressed, till the practice of virtue is become easy and habitual.

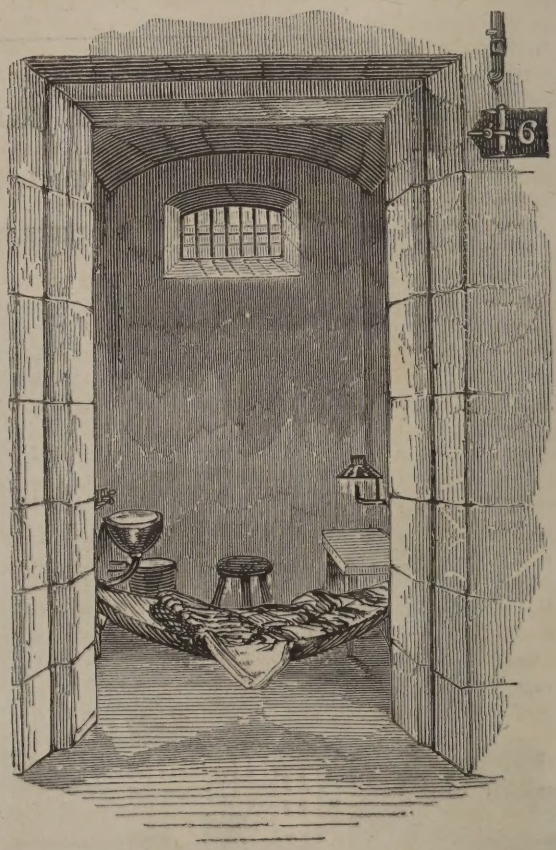
Having a ticket of admission from the Home Office, I resolved to make use of it, and it being fortunately the period of the physician's visit, he was so kind as to conduct me over the prison, and explain to me the details of the treatment.

A drive, parallel to the road, leads up by a slope at both ends to a very imposing gateway, or rather portico, admitting carriages; an immense portcullis fills up the arch opposite to the door of entrance, while at the upper part of the arches which admit the roadway, there is a portion of a similar defence. These portcullises are, however, only of wood, and immoveable, but, though useless for the purpose their appearance would indicate, they form a very appropriate and characteristic ornament, and have a good architectural effect.

On entering the court-yard of the prison, and passing up a dozen steps and through another door, one is struck with the absence of all those gloomy and massive projections and heavy ornaments which seem intended in other places of confinement to announce to the prisoner—

"Lasciate ogni speranza, voi chi entrate."

There is nothing sombre and soul-depressing in the general aspect of the prison. Four vast corridors, stretching out like the sticks of a fan, well-lighted and exquisitely clean, present to the eye an image, certainly of perfect security, but at the same time one may also say of comfort; three rows of galleries give access to upwards of five hundred doors leading to what are called *cells*, but which are really comfortable rooms, each containing eight hundred cubic feet of space. Spiral staircases of iron run from one range of cells to the other, and although there is an entire absence of ornament, the whole has a light and elegant appearance, and the ventilation is so perfect that the feeling is that of the open air.



On entering an unoccupied cell, the inmate being at work in a distant part of the prison, I was surprised at the number of its accommodations. A hammock hung up at the side, with hair-mattress, pillow, two sheets, two blankets, and a rug; a wash-hand-stand and bason, fixed; two cocks for the supply of water, of which each prisoner is allowed six gallons daily; a table, stool, pint mug, plate, knife, spoon, soap, towel, and duster; there is also a large carpenter's bench at the side; a gas-light burning till nine o'clock; school-books and slate, Bible, prayer-book, hymn-book; one religious book, and one secular. I noticed the Penny Magazine, Saturday Magazine, and Chambers' Journal. The ventilation is entirely artificial, and is most perfect. The air enters over the door through a perforated plate, and passes out on a level with the floor under the window, into a flue connected with a central chimney, where a fire secures a constant current. What I have enumerated is the furniture of every cell, with only the variation of loom, or table for the carpenter's work-bench, according to the kind of

trade the prisoner is acquiring—tailor, weaver, mat, or rug maker, &c.

As, when the prisoner is locked into his cell, it is just possible that he might be seized with illness, suddenly, and require immediate assistance, it was necessary to provide some means of giving a signal to the attendants—although the constant inspection, the regularity of food and exercise, and the extreme vigilance of the medical officers make such an event barely possible; but in case of accident, the prisoner turns a handle which immediately strikes the central bell of the gallery, and at the same moment, and by the same act, there starts out from the side of the door of his cell the iron plate with his number, which lay flat against the wall, so that the officer at the point where all these galleries meet sees instantly in which cell his aid is required. The invention is perfect. When he has attended to the call he pushes back the iron plate again flat into its place. The only use, however, to which this very ingenious contrivance has yet been put, is to signify to the *teacher-officers* that the inmate of the cell requires more cloth, thread, or whatever be the nature of his occupation, or, that he wishes for instruction in some difficulty. It is scarcely possible that the signal should ever be wanted for sudden sickness, because the whole of the inmates are miraculously healthy, and are subjected to none of those causes which are liable to interfere with the tranquil performance of all the bodily functions.

I was next conducted to the kitchen, where everything is cooked by steam, and on a plan of such admirable compactness and convenience that it is worthy of comparison with many of the extraordinary pieces of mechanical ingenuity which are seen in our great manufactories. Dinner was preparing for between five and six hundred persons, with no more appearance of bustle or confusion, indeed not so much as in the ordinary kitchen of an inn. The meat and potatoes and bread were weighed separately, placed in separate cans, and arranged in shallow trays, one above another, in a kind of deep cradle, ready for drawing up through the floor to the galleries above. The soup I tasted, and regretted that decorum would not allow me to finish my basonful. Having waited till the arrangement of the dinner was nearly completed, we again ascended the stairs to see the men who had been out in the exercising grounds, or occupied in the different works of the prison, pass to their respective cells for their repast. It was a curious sight, the streams of human beings,

all dressed alike, with the vizors of their caps down

over their faces, as represented in the first engraving, so as to be utterly irrecognizable by strangers, or by each other, marching regularly, steadily, and in perfect silence, with a space of twelve or fourteen feet between each of them, so as to make any communication impossible. Each passed into his cell, and the echoes of the gallery announced the closing of every door in succession.

While this was going on, up rose slowly through the floor, sliding on the bright upright bars which reached to the ceiling, the immense series of loaded trays; as they stopped at each floor in succession, the attendants took out the cases of trays, and placed them on a sort of waggon reaching from one gallery to its opposite side, and moving on wheels along the edge of the iron railing, which thus forms a sort of railway. An attendant at each end of this travelling apparatus, pushes it on till opposite the doors of two cells, when he, with wonderful rapidity, unlocks a little port-hole in the upper part of the door, which falls down outwards and forms a shelf on which he places the dinner; it is instantly seized by the prisoner, when the attendant pushes up the little shutter, locks it, and passes on to the next. In this manner they proceed with a quiet regularity, activity, and precision, which would seem absolutely impracticable to those who have not seen it in action, and thus upwards of five hundred individuals are served with their dinners in separate rooms, perfectly hot, in less than a quarter of an hour. It can be done, and has indeed been accomplished, in twelve minutes and a half. The evolutions of a brigade of soldiers on a field day are not a more admirable exemplification of the power of system and order.

Let us now consider that the five hundred men here collected are in the prime of life, from the age of eighteen to thirty-five; that they are the most desperate, reckless, and abandoned of human beings, and that they have been sentenced to long periods of transportation as a punishment for serious crimes; that they come into the prison generally utterly ignorant, and without even the rudiments of education, diseased in mind and body from the effects of long-continued vice and debauchery, and that they are placed in this correctional prison not merely as a punishment, but as a means of reformation; to impress them with the value of character, to eradicate bad habits, to implant virtuous feelings, to be taught a mechanical employment, and habits of activity, industry, and self-dependence; and to fit them for useful colonists; the sudden revulsion, the silence, the negation of intercourse with their fellow creatures, the compulsory reflection, and the feeling

either of suppressed revenge or of remorse, which must occupy the minds of men so placed; that the brains of these individuals have been utterly uncultivated in their higher parts, and that the sole development of intellect has been in the animal wisdom called cunning, and rendered subservient to the merest animal appetites and instincts. Let us consider these things, and then say if we might not reasonably expect some instances of suicide, and some of idiocy and insanity. Did they occur in the proportion of one in fifty it would form no valid objection to the system, if the forty-nine were manifestly bettered by the discipline; for, with intellectual organs so perversely educated, it could hardly be expected that even a large proportion should be capable of real mental reform.

Well!—No case of suicide has occurred! although such was confidently expected; and in eighteen months there have been three cases of insanity, two of which had the character of imbecility, and which I cannot but think were aggravated by the imperfect nutriment which was at first allowed. One of these three cases was evidently admitted improperly at first; but if we allow all the three to have been produced by the severe educational discipline of the prison, it amounts to two per annum in five hundred; not even the proportion to which the same individuals would have been liable in a state of freedom, with the habits of intemperance, debauchery, and irregularity peculiar to their class. Yet there are causes of mental imbecility peculiar to solitary confinement which cannot be discussed *coram publico*. That such an incredibly small number of sick should exist in this prison, and that so few should become imbecile under such discipline, speaks highly for the judgment with which the general laws of the prison have been framed, and for the skill and attention of the accomplished and sagacious physician, Dr. Owen Rees. Now, before we enter on the moral discipline by which the grand and philanthropic objects of the prison arrangements are accomplished, let us take a glance at the physical means which are to enable the culprit to sustain the shock of a total disruption of all his habits and feelings. It is hardly necessary in the present day to argue the absolute necessity of competent food if the mind is to be kept in a state capable of instruction—still more if under the depressing influence of solitary confinement.

The dinner which I saw distributed consisted of a pint of good soup—as good as is found at the table of a tradesman—five ounces of bread, one pound of potatoes, and four ounces of meat, weighed after being cooked and divested of bone, making it nearly equivalent to half a pound of undressed meat with the average quantity of bone—an allowance considered sufficient in the domestic economy of large families—an excellent dinner, and vastly better than can be enjoyed every day by the family of the labouring man. Breakfast consists of three-quarters of a pint of cocoa, made with three-quarters of an ounce of the solid flake, two ounces of milk (*real* milk) and six drachms of treacle—a very grateful beverage: with this he is allowed ten ounces of bread. His supper is a pint of gruel with six drachms of treacle, and five ounces of bread. As the soup contains a good deal of barley, it forms an important portion of the nourishment, which would be a very abundant allowance for a labouring man out of prison, and master of his own time. There is no fermented fluid whatever allowed to the prisoners; their drink is perhaps the purest and best water to be found in the world; it is drawn by an artesian well from a depth of three hundred and seventy feet, and is forced up to the top of the prison by pumps worked by the prisoners; from thence it is conducted by pipes into every cell.

For this generous but unstimulating diet (for the *quantity* of food, at least) the prisoners are indebted to the sound judgment and humanity of the medical officer, Dr. Owen Rees. No man better knows that to keep the brain in a state fit to receive instruction, it must be well nourished, that when you call on the intellectual organ for the highest efforts of which it is capable (self restraint) you must supply it with wholesome and invigorating blood; that it is vain to expect attention to moral instruction while the stomach is unsatisfied, and the faintness of insufficient nourishment renders the mind either listless or savage; and that if the object is to be attained of real reformation, it must be by the exercise of a healthy brain. I give him great credit for his perseverance in obtaining the present improved diet, and even think that there would be an advantage in the addition of half a pound of potatoes to the dinner, and three ounces more of bread to the supper. That all will be done that an enlightened judgment shall dictate, there is no doubt, so long as he is permitted to regulate the details which come strictly within his department. The depressing effects of confinement and the absence of social intercourse, would soon bring on mental imbecility, were not the food of a wholesome, palatable, and nutritious description. The moral being is contained in the physical being as the kernel in its shell.

When the first diet was established, I fear the governors permitted themselves to be too much influenced by the "Fourth Estate of this Realm," and that the babble about the injustice of allowing a criminal better food than could be obtained by an honest man in freedom, exercising a fair portion of industry—that this consideration did really lead to the adoption of a diet which would have produced a general imbecility, if not insanity. The present allowance amounts to twenty-eight ounces of meat, one hundred and forty ounces of bread, three and a half pints of soup, seven pounds of potatoes, &c., per week; while that which was in use at the opening of the prison in December, 1842, was only twenty ounces of meat, one hundred and twenty ounces of bread, two and a half pints of soup, two and a half pounds of potatoes, &c., the only addition to this being four ounces of cheese.

On this diet the prisoners in one month showed the following results on being weighed:—sixty-two per cent *lost* in weight, twenty-six per cent *gained* in weight, and twelve per cent neither gained nor lost; so that the average loss on the whole number was two and three-quarter pounds. This, it is obvious, must have ultimately led to death by starvation of all who were of a size to require a larger quantity of food. Sixty-two per cent of this class losing weight at the rate of five pounds a month!—it was frightful. Death by starvation was not the punishment intended by the Legislature—neither is the discipline of the prison, strictly speaking, a portion of the punishment—all are to complete their sentence of transportation; but the object was to send

out to the Colonies not a set of imbecile and helpless beings, but vigorous and healthy men, capable of benefiting the Colonies as well as themselves.

The present diet shows the following result :— sixteen per cent lost in weight, sixty per cent gained, and the remainder neither gained nor lost. The average gain and loss were respectively in the proportion of 184 to 158, so that it may be now considered as exactly balanced.

I may here remark on the immense value of these social statistics. I shall, by-and-by, have occasion to speak of the results of the moral, physical, and medical treatment on health. I do not doubt that the vast body of information thus collected, as well as that from the Union Poor-houses, will ultimately lead to the most important results, and that the physical and moral existence of the race will, in another generation or two, be improved beyond the hopes of the sanguine.

Let us now consider the moral discipline of the prison, and the distribution of labour.

In every cell is the following notice in large type :

"Prisoners admitted into the Pentonville Prison will have an opportunity of being taught a trade, and of receiving sound moral and religious instruction. They will be transported to a penal Colony in classes, as follows :—

FIRST CLASS.

Prisoners who shall, when sent from this prison, be reported by the Governor and Chaplain to have behaved well.

These, at the end of eighteen months, will be sent to Van Diemen's Land, to receive a ticket of leave on landing, which, until forfeited by bad conduct, will in that country confer most of the advantages of freedom. Labour being in great demand, and wages, therefore, high, the prisoner's knowledge of a trade will enable him, with industry and continued good conduct, to secure a comfortable and respectable position in society. Prisoners who obtain tickets of leave may also, by industry and good conduct, acquire, in a short time, means sufficient to enable their families to follow them.

SECOND CLASS.

Prisoners who have not behaved well.

These, also, at the end of eighteen months, will be transported to Van Diemen's Land, where they will receive a probationary pass, which will secure to them only a limited portion of their earnings, will admit of their enjoying only a small portion of liberty, and will subject them to many restraints and privations.

THIRD CLASS.

Prisoners who have behaved ill.

These will be transported to Tasman's Peninsula, a Penal Colony, occupied only by convicts and a military guard, there to be employed on public works in probationary gangs, without wages, and deprived of liberty, and their families will not be permitted under any circumstances to follow them.

Prisoners will see how much depends on their own conduct during their confinement in this prison. According to their behaviour and improvement here, will be their future condition in the Colony to which they will be sent."

Here are strong motives! Hope smiles on all, and cheers their solitary labours. But this influence is not the only one, although the strongest—the fear of punishment—the certainty of punishment, and the proximity of punishment, and not the severity of punishment—here is the great secret, patent enough, and long ago laid down by philosophers as the most influential on human conduct, but strangely neglected in our practical jurisprudence.

We almost smile at the trifling nature of the crimes committed in the prison—the results, generally, of ungovernable habits, and yearnings after social intercourse.

117 of the punishments were inflicted for communications, or attempts at communication with other prisoners.

32 for disobedience of orders, insubordination, and disrespectful conduct.

20 for secreting, destroying, and damaging prison property.

2 for theft.

1 for clandestinely writing and sending letters by a servant of the prison.

1 for attempting to bribe a warder to carry a message ; and

15 for various petty offences, too trifling to be named.

The severest punishment inflicted (and only on one prisoner during twelve months) was four days' confinement in a dark cell, and what is called punishment diet—that is, bread and water : others, three days, some two days of similar treatment ; some in light cells ; some deprived of the privilege of employment, and so on.

Punished once, 107
—— twice, 21
—— thrice, 5 } these may be considered
—— four times, 6 } incorrigible.

So that, except in the few cases of depravity from physical causes, or from long habits of vicious indulgence, it may be considered that these minor punishments are perfectly effectual.

Proximity and certainty ! and the slightest infliction tells upon the mind.

Now let us examine the discipline which produces the great results to which I have alluded. We will go regularly through the day.

At half past five in the morning the first bell is rung as a signal of preparation for the warders to assemble and the prisoners to rise.

At six o'clock the warders unlock, and (in winter) light the gas, and deliver the prisoners their tools and utensils, which at the period of locking up on the preceding night had been withdrawn for security. At the same time two pump parties, each consisting of sixteen prisoners, marching in file, at intervals of five yards, are conducted to the pumps, where they remain an hour, one-fourth of the number always resting alternately, so that the entire body only works three-quarters of an hour. A sufficient number of prisoners are then turned out to clean the corridors ; these are distributed at intervals of ten yards, cleaning only one side of the corridors at a time, while the warders are placed in the best positions for commanding a complete inspection, and preventing communication. The cleaning is completed in an hour. During the whole of that hour the bedding, which had been unfolded and shaken at rising, is left open and exposed

for the purpose of being aired. Between six and seven the prisoners not otherwise employed, clean and arrange their cells.

At Seven the pump parties are withdrawn, and the warders and extra warders breakfast, which occupies half an hour; the principal warders meanwhile taking charge of the prison, and preparing their daily reports to the governor. The prisoners, who had been employed cleansing the corridors, now roll hammocks, arrange their cells, and wash.

At half-past Seven the principal warders breakfast, and the warders serve breakfast to the prisoners, which is done in twelve minutes.

At Eight o'clock pump parties again turn out, and, at the same time, various exercise parties, moving in single file, at intervals of fifteen feet (the officers being stationed along the line, to prevent communication), proceed to their separate exercise yards, where they remain one hour.

At five minutes past Eight the chapel-bell rings for divine service, and half the prisoners (two hundred and fifty, for example) are unlocked and conducted to the chapel—moving in single file, the officers inspecting the movement, until they are seated and bolted in their separate stalls, where every one can be seen by, and see the clergyman, but no one prisoner can see another. The prisoners remove their caps, and hang up their brass numbers so as to be seen by the inspecting officers, so that, if any disturbance or indecorum take place, there is no difficulty in deciding the individual who has occasioned it; this movement occupies six minutes and a half. Each chapel service, on week-days, occupies half an hour. The remainder of the prisoners—that is, those who are not at chapel, at exercise, or at the pumps, work in their cells, the regular trade-work commencing at eight o'clock.

At a quarter before Nine the chapel service being over, the prisoners are signalled, in silence, from their stalls, by an ingenious contrivance. A large black board has two square holes in it; behind which, are two discs, with letters and numbers—these, being turned, present to the eyes of all, for example, A, 5. The man, thus designated, rises, puts on his cap, draws the vizor over his face, puts on his ticket, opens his door and marches out, and so, in succession, each row. They pass on, in four streams, moving simultaneously through the four passages leading from the chapel to their cells. This movement, from the admirable order and system observed, occupies only six minutes and a half. The prisoners, at exercise in the open yards, are now withdrawn, and all are locked up. It is to be observed, that whenever the prisoners can see each other, the cap is drawn over the face so as entirely to prevent recognition, but when they are in the exercising yards, of which I shall presently give a description, the vizor is turned up, as they can be seen by no one but the officers.

At Nine o'clock the principal warders, warders, and extra warders assemble on parade, for inspection, by the governor or deputy governor, and present their reports, in writing, relative to the occurrences of the preceding day, and the number of prisoners unlocked in the morning of the same day, &c. Immediately after parade fresh parties are placed at the pumps.

At Ten about one-sixth part of the entire body of prisoners, that is to say, one-half of a school-class, are conducted to the chapel, for school instruction, where they remain *in alternate stalls*, till twelve o'clock; the other half of the school-class, or another sixth portion of the entire body of prisoners receiving instruction from three assistant schoolmasters, who visit them for that purpose, from cell to cell. At this time other pump and exercise parties are sent out.

At Eleven pump and exercise parties are withdrawn, and fresh ones sent out.

At Twelve the prisoners at school are withdrawn, and the principal warders dine, first surrendering to their senior warders the charge of their respective divisions. A portion of the prisoners now exercise, while the others, who attended the school, with those who received instruction in their cells, at their own option, either work, or read and write, in their cells, until the hour of dinner.

At One the dinners of the prisoners are distributed, which is generally completed in fourteen minutes. The warders and extra warders immediately afterwards dine, and the principal warders, meanwhile, take charge of the prison, and (all the prisoners being now in their cells) the governor and deputy-governor make their daily inspection, taking notes of complaints, and requisitions, if any. Each is accompanied by a principal warder, who unlocks, and afterwards proves (examines) the doors, and receives his instructions. After they have dined, the prisoners are at liberty to read or write till two o'clock.

At Two the warders and extra warders return from dinner; the pump and exercise parties turn out—one-half of the school class for the day is conducted to the school, and the other half visited in their cells, as in the morning; while the remainder of the prisoners are employed at their respective trades.

At Three the exercise and pump parties are withdrawn, and others sent out.

At Four the exercise and pump parties are withdrawn, and also those who are in school.

At half-past Four the bell again rings for divine service, and the prisoners who were absent in the morning, now attend service, returning to their cells at a quarter-past five.

At half-past Five the suppers are distributed, which occupies twelve minutes. The warders visit the prisoners, see that they are supplied with sufficient work for the evening, count them, and ascertain that the cells are in proper order, while the principal warders visit and inspect the external parts of their divisions—the exercising yards, the pump-houses, the boundary wall, and other parts of the prison, to see that all *without* is secure.

At five minutes before Six the signal is given for the principal warders and trades-instructors going off duty, to assemble in the central hall. The officers remaining for night duty then receive all necessary directions. The principal warders going off are *three*, and the warders *sixteen*; one principal warder and four warders remaining. The principal warders going off deliver over to the principal warder remaining, a written statement of the number of prisoners in the respective divisions. All officers, trades-instructors, and servants, quitting the prison, deliver up their keys to the principal warder remaining, who deposits them in the key box. Each warder remaining, takes charge of a division, for the evening, namely, from six o'clock till ten; the principal warder remaining, superintending the whole, inspecting every

part of the interior, and locking all passage doors, doubly or singly, according to the schedule.

At Eight the signal bell rings to cease work, and sling hammocks. The ensuing hour is occupied by prisoners in reading, writing, or otherwise, as they please. The warders then unlock and withdraw all utensils, edge-tools, and other implements and articles directed to be removed, neatly arranging them outside the cell doors, which are then double-locked. This withdrawal and double-locking are accomplished in half an hour. Two of the warders then sup, the other two keeping watch in the divisions, till nine.

At a quarter before Nine the signal bell rings for prisoners to retire to bed.

At Nine the lights in the cells are extinguished, which is accomplished in six minutes. The two other warders sup, and the principal warder, and one of the warders, visit all parts of the prison where fires have been burned or lights have been used, to see that all is safe; the principal warder trying, and the warder following and proving, after him, all passage doors, locks, and outlets, seeing that all ladders are chained, all dangerous implements placed away, and that every portion of the prison is secure for the night.

At Ten, the principal warder surrenders charge of the prison to the first warder for the night watch, delivers the keys to the deputy-governor, reports to him, or, in his absence, to the governor, the total number of prisoners locked up, and that all is right, or otherwise, and goes off duty.

From Ten till Six on the following morning the four warders divide the watch equally, each patrolling the interior of the prison, in turn, for two hours, and pulling the strings of the watch-clocks every quarter of an hour.

At Midnight the first watch, immediately after being relieved, visits and examines the several offices in the entrance corridor, to see that all fires and lights are extinguished, and that all is there safe.

At half-past Five the fourth watch rings the signal bell for warders to assemble, and prisoners to rise.

The first thing that strikes one, in reading this admirably contrived routine, is the impression that must be instantly made on the mind of every prisoner—that escape is absolutely impossible—and that he may as well at once give over the futile contrivance of means of evasion. This conviction, once firmly established, half the work is done. All the irritation, all the disappointment at abortive hopes, all the rankling hatred of those who stand in the way of his freedom, is annihilated. He submits to his fate as men submit to earthquakes and inundations, and sets himself to making the best of his position; he sees hope in the distance, beckoning him to advance, and punishment close at his elbow, to deter him from passing to one side. The absence of fermented fluids, regular exercise, occupation, the consciousness of advance in knowledge, improved health;—all these things give him a command of mental processes he knew not that he possessed. He sets himself to

Comb out the tangled fibres of the brain;

and he feels himself a new, a renovated being. There is no one to applaud his daring; to be seized with envy at the recital of his exploits; no one to be amused with his ribaldry; no one to sympathise with his sorrow, and to encourage him with the hope of "better luck next time." His vanity, his vain-glory, his cupidity, his hatred, his pride in a defiance of the power of society; all these are annihilated for want of objects and opportunity, and he is now in the fittest state to receive the only useful conviction—that he will gain more by good conduct than bad conduct; he becomes susceptible of moral and religious impressions, and, in silence and solitude, he becomes a wiser and a better man; and, unless in the rare cases of cerebral deformity, which absolutely make virtuous conduct impossible, he is a reformed man.

I cannot conceive a discipline better calculated to attain its object; and, if it could be adopted, in many of the cases in the upper departments of life, where unlimited indulgence of depraved volitions produces equivocal insanity, many a man whose monstrous vices offend and disgust society, might be rendered solidly virtuous—many a desolate hearth might be made cheerful, and many a suicide prevented. I believe that the statistics of this prison will have an important influence on society. The whole contrivance of the building—the accommodations, the mechanical inventions to facilitate the discipline and comfort of the establishment—the moral and medical treatment—the selection of officers—the wonderful facility with which the mighty machine moves on. All these things seem to me the triumph of sagacity and humanity. I hope to return to the subject on a future occasion.

On Sundays no work is performed, and there are three services, so as to allow each man to attend two on alternate Sabbaths, and one service on the other.

"*Labitur et labetur.*"

MUSINGS OF A WANDERER.—No. I.

I LOVE to roam along the western shore
Of some high wood-clad hills at evening hour,
And mark how well the tall pines' gentle swing
Keeps motion with the slowly heaving sea,
Making a double descant—one with gush
Of dying waves upon the pebbly strand,
The other far up with its leafy cage
Rocking a thousand minstrel birds to rest,
All wearied by their long day's melody!
There's music in these Nature's murmurs, though
Scarcely a sound is heard!—As from a shell
There breathes a silence audible,* e'en so
The stillness of some twilight hours will fall
Upon the ear and fill its sense with dream
Of some reality when nothing moves,
Or moves so gently that we may not think
There lives or listens aught in Nature's round!

* Milton uses "darkness visible," and Dryden says "A horrid stillness first invades the ear."

W.

A VILLAGE SKETCH.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

A VILLAGE SKETCH! Fruitful is the theme for touching tale, or flowing verse; and full of suggestive beauty is the scene. Pleasant is an English village in the bright spring mornings, when Nature wears her gala dress of delicate green, spangled with flowers of every hue, while the blossoming trees wave their tasselled branches in the balmy air. Merry is the scene when, as Summer advances, the odour of newly made hay gladdens the senses; and busy the time when Autumn's golden wealth is stored, and when the song of "Harvest Home" rings joyously forth from many grateful lips. But at all seasons there are gossips undisturbed by court news or town talk, whose tongues, nevertheless, wag on, finding food for endless comments on the thrice-told tales, in the little world to which they belong. There are politicians, too, gravely doubting questions long since settled by wiser, if not greyer, heads than their own,

"While news much older than their ale goes round."

And oh, be sure in every village there are groups of urchins, destined as the silent years change, kaleidoscope fashion, the fortunes of mankind—to climb, or fall, or keep on their even course.

What multitudes of adventurers do our villages every year send forth to the marts of commerce and the arenas of talent! How many are crushed in the race of the onward march, of whom the world at large takes little or no account! Yet how often exemplified has been the old story of the penniless artisan, rich in the wealth of youth and industry, who vows to conquer fortune and build a princely house upon the spot whence first he views England's mighty heart—her great metropolis. Alas! such vows are unrecorded except when fulfilled. What constant draughts are there on the village homes from London, and our towns and cities, to supply the many-limbed factories, and the merchants' dark and dusty counting houses, where magical strokes of the pen seem to realise the gift of Midas. The bland and courteous shopman, too, has sometimes been a village lad, exchanging now the fresh breezes of his native hills, for the close atmosphere of the crowd. The pale sempstress it is more than likely had once the roses of health visible through the sunburn of her rounded cheek, till the painting of hope, a love of change, or the spur of necessity, tempted her to quit her rural home. And as for household servants, surely nine out of every ten who minister to the wants and luxuries of London's wealthy or busy denizens, have left some country hearth to "go to service."

As for men servants, with the rarest of exceptions, they are well paid, and not overworked; but of the women, what thousands

are treated like machines, that require neither rest nor sleep! We are not talking of those upper servants among the wealthy and noble, whose duties are light, and relaxations frequent; but of the great mass of hard-working domestics, who among the yet mightier mass of the middle classes, clean, and wait, and wash, and cook for eighteen hours out of the four-and-twenty. It is their's to rise by candle-light on the bitter winter morning, that the fires may glow cheeringly throughout the house, and that the fragrance of the coffee, and the hissing of the tea-urn may proclaim pleasantly to our senses that "breakfast is ready." All this is the maid-servant's duty, and she does it contentedly; but it might be as well if the "lady" sometimes, in thought, changed places with her humble attendant; she would then, perhaps, more often repay her than she does with a kindly word or look.

There must be a sort of apprenticeship to "service" as well as to many other occupations not included in the "trades;" and varied are the scenes passed through from the period that the chubby red-armed country girl first tenders her time, her strength, her thoughts to her employer, till, with thinner form and paler cheek, the woman prematurely marked with age, becomes what, according to the advertisement phrase, is called a "thorough" servant. With what marvellous alacrity she moves about, and often she accomplishes what seems always expected, the doing from two to half a dozen things at once. And yet if she be anything short of "a treasure" she fails to "give satisfaction." Honest, active, and industrious she may be—affectionate and attached she might be, if those in authority would let her love them; and yet it is just possible her faults are unpardonable. Cooks are privileged to be ill-tempered, though why we never could discover; but it is considered that all other domestics should be in this respect immaculate. No matter how much temper may have been "tried," or how much self-respect may have been injured, it is still high treason for the housemaid to mutter indignation at dirty boots on "her" clean stairs, much less to think aloud that "it is a pity mistress don't know her own mind."

To those who are accustomed to throw out their sympathies beyond the conventional boundaries of class, the hiring a servant, or more particularly witnessing in the house of another the *séance* which precedes it, is suggestive of various reflections. Let us suppose a lady has advertised for a servant. She has received a hundred answers—is quite overpowered with the variety of applicants from whom she is at liberty to choose; but if she be that common character, a woman who, though accomplished, even learned, is devoid of a still higher knowledge, and endowed with no wider humanity than that which prompts to kindness to her own family, it probably never occurs to her that this multiplied variety of choice proceeds from as multiplied an amount of want. She does not think with anything like a sigh of a hundred active industrious women, anxious to serve her from morning till night, for the wages of food and lodging, and just enough money for clothing. She does not think that after all it is a sad hopeless life to toil on through youth, beckoning age to advance by these very means, with no possibility of making a provision against it.

The scene is a handsome drawing-room, where, on a handsome couch, a handsome lady reclines. Enter young woman, who drops a modest curtsey near the door.

"Come near," says the lady, pointing to a vacant part of the room, between herself and the window, "I cannot see you there."

Servant approaches, and the usual category of her numerous acquirements and qualifications ensues. These ended, somewhat to the lady's satisfaction, she proceeds,

"But I observe your shawl is fastened with a brooch, and you have bows under your bonnet; these are things I cannot allow."

The girl colours slightly, and perhaps, in her heart of hearts does not quite like to relinquish the becoming blue ribbons, and the brooch of Mosaic gold, at the back of which rests a lock of her mother's hair, but she says meekly,

"Just as you please, Ma'am."

"I hope you have no followers. I do not permit any visitors," continues the mistress.

The girl says something about a sister who is also "in place;" but on this subject the lady is peremptory. She gives a holiday once in two months; on which occasion, of course, the servant rises at four in the morning, to perform all her duties before leaving. The mistress does not inquire where she spends the day; though if "the sister" is also wholly prohibited from "followers," it is doubtful if they manage to meet, even at these intervals.

The last question the lady asks is usually about her character—honesty, sobriety, and other of the virtues, being discussed, with those doubts and contingencies very necessary between strangers; but, in a tone, and with a manner that only withering custom, which deadens all the sensibilities, prevents our seeing, in their true character of unfeeling indelicacy. I could almost wish that servants asked for a character—or, as it would be called, a "reference," with their masters and mistresses, before entering a new situation, on which so much of their comfort, happiness, and respectability, depend. On this point, it seems to me, that strangers, be they rich or poor, employers or employed, should be equal.

That, while the world lasts, there must be hewers of wood and drawers of water, is surely certain; but, by no means is it as surely proved that they need be treated with harshness and indignity; their best natural feelings checked, and their innocent pleasures curtailed. Perhaps nothing is more conclusive that there is something rotten in the present system of domestic servitude, among the middle classes, than the extreme rarity of good and attached servants. I must humbly own I have not much respect for "good old times;" on the contrary, it is self-evident that this is a much more wise and humane generation than the last; but, in justice it must be owned, that the old-fashioned servants, affectionate and faithful, growing grey in the service of the family to whom they belong, are beings we hear of, and read of, but seldom behold. There is no effect without a cause, if one could but mount to the fountain head. I have but thrown out a few hints, and what a digression are they from anything simple and rural, as beseem a Village Sketch!

Yet, the same scene, to different spectators, has many different aspects, and comes laden with many different associations. The pastoral poet raves about autumn tints and gorgeous sunsets, the song of the lark, and the lowing of herds; the farmer, of what the land will produce: the railway projector talks of cutting through fields, or destroying sylvan scenery, with an equal absence of remorse; but, above and beyond all such dreams, fancy loves to dwell on the little world of a country village, with its little great people—and, perchance, great little ones, whose grandeur, yet hidden from the vulgar gaze, shall burst through the clouds of obscurity, where the adventurer's village home is but a memory. Yet, the artist or author, with genius recognised and acknowledged, may owe many an inspiration to the sweet recollections of youth; the eager and energetic workman, who rises by industry, to independence and wealth, may dream, after a weary day, of the murmuring rill that often, alone, broke the delicious silence of his cottage home, or of the neighbouring mill's harsher and more fitful music. Even the poor, hard-worked maid of all-work, has some poetical memorial of "home;" perhaps a stunted wall flower, sent from her aged mother's scrap of garden, doomed now to a cramping flower-pot and a dusty area. That mother, probably, who is saved from the workhouse by the united exertions of her children "out at service." May they, in like manner, find a prop for their old age! They can hardly build one out of their petty savings; but let them trust in the God who doth not desert the well-doer!

THE SEA-SERPENT CHASE.

The morning was fine, the sky was clear,
The wind was music to the ear;
The captain stood on the quarter-deck,
When far to the windward he saw a speck;
It seemed to move—a head—a tail—
And yet it looked not "like a whale."
Nearer it came, and what should it be
But the great Sea-Serpent—none but he;
He came alongside—he hailed the ship—
The captain gave him a civil tip,
And said, "Pray what does your snakeship here?
"You're rather too far at sea I fear."
"Captain, I'll own that I'm out of place,
"I have only come to challenge a race;
"The fastest ship that ever was seen
"Can I outrun—I beat the Queen
"Last fall and that Liverpool craft
"I always leave a long way aft;
"And I will bet you *ten* to *one*,
"That I beat your ship in a six hours' run."
"Done!" said the Captain. The Serpent said "Done!
"And now we will have a little fun,
"But we'll have no writing, for 'done' and 'done'
"Is enough between two gentlemen,
"So I will start off, if you say when."
The Captain then the signal gave,
The Serpent parted the briny wave,
Fire burned in his glaring eye,
His grisly head he lifted high,
Stately uprose his sinewy tail,
And brightly shone each glittering scale;
He jumped and frisked and lashed about,
What a rumpus he kicked at setting out;
Away he swam—he almost flew—
And soon was nearly hid to view,
And nothing, save a little speck,
Could just be seen from the forecastle deck.
The steam was up—the paddles went round,
And lightly our ship o'er each wave did bound;
But fully three hours passed away,
And still the serpent kept us at play,
And then the Captain was heard to say,
"I fear there will be the deuce to pay,
"Besides the New Yorkers will bother and bore us
"If that old devil should get there before us."
The fourth hour came—he slackened his pace,
The aspect of things wore a better face;
Fast we gained on the tired snake
And soon overhauled the serpent's wake.
The fire waxed dim in that once bright eye
And that tail he so vainly had lifted high,
Was fallen quite—and he seemed to burn
With rage as we gently dropped him astern;
And then, o'ercome with toil and heat,
"Captain," said he—"I'm fairly beat."—
"Well then, old fellow, down with your dust"—
"But Captain, do give us a little trust"—
"Oh no, my good snake, ne'er do that I can
"For I am a thorough hard currency man."—
"Well then, if I must, I will pay for this prank,
"So here is my cheque on the Newfoundland Bank."

THE MAN OF HIGH NOTIONS.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

If there be any vitality in the wit's nice man, who is a person with nasty ideas, we have a companion for him in the Man of High Notions, who is a person of low performances. He spends the first half of his life in trying to act up to these high notions, and the other half in rearing them higher and higher still, so as to ensure to himself an excellent excuse for never more attempting in deeds to attain so sublime and increasing an altitude.

We have known several men of very high notions; known them at various stages of existence, and in several orders of society; but they were alike at all hours and in all places. The man is a wonderfully variegated and versatile animal, individually; but there is always a strong settled family likeness running throughout the tribe, and each has his relative peculiarity; although what is high to one might not seem so high to another.

His character breaks out in everything he says and does. If a work of benevolence be on foot, and a guinea a piece be put down, the Man of High Notions may be known by an admirable promptitude in buttoning his pockets, and muttering something about sending a cheque on Coutts for fifty. You cannot get him to promise less. He insists on giving that—if anything.

It is very true (there are drawbacks to every excellence) that this lofty aim not only overshoots the mark sometimes, but wholly deters people of lower views from making any attempt to hit it. Thus the too much comes to nothing. There was an example of this disastrous tendency of the high notion to knock little people down last week, in our neighbourhood. A small matter, so often a momentous one, of mere shelter and sustenance, was required to be suddenly accomplished for a helpless widow and her pining child, whose story was a piteous one. There is a Man of High Notions in the district, and the tale moved him. The affair presented no difficulty: the good work was well nigh done, indeed, but he *would* take it up. He had some notions of his own, he said. He saw the project from a high point of view. He was for effecting something at once upon a grand scale. He drew the whole business into his hands, called people together (whose speeches seemed long to the famishing widow), nominated a committee, whose comfortable sittings might appear protracted to wanderers without a roof over their heads; and after great delay, proposed the erection of a row of alms-houses.

Every hint about the shelter of a single room and the scarcity of daily bread was indignantly, scornfully rejected: it was pitiful—disgraceful. A handsome row of alms-houses!—he was for that! with flower-beds and a grotto behind, and a fountain in front. A Samaritan whom he knew, bred an architect, had given him a ground plan for nothing. He confessed that he had high notions on the subject, and would withdraw at once from the negociation, unless all agreed to erect a row of alms-houses in a salubrious situation for the sad widow and her fatherless infant. A little cottage would be shabby.

Unluckily, as such edifices do not spring of themselves from the ground, the whole project fell to it: and the hungry and houseless, laid low, had to thank the high notions of benevolence for the continuance of their desolate doom.

The Man of High Notions never heard of such a thing as a joint and pudding. He would scorn to dine a root-munching hermit on fare less rich than turtle and venison; and the result is, that he never asks you at all: or, if by chance you should succeed in eating a dinner of his in the Spring, it is only a prelude to his friendly application in July for thirty pounds to hand to his wine-merchant. He has high notions, you know, and can't bear to let the man wait; besides, he wants more claret.

At times, however, it suits the Man of High Notions to let them exhibit themselves through the medium of high bills. If you should be undeserving of the good opinion expressed in his flattering application, and mean-spirited enough to disappoint it, he has been known to send a further order to the wine-merchant without payment, and to put him off for six months, rather than subject you prematurely to the slightest inconvenience. But by the end of that further probationary period, he has commonly found the fellow to be a mere mercenary tradesman, who wants his money; a creature who has few other objects in carrying on business than that of making what he can; who never seeks for custom but with a view to cash, and actually lures his fellow-beings to aid him in getting it in—a wretch with very low notions, in short, who wants to be paid. He is obliged to cut him: he must; and perhaps declines his visits by a quiet inoffensive removal to another part of the town. He is compelled at the beginning of the next year to get his Hock and Madeira from some other person,

whose cellars are not so well stocked perhaps. Nevertheless, he submits to this cruel injury rather than permit himself to be perseveringly dunned. He has such very high notions on that point.

In the Summer, when the meek and lowly wife of the Man of High Notions suggests an inexpensive trip to Herne Bay (an humble excursion, but surely not discreditable), he looks upon her with the horror due to incipient assassination, murder in its early tender stage, putting razors and arsenic out only as feelers. The cold-blooded attempt to undermine his moral dignity, to betray him, through the delicate susceptibility of his affections, into irredeemable vulgarity, and a five-shilling steamer, shocks his high notions, and so overcomes him that he is compelled to repair for the Summer to Constantinople, leaving his English incumbrances behind. His ideas upon these subjects are too elevated to admit of a compromise, and are not to be coarsely brought down to the level of family convenience.

But his notions, if high, are reasonable: he will not vehemently insist on going to Constantinople, hook or crook, win or lose; it may be that he prefers a jolly lark in Paris, or a run Rhinewards, in which case he is back before Winter. All which pleasures would have been shabbily sacrificed on the altar of his low-minded wife's abominable Herne-Bayism! However, that mean-spirited little divinity atones for her offence next year by the constancy of her visits to him in the doleful lock-up house, and by her life-wasting exertions for his relief; for he has some high notions on the score of being left alone, abandoned and forgotten, in a prison. He does not like it; he never did, that's more; and he can tell you what his ideas are upon the matter.

It is about this time, most probably, that, by various pretexts, all exhibiting the exalted character of his notions, he sucks you, as it were, into his presence, for the purpose of proposing, in the most agreeable and good-humoured way imaginable, that you should just give him—the afternoon will do—a handful of sovereigns, and he will get his friend, Captain Snubbs, to give you a handful in return when he comes up from Chatham.

As you may not immediately enter into this equitable arrangement, the Man of High Notions only troubles you to advance him five for the pressing purposes of the moment: and it is not until he hears that you can't, that he discovers that two would do!—oh, capitally! But as he still hears that you really cannot on the instant supply that small desideratum, the most elevated notion he possesses finds instant expression in the happy question, "When can you?" He never likes to be completely baffled, and driven quite into a corner. He has uncommon high notions that way, which enable him to look down, like one inly amused and diverted at your futile attempts under his very eyes to keep your pocket buttoned. He smiles at your awkward efforts, but he thinks you have some very low ideas about small sums of money.

The same reference to an innate loftiness of idea in himself always accompanies, and often sustains him through life. As he drops down the stream, and the tide runs very low—as he drinks his way from the creamy sparkles of society to its dregs; from the Clarendon to the gin-palace; then from the neat-swept sanded parlour to the reeking, stifling tap; from the shelter of the inside to the bench in the sun out of doors—he has still a reserved point, and cherishes some ideas, which he is perfectly convinced are of an elevating character, and give him dignity in your eyes. These are the ideas that save him from being disconcerted in any emergency, or under any humiliation.

When his former crony, the Viscount, detected him at the door of the "Jolly Sandboy," with his face buried in the foam of a pot of porter, he only—stopping half-way in his draught—turned his frothy visage to that of his fastidious friend, on which incredulity and amazement were whimsically painted, saying—

"Why, my dear fellow, you stare; but let me tell you, it's the only way to drink it. Always take it as it comes, with the head on. It's a mistake to go blowing that little tunnel in the froth at the side. Low people, who don't understand half-and-half, do that; but it's ignorance. I entertain a few immensely high notions on this point, and always did."

If the Man with High Notions writes a book, he uses very grand words, so that at the beginning you wonder how many syllables the end will run to. He chooses the longest in the language, you may be sure. He pities you if you suppose that he picks out the finest words he can discover as substitutes for his ideas—they are chosen as being suitable to lofty notions.

The man of such notions instinctively rejects plain phrases; nothing he so dislikes as short, close, simple words. When he is unintelligible, he deems himself enviably successful. He flatters himself that he has a few—yes, a few ideas, he must say, which, thank Heaven, it is not for every low reader to understand. He is of opinion that readers in general ought to have higher notions than they betray, considering what writers like himself have done for them. Yet he cherishes a philosophic distrust of the efficacy of education in counteracting moral evil; and thinks that, for the sake of saving appearances, the poor might have sham books manufactured for them; as Shenstone, when a little boy, had a piece of wood given to him, instead of the gilt-edged Bible, to take to bed

with him. But he has not fully developed, in relation to this principle, all the elevated ideas that stretch themselves in philanthropic laziness within his brain.

Rosalind prettily says that her lover is as high as her heart; whatever is favoured by the Man of Lofty Notions, must come up to the height of his mind. He has an insuperable aversion to everything on a small scale. He would eat no beef on Christmas-day, because the piece roasted only weighed sixteen pounds; and in the evening he took to wondering why chestnuts, put between the bars, should be a bit less than cocoa-nuts, which he conceived to be decidedly of a more eligible size. He had some notions, he said, which were anything but small, touching a feature or two of natural history.

The soul of a man, thus animated, is, of course, too large and lofty for the limits of one kingdom. It would be more exact to say, one world. The Man of High Notions is a great politician; but his politics rather appertain to the affairs of the universe, than the affairs of the mere earth. He could speak, sometimes, as easily of globes, and worlds, and systems, as we, ordinary commentators, speak of Texas, Tahiti, or Tangier. A mere nation suggested to his high apprehension of things the same idea that a mere parish raises in the common mind. And as for things actually parochial, they were always a long way too insignificant for his care or interference.

It is doubtful whether a man with really high notions would not let his dwelling be totally destroyed by fire, rather than have it said that the conflagration was extinguished by a parish-engine. How could a blaze, at Northumberland House, be put out by the engine of St. Martin's.

The man, then, whom we are sketching, so far as he is a politician, takes little account of what happens at his own door. The parish-poor have their appointed guardians: and there are police-constables (or should be) always on the watch for beggars—so that they cannot be on the look-out for thieves also. But he has a keen eye for Russia; his long ear stretches over the Atlantic; and for five-and-twenty years of the present century, he dreamt nightly of Metternich. He has high notions that stretch upward, even to the great Mogul, and overlook, by miles, "their high Mightinesses, the Dutch."

Yet, what incongruities meet, even in the formation of perfect consistency. This same man, of elongated ideas, is sometimes so diminutive that he can peep through a key-hole, or pry into a letter, not six inches long; so essentially small in his conformation that he can insinuate himself into a friend's confidence through the tiny hole wormed by a corkscrew. Nay, he has sometimes such an absorbing sense of the little, to the exclusion of the lofty, that the pranks of a comet would have less enchantment for him than the interests involved in an overcharge of twopence in his laundress's nine-months' account.

The Man of High Notions is frequently famous at battling for the odd half-pence; and pushing into the theatre, forgetting to give the penny for the bill, thrust into his hand as he goes. He has some grand ideas about turnpikes, and likes to drive spiritedly through, uttering an unintelligible exclamation, which he calls carrying matters with a high hand. He has large notions about small change. In short, he daily performs some of the shabbiest and most roguish things in the world—as a master-stroke of grand policy, and to set off his lofty actions, his little deeds are supposed to be the proofs and exhibitors of his great thoughts. He cheats, only to be nobly honest. He swindles people of thousands of sixpences, that he may pay one-pound-ten, if he pleases.

When he happens to have money out, he has also very high ideas of interest. His notions, on these occasions, are often truly towering. But when, on the contrary, it is his hard destiny to pay back money he has borrowed, his high notions convince him that one per cent. is extortionate, and one-and-a-half is plunder and infamy. He takes discount from his shoe-black—if he ever pays him; entertaining very high notions about all low functionaries—and who can go lower than the foot?

It is naturally to be supposed that the same philosopher, however born, has his own ideas about high birth. He, himself, may have come to light in a garret—a nativity we must all acknowledge, anything but low; and accounting, perhaps, for his profound veneration for everything high-born. The first inquiry he makes, whenever he sees a man obtaining distinction, is, "Who was his grandfather?" If it should appear that the distinguished man never had one, he denies his merit, suspects him to be a scamp, and sneers at him as a nobody. He can never admit genius into the account, if there be no grandfather. What is all glory, he cries, if such an essential as a grandfather be wanting! *A priori*, the grandfather must be identified, or greatness there is none to be recognised.

It seldom occurs to a person of high notions to ask what the man has done, is doing, or is likely to do—but where did his ancestors reside in 1503? He has no such maxim as, "Tell me who are his companions, and I'll tell you who he is:" his rule rather runs, "Tell me all about his progenitors, and I'll tell you whether he is anybody." He thinks it highly probable that the "individual in question," as he loves to call him, may be of respectable character, and of a promising talent; but he only wants

to look at his pedigree. He has peculiar ideas in that respect, and carries his researches back a little farther then the Revolution. He has a snug notion of his own, that the idiotic and slavish descendant of Charlemagne, is a rather greater person than all the men put together, who have worked out their own greatness.

The Man of High Notions sighs, and blushes vinegar-colour, when he reflects that so many immortal ornaments and defenders of the country, raised on pinnacles of glory, only lower than the stars, have had such abominably low beginnings—no grandfathers, it gives a shock to all his lofty ideas at once.

In the presence of the aristocracy, his notions become exalted in virtue of their very humility. His preferences are ever for the most highly-born. About that, he apprehends, there never can be a mistake. A Marquis is a greater man than a Baron, any day. So also is it, as a matter of course, with the dates of ancestry. The man of such notions as these, will always, of two barons—the fourteenth of one title, and the first of another—bestow the palm, and heap the homage on the former. Thirteen Barons, he exclaims triumphantly, have preceded him in his family honours; he must be more noble, and more illustrious, far, than the man whose father was an attorney or a banker, and whose progenitors had neither house nor home when George the Second was alive.

And yet, how palpable is the error, here committed by the man of such very high notions. How manifestly he overlooks the fact, that the *first* Baron, who stands in contrast with the fourteenth, is the more illustrious; for the simple reason that he is the actual winner, and not the inheritor of the honour. The glory is with the modern whose own deeds have raised him, and not with the mere successor of those who have remained stationary so long. But the Man of High Notions is sure to snarl at new families, and to be facetious about mushroom peers.

He makes amends, however, by his ready adulation when wanted, even in these quarters. With a lofty view he has a lowly neck, and he is delighted day and night to feel any aristocratic foot set upon it. N.B. No objection to an iron heel—if a gouty toe, the better.

The very clothes of the great, the very cut of them, are objects of a darling interest to the worshipper. He has high notions about an Earl's waistcoat, and thinks there never were such pantaloons in this world as the Duke of Fitzlongshanks had on. Nor can he help telling you how the other Duke carried one glove in his hand, and how the young Lord Rainbow wore crape upon his hat, probably because his father was just dead. He has furthermore some choice ideas on filial piety, with which he will be apt to favour you if you are not on your guard, ending with his opinion that it must be extremely irksome for a lord to take the trouble to go into mourning every time any body dies.

Of all possible abominations of a public nature, a plebeian Minister of State shocks most a man of his turn. He thinks that the Whigs, in his younger days, were perfectly right in not giving Burke a seat in the Cabinet. Those men had proper notions. But he never in his life experienced such a blow, as when Canning became Premier. That was an elevation that overturned every principle on which dignity of station is maintained. He had borne much, but at this era he felt reduced to the necessity of quitting the country. He had the most exalted ideas, and accordingly went out to the Cape to settle, where he took a little public-house somewhere in the interior. He was satisfied that higher notions prevailed among the boors, and in such a land as this he would scorn to live an hour.

This incident will appear the less surprising when it is remembered that the Man with High Notions, is the identical person, who, though a resident west-ender in London from boyhood to the age of forty, had never seen Saint Paul's Cathedral; the reason assigned being "that it was too far east." He has such gentlemanly ideas.

It is hardly necessary to remark that he has the nicest sense of personal honour, and the clearest views of whatever is calculated to preserve it unsullied. But he does not fire up all in an instant to avenge an injury done to it; he does not burst like a shell at every offence to his feelings. His notions are too high; they rise superior to vulgar insults. He had a whip shook over him once, but he was above it. He has high notions about being shown down stairs; and observes pleasantly enough when referring to these misadventures, that he has a capital face for slamming a door in.

But upon a certain occasion, after he had been cut in one direction, and all but cudgelled in another, he did suddenly take fire at a foolish remark, that he had sneaked off, "with his tail between his legs." He has a vast idea of the native dignity of man, the head of the animal creation, and this insinuation he could not brook. The Man of High Notions therefore challenged his adversary either to *prove the tail* —to establish that appendage on a firm basis—or be convicted of falsehood. A duel was arranged, but the meeting was prevented, by his being an hour-and-a-half too late; an accident chargeable upon his chronometer, which was right to a second by the Horse Guards, (for he has a high notion of that clock), though wrong by all other authority.

At another time, he meant to have called a

man out, but he only called a policeman, and then dropped proceedings just as the case was coming on; for he has a peculiar idea of magistrates, and a high notion or two about newspaper reports.

But in a third affair he was more strenuous. Having scrambled out of the sloppy district of a pump, beneath whose mouth he had been illegally deposited for a limited term, which to his ideas seemed an age—having succeeded in getting himself once more together—he walked to his lawyer, and got fifteen pounds damages for the outrage; with five superadded for an extra kick, received as he was in the act of picking up his legs and arms.

Now low persons were not wanting to declare that as a gentleman he could not touch the money so acquired; that he could not condescend, with his lofty ideas, to pocket the wages of disgrace and turn his dignity to gain. What notions! They said that he must give it to the Parish-school, or the Society for the Conversion of Christians to Christianity. But his thoughts took a more exalted sweep. He resolved to expend it upon a silver salver, on which, in a touching inscription, he recorded all the pathetic and triumphant circumstances of the case, for the delight and pride of his children when he should be no more. Ah! his were high notions, truly!

On some especial points of habit and conduct, his ideas are as peculiarly elevated. We may suggest a few examples, by which the reader will easily recognise the man.

He hates the Opera, but always goes. He can do as he pleases, yet he says he is *bound*. If you urge him not to go to-night, he stares in your face, and cries, "Why, my dear Sir, I *must!*" so that you begin to wonder whether it is the trombone or the violin that your friend secretly performs on. But he is right: he *must* go to the Opera: he has such high notions.

A sum is set apart for the schoolmaster, and is just ready to be claimed, when out comes the announcement of the grand revel, the tournament of dazzling attraction, at which everybody is to be present. If he had low notions, he could stop away. But what now is he to do? The ticket, dress, and journey, will swallow up the school-money, and more: but then, there is the grocer's account; immediate payment is not imperative, so that happily there is no want of cash, and he is enabled to give the most dashing effect to his ideas.

He, with some pardonable difficulty, succeeds in persuading you to lend him a book; and, with a promise to return it on the third day he carries off one volume of a work comprised in ten. He takes the most elevated view of the principle of lending and borrowing; and you would be sure to see your book brought back on the third day, but that on the second, he sends to borrow the remaining nine volumes; reflecting, perhaps, that a broken set is of no use to either party. Some of his notions, we must say, are rare and high—rather *too* high, like game a month old.

Well, it is by these and fifty similar signs ye shall know him. Nothing that is truly great is great to him, because his own notions, being of an immeasurable altitude, cast it into dwarfishness: on the other hand, he can, by the natural elevation of his ideas, exalt the insignificant at his will. He is a full-length specimen of the utter littleness of life; a sample, on a large scale, of the diminutiveness of man. You may hear him talk of giving a topper to old Pelion, or patting the skiey head of blue Olympus, so astonishingly high are his notions: but never will he be able to crow on the brow of an Ossa, until it becomes literally a wart. He sometimes insinuates that he is half-ashamed to be seen living in a little shabby planet, like the Earth, which is but as a tenth-rate colony, or a dirty provincial town, in the eyes of other worlds. He is disgusted that he was not born in Jupiter. He is of opinion that mortals, after all, only inhabit what he calls the "back-slums" of the universe.

The Man of High Notions always cherishes some grand ideas on the subject of a dignified death. Life, he contends, though a thing so tiny and meagre, may be made to look magnificent and gigantic, by the mere manner of quitting it. He is very angry with Napoleon for not dying at Waterloo. For himself, he should much like to get within a moderate leap of the Great Cataract, or to fling himself down the Tarpeian rock—or something of that sort. Poor little speculator! Instead of such an ending, we shall hereafter be told—and haply the tale may set us laughing rather than weeping—how, one day to astonish the world, he went up with his high notions to the top of a molehill, precipitated himself from the summit, and perished.

CHURCHYARD THOUGHTS.

A CHURCHYARD is a solemn place,
And solemn thoughts will rise,
While gazing on the narrow space
That holds such mysteries,
As those that lie for ever hid
Beneath the cool green sod and heavy coffin-lid.

Not the fast changing of the clay!
This is no mystery!
We all have seen how soon decay
Can steal the hues of life away;
When man lies down to die,
The glory of the flesh, we know, is o'er,
And worms destroy the form that we behold no more.

Looking upon the grave, in thought we trace
The hidden things below,
Corruption stealing o'er the upturned face,
Staining the marble brow;
The dimness gathering in the golden hair,
The horror and the gloom where all was once so fair.

All know the *body's* doom,
But the immortal soul!
It doth not, mid this horror and this gloom,
Find final goal.
That flame, whose essence is of heavenly birth,
Think not it shares with dust the common lot of earth!

But whither doth it flee?
Doth it from that sad parting strife,
Summoned by God's decree,
At once spring upwards—bright and free—
Into Eternal Life?
Or sink for ever to that deeper grave,
From whose undying pangs no second death shall save?

Is there some midway land,
Where souls that quit the clay,
Linger—a dim and solemn band—
Until the judgment day;
Waiting, in trembling hope or fear,
For that dread trump to sound which all that live must hear?

The poet's dreamy lore
Tells of pale midnight ghosts,
Or throngs some visionary shore
With the grave's silent hosts;
Or fills the churchyard's dreary bound
With flitting shades of those who, buried, lie around.

Sad fancies!—wild and vain!
Nor yet the Sage's thought,
(That doth such idle dreams disdain)
Than the poor Poet's misty brain,
Is more with truth in-wrought;
For whence we come, and whither we shall go,
Alike the wise and weak have vainly sought to know.

But—sure of our reward—
Walking by Faith—secure—
Let us believe His word,
Which ever doth endure;
And He hath said, "Yet but a little space,
Ye in my Father's house shall see me face to face."

ANNE ELIZA PONSONBY.

SONNET.

AUTUMN.

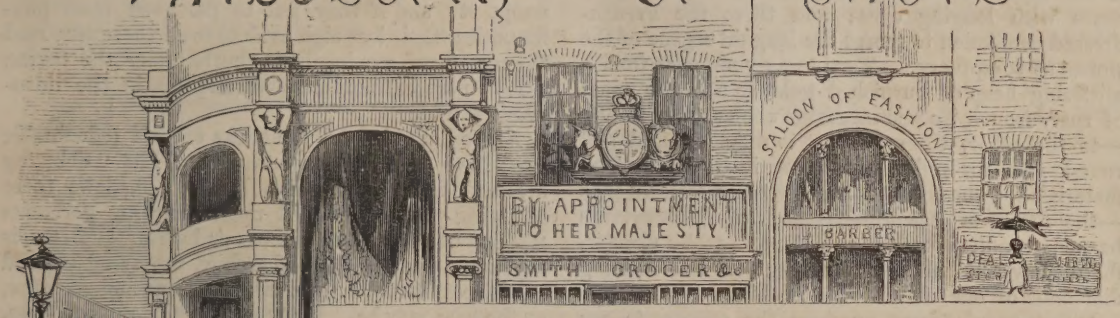
BY MRS. F. B. SCOTT.

MILD pensive portion of the fading year—
When varying Nature draws a golden veil
O'er the rich beauties of each hill and dale,
From boisterous Winter, with instinctive fear
(E'en as a mother guards her children dear):
Oh! how I love to list each long low wail
Breathed from the tangled copse and woody vale,
And watch the glories which with thee appear!

Cambridge.

The setting sun, as loth to say "farewell,"
Lingers near each loved spot, and, lingering, shows
A smile of warmth to every mossy dell!
Oh! like thee, Autumn, may I meet repose,
As tranquilly pure souls *my* soul impel
To realms where Sorrow ne'er her shadow throws.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SHOPS



BY ANGUS B. REACH.

LONDON, after all, would be a dismal place without shops. Conceive our long lines of thoroughfares — our Oxford-streets, Regent-streets, and Strands, destitute of this grand attraction — their long lines of brick, lath and plaster — green doors and glass windows — imagine the wonders of that grand comprehensive metropolitan museum—more curious far than the British Museum—our teeming magazines and shops, smitten down by a week-long Sunday—an everlasting series of shutters replacing those panes through which the curious may gaze upon every transportable product of nature and of art—of every clime and for every use—stretching out street after street and mile after mile, concentrating in this, our grand town of London, the riches of a world. Shops form no inconsiderable part and parcel of the attractions of London, and make up no contemptible share of its grandeur and power. Their windows are the eyes through which glare English speculation. It is not merely that the lace and shawl-loving dame therein feasts her fair eyes upon the delicacies of Brussels, and the richness of Cashmere, or that the laughter-loving man—that is the wise man—may luxuriate by the hour—grinning through plate glass, at the fun of caricature and lampoon; or that the student may pore over learned folios lying open before him, and curse the transparent barrier which prevents him from turning over that leaf and finishing the sentence which has struck him; or that divine works of art, delicate morsels of vertu, tempting viands and costly garments, sparkling jewellery and exotic perfumes, may lie thick and three-fold exposed to every gaze, tempting every appetite, exciting every sense; all this the London shops do, but they read a deeper lesson still; they teach a more profound philosophy.

They talk to us of our civilization; they put us in mind of our refinement, by showing us our varied wants; of our luxury, by exhibiting the ingenious contrivances, the slow growth of ages, which minister to it; of our advance in science and art—and in the secondary science and art of applying that advance to the uses of social life.

Here is a newsvender's shop, concentrating intelligence from every part of the world, heaping together commercial and political lore for whoever wishes to study it; next door is a bookseller's, a twin establishment, rich with literary treasure—the history of our science, our arts, ourselves—the fruits of the tree of knowledge, plucked and garnered. Then see the chemist's, telling of medical skill, of chemical research, prating with an hundred tongues of the feats which mind has performed in extracting from rude, crude matter, withered from the tree, or dried from the mine, precious drugs to guard precious health.

The draper's and the hosier's—commonplace though the names may sound—do they not preach whole sermons on the exhaustless task of our manufacturing skill, upon the toils of the spinning-jenny and the wonders of the steam-engine.

The furrier transports us in thought to savage countries, and savage people, and savage animals. Boas and muffs and tippets seem homely, domestic things, but the animal which first wore the furs, may have been chased amid the Rocky Mountains, or shot in the snows of Hudson's Bay.

But it would be endless to go through the catalogue of the thoughts and associations which London shops may excite. They give you everything which man can supply you with—from a cradle to a coffin. There are shops for bridal dresses, and shops for mournings. There are shops for marble statues for pomp, and marble slabs for graves. There are all sorts and conditions of wares for all sorts and conditions of men. Do you wish to be a fox-hunter? Go purchase horses and accoutrements. Are you an invalid who can scarce breathe or stand?

There are crutches to support you, and machines to temper our raw atmosphere ere it bites your lungs. Here are sweetmeats to make you sick, and there drugs to make you well. Now you have before you the finest and rarest, and almost next door the coarsest and commonest of stuffs. In a moment you may be dressed as a prince or a labourer. Here is the gross simmering food at which the hungry gazes with longing eyes; and there the French-dressed confection to tempt the languid organs of the worn-out voluptuary. Turn away your eyes from a glittering heap of burnished gold, to a brown mass of rusty iron. To one magazine nobles come to buy —to the other, thieves resort to sell. Round and round you, for miles and miles it is thus. The materials for luxury—the requirements of indigence —the fruits of science—research of industry, are heaped in endless profusion. A more really wonderful display than all the glittering gold and shining diamonds of our childhood's Arabian tales!

When people come up from the country to see London—dear open-mouthed provincials—they wander about, looking for what they call the "Lions." They are continually running after some sight or other, and neglecting the great sight of all—the streets, the shops, the people which crowd them. Your true country sight-seer is sure to be seen running breathless after a royal carriage, or standing awe-struck after the "Industrious Fleas;" paying his shilling to see General Tom Thumb, or inquiring if he can gaze upon the Lord Mayor on equally reasonable terms. When will he learn the solemn truth that it is what he can see without running, and for nothing, in his daily walks—the streets—the thoroughfares—the endless industrial procession which throngs them—the vast piles of human structures—the pouring, roaring crowd of human beings —when will he learn that this is what constitutes the true wonder of London—what has given it its world-wide renown. When will he, above all, learn—that though little towns may possess "Lions," London is all one immense "Lion."

In shops, as in natural history, we have the genus as well as the species; the class as well as the individual. There is the quiet, unobtrusive, bashful shop, which hides itself in some city alley; a little dark hole, too dark one would think for the shadow of a customer ever to make it more so; but where, nevertheless, a snug, quiet business—as snug and quiet as the shop—has been going on, it may be, for half a century, and where generation after generation of a snug, quiet, city family have been born and reared, and made money and died. Opposed to it, there is the flashy, advertising, puffing, west-end "establishment;" its proprietor would not dream of degrading it by the name of a shop, any more than he would his "assistants" by dubbing them "shopmen." Situated in a bustling, glaring street, it strives to out-bustle and out-glare its neighbours. Notoriety is its grand aim and object. Cheapness is its main cry; rival establishments are fiercely denounced; it is remarkable for never having any "connection with the establishment over the way;" the plate-glass of its windows seems formed to stare defiance at rivals, and so it flares, and bustles, and puffs, and announces "alarming sacrifices," and "tremendous bargains," until some fine morning its shutters remain closed; the spirited proprietor finds a sudden run to Boulogne necessary for his health, and the proprietor of the "establishment over the way" is seen exultingly rubbing his hands over the Gazette. It is in the linen-drapery trade that this genus of puffing shops most abound. There seems to be something in gown pieces and pocket-handkerchiefs irresistibly driving those who deal in them to take the world by storm; at all events to attempt it; and if they fail, to die away from public notice, their last sigh evident to all those who read the records of our insolvent courts under the taking title "more extraordinary disclosures in the linen-drapery trade!"

A good number of the tricks of this redoubtable craft have been lately shown up. The "ticketing system" is notorious—like Hecate's shadows these tempting placards pinned upon tempting garments "show our eyes and grieve our hearts." Betty is fascinated by a pretty neckerchief, the lying placard announces it to be only two shillings-and-sixpence, as the case may be. Betty says, "Oh, my goodness, how cheap!" In she goes, unties her money from the corner of her handkerchief, and asks for the desired article of raiment. Alas, the price is not what she had anticipated. "The ticket has fallen on it, by chance, Ma'am; we were just going to take it off when you came in." Betty feels in her heart that this is a lie—no matter, the want has been excited—the lie succeeds, and the neckerchief is purchased, perhaps for twice the money calculated upon.

The system of "shaving the ladies" has been only recently brought to light. An ingenious name in truth it is for an ingenious practice.

Miss Snooks (*loquitur*). "What may be the price of this shawl?"

"Thirty shillings, Ma'am, and a remarkable article for the money."

There is no disputing the latter assertion.

"Oh dear, that is too much, I could never think —make it twenty-eight."

"Really, Ma'am—quite impossible—that is—positively you are too hard upon us—to any one but you it would be impossible; but well—shall we say the twenty-eight shillings?"

The bargain is concluded—the money paid. The real price of the article is twenty shillings. Miss Snooks, who is firmly of opinion that, in bateing down the "young man," from thirty shillings to twenty-eight, she was making a clear saving of two shillings to the Snooksian purse, is taken in to the tune of eight shillings, one fourth of which goes to the "young man who was really so civil," to be by him spent that evening in brandy-and-water and cigars, to his great personal comfort and edification.

We must, by no means, however, include the great majority of linen-drapery shops in the category of establishments such as we have been describing. Some of the best of our metropolitan shops belong to wholly another class, and it is impossible not to admire frequently the splendour, and sometimes the taste of their fittings up, both externally and internally, and often, too, the real cheapness at which their good and varied wares are sold.

Of all shops, however, print-shops and caricature-shops jump most with our humour. We positively do not know a more delicious sensation than the discovery that a total change in the attractions of a window of an establishment of this nature has

taken place—that all the old engravings and humorous sketches which we have become tired of admiring and laughing at—have been replaced by a new regime, with all the gloss and attraction of novelty. We stand before the renovated window in ecstacy, happy as an astronomer feasting his eyes upon a new comet, or a geologist upon hitherto-undiscovered strata, or an alderman feasting, not his eyes, but his stomach, upon a new combination of turtle and green fat. There we have a whole exhibition of art before us, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe"—works for the connoisseur to revel in, for the humourist to laugh with, a pleasant display on view to the public, "free, gratis, and for nothing." No, there we are wrong. It is not always to be seen for nothing. Round a print-shop is where pickpockets most do congregate. The rogues know their business—how a broad grin makes us forget our pockets —how a smart political hit, with every twitch of Lord Brougham's nose, life-like from the pencil of H.B., distracts our attention from the vulgar considerations of pocket-handkerchiefs, or even of purses. And in this there is an implied compliment to art—the attractions of an honest man's pencil are made subservient to the nimbleness of a rascal's fingers. Were the prime and original cause of every petty theft among the grinning or admiring throng round a print-shop window, charged as accessory, Heavens! what a Newgate Calendar of crime would blacken George Cruikshank; while Landseer would inevitably have been long ere this sketching kangaroos in a foreign land!

But, nevertheless, notwithstanding the solemn warning of police report or grand jury presentment, we *will* linger round the print-shop window. For the sake of art we brave the danger of a missing handkerchief or even an empty fob. Is not the old proverb of paying for peeping as notorious as the spires of Coventry?

Turn we from the print-shop to its neighbour's the tobacconist's, the depository of a weed become almost as necessary to the existence of half our population as plants, generally reckoned the opposite of weeds.

In a census of the number of shops in London, the tobacconists', would very probably bear away the bell. In the disposal of its goods, a shop of this kind adds "night to day, and Sunday to the week." A native of one of the South Sea Islands, brought over here, declined a pinch of snuff upon the sensible plea of his nose not being hungry. The appetite of some people's noses is, however, quite wonderful. They are the most greedy parts about them. Like the figure of the Highlander who guards the entrance to the favoured spot whence they buy their best rappee, they are continually box in hand.

A peculiar feature of the tobacco shops is, that it has almost always a smart young lady—one or more—who presides behind the counter. We have not far to go for the reason. She is one of the regular attractions of the spot. Smoking and flirting go pleasantly together, and the "Gents" who hover round the counter deem both occupations very proper and becoming. But, indeed, we may lay it down as a general rule, and in this general rule is contained an important item in the "Philosophy of Shops," that in all establishments principally frequented by ladies, young men are found the most efficient sellers, and in those devoted to the disposal of articles of male consumption, smart young girls, who can laugh and chatter, and coax, are preferred by the philosophic proprietors. Ninety-nine times in the hundred a yard of lace is sold by a man, and a bundle of cigars by a woman. We can answer for the influence which a pretty girl exercises in drawing custom. Would it be profane to hint, that a dashing West-end dame, accustomed to all the little arts of coquetry, and skilled in all the phrases of that language made up of "soft nothings," loves better to chat over the excellences of Brussels lace or Lyons silk with a smart young man, dressed à la Young England, than she would with one of her own sex, however pretty or soft-tongued that one might be? Ladies may protest as they like, but unfortunately facts *are* stubborn things.

After mercers' and linen-drapers', confectioners' and pastry-cook-shops find great favour in the eyes of the ladies. True, in these snug retreats of pastry and ices, damsels are generally the dispensers of the creature comforts; but this does not a bit invalidate our general rule. The proprietors probably think that their good things can recommend themselves to their fair customers; that a puff can speak for itself, and that ices are too pleasant to require the insinuating address of a white-neckerchiefed, ringletted youth for their disposal. Pastry-cooks' and confectioners' are sorts of ladies' taverns. There the girls get positively dissipated upon ginger beer, and adventure upon most substantial-looking pies, without a shadow of hesitation. We have remarked that young ladies of a sentimental turn, who admire Lalla Rookh, and talk of that "Dear Childe Harold," and who, having heard that Byron disliked to see a woman eating, endeavour to bewitch their admirers into the half belief that they are delicate, ethereal, peri-like creatures themselves. We have observed that this species of young ladies affect pastry-cooks exceedingly; and after accidentally beholding one of them taking a light little refection there, we were quite able to sympathise with her timid but earnest refusal of "another slice of the goose" at dinner, and to pity the admiring look of Mr. Joseph Muff, her professed adorer, who evidently thought that Emma's natural food consisted of odours of flowers and spangles of dew!

Among the characteristics of shops not to be forgotten in their philosophy, two features have often struck us, as we gazed into the windows of a boot-maker's, or a hair-dresser's. The first, in the boot-maker's, is a fine specimen of the "puff by implication." Amid patent leather, and Morocco leather, and all sorts of leather, you observe conspicuously put forward the skeleton of a human foot. Now, this foot speaks, although it says nothing. It says, "See how science has been applied to boot-making—how the dissecting table aids the lapstone—what a connection there is between the scalpel and the awl."

Presently a portly old gentleman, who has had corns all his life, observes the speechless puff; "God bless me," he thinks, "here's the place for me, boots evidently made here upon anatomical principles; intelligent fellow this boot-maker; wonderful thing to see the researches of anatomists applied in this way; no more corns or bunions for me, now, no fear of them in a boot made upon anatomical principles." And so the old gentleman buys an indefinite number

of pairs of boots. The skeleton foot has done it all. The old gentleman never thinks of looking whether the sample boots displayed just alongside the sample bones resemble each other much in general outline, or whether the bones of the foot could be put into one of the receptacles intended, not only for them, but for their flesh too, without very considerably deranging their economy and giving them a hearty squeeze. As we said, the scientific look of the fleshless foot is the talisman which works all the wonder.

The boot-maker's puff, however, is a modest one to the hair-dresser's.

Barbers have been, from time immemorial, puffers. Chattering is as essential a part of their art as shaving, and their scissors go not more glibly than their tongues. Barbers may, therefore, be expected, *prima facie*, to be smart, pushing fellows, in everything calculated to obtain publicity and notoriety. The fact is, however, that they somehow or other generally confine the exercise of their talents to one particular line of puffery. Bears are their strong point; they seem as proud of killing a bear as a Mohican of taking a scalp.

"Another fine bear just slaughtered!" The announcement stares you in the face half a dozen times in any large street. Unhappy bears to furnish such precious grease! What must be the number, if all tales are true, which annually yield up their lives to make glossy the hair of ladies and gentlemen? Sometimes the advertisement, *i. e.* the puff, sets forth that the bear has been "just" slaughtered; occasionally, however, you hear that it met its fate "yesterday." Return in three months to the shop, and you will find the self-same placard.

"What!" you exclaim inwardly, "has this unhallowed slaughter been defiling every 'yesterday' since I passed here three months ago?"

Hush! there are secrets in every trade. But taking the animal to be "just" killed, and—not to be too hard—allowing the "just" to extend over the space of a week; and supposing, moreover, that there are a hundred hair-dressers in London, or even say fifty who profess to kill their bear a week—like captain Bobadil, his man a minute—what a fearful sum-total of bear murder are you presented with! Multiply fifty by fifty-two, and you have two thousand six hundred. Alas, poor bruin! Where is the bear-market which supplies this tremendous demand? Surely there must be some hidden Smithfield devoted to the sale, where the denizens of the wilds of America and the snows of the Arctic Circle are exposed to buyers like the four-footed occupants of our meadows and clover-fields, and where purchasers, instead of prating familiarity with "south downs" and "long horns," talk learnedly of the girth or the points of "Grizzlies" and "Polars!"

The first symptom of the decline and fall of a fashionable district generally consists in the appearance of shops within its favoured precincts; the spirit of trade and traffic treading upon the kibes of that of exclusiveness and isolation.

First, perhaps, a wine-merchant's shop makes its appearance. It is quiet and unassuming. No gaudy sign-painting as yet disfigures the aristocratic *quartier*, but a few sample bottles of—according to Dick Swiveller—"the Rosy," appear in the windows, surmounting a wire-wove screen, and the words "wine-merchant," may be read engraved on the brass plate. Were "bill-discounter" added, the announcement would probably be no less true, and much more perfect. Wine-merchant is a convenient designation; like charity, it sometimes covers a multitude of sins. A good deal of the wine disposed of goes in part discount of bills, for bills and wine are both commodities much in demand among fashionable folk. After the profanation of the "wine-merchant," the street rapidly looses caste; the ice has been broken; and fashionable tailors and bootmakers begin to make their appearance; things grow worse and worse; and the *crême de la crême* beat a retreat when a butcher's shop appears at one end of the street, and a flaring public house at the other. The visits of common cabs begin to be more frequent, and carriages with two footmen behind, vanish. The street begins to be bustling and crowded. Omnibuses pass through it; the inhabitants, not engaged in trade, take to letting lodgings; and the former silent, cold, haughty, aristocratic retreat becomes a lively, bustling, commercial highway.

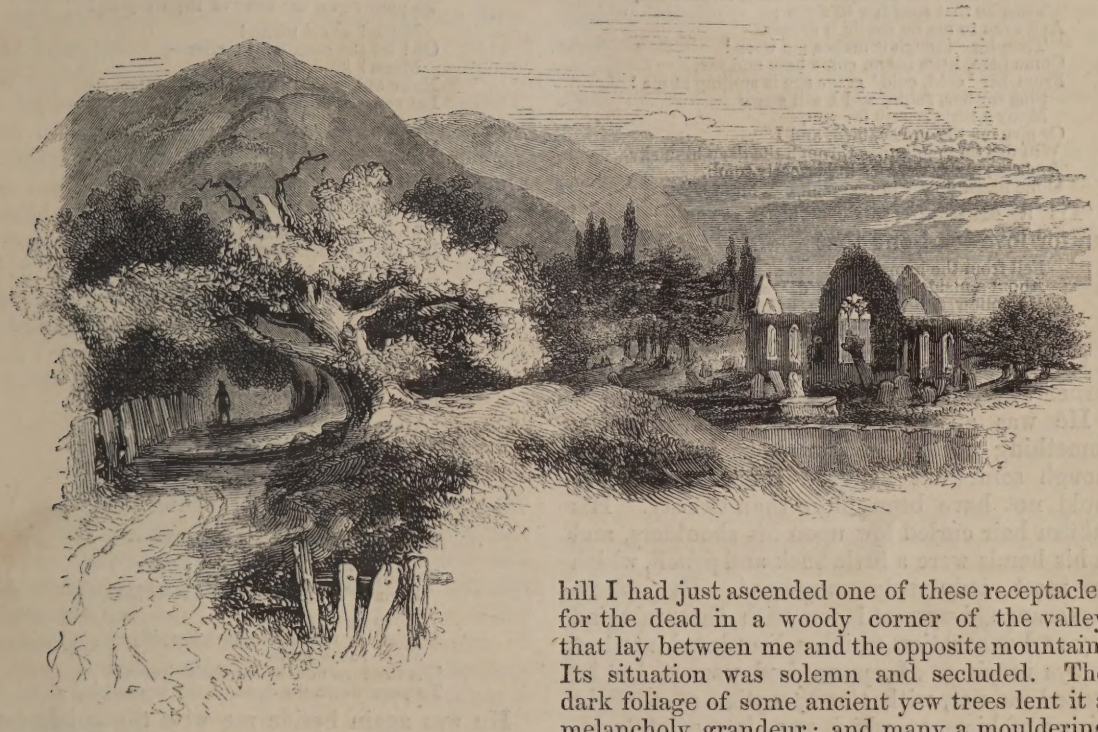
At all this the quondam inhabitants turn up their noses. Let them. We are a commercial people, and we ought to glory in the fact. Our shops and our ships, our steam-engines and our spinning-jennies have made us what we are—they have made London what it is. They build every day far-spreading suburbs; they throw railways out over the land; they make desert places musical with life, and savage countries instinct with civilization.

We have indulged in some raillery at the freaks and flings which our exuberant commercial spirit sometimes manifests itself in, but that spirit itself and its legitimate results, we hail with pride and pleasure. It will civilise the world—and civilising a world is better than conquering one. Rome did the last, and her empire soon passed away. We are in the process of doing the first; we trust not to the sword or lance; but to the balance and the pen. Ships and commerce are better agents than ships of war; bills of lading than letters of marque. Napoleon called us with a sneer, "a nation of shopkeepers." Better be that than a nation of warriors—otherwise cut-throats. It is more pleasant after all to live among the smoke of furnaces than to die amid that of cannon. But Napoleon said we were a nation of shopkeepers. Listen, La jeune France! listen, Monseigneur le Prince de Joinville, to a plain fact: Napoleon wished to beautify Paris. Good. It was a harmless—a praiseworthy ambition. He laid out during the time of his greatest glory, considerable sums in effecting this great object; but never did he—and we have every reason to believe that the calculation upon which we make the assertion is correct—never did he in any one year, expend so much upon his fair city, as do our London tradesmen from their own private means every succeeding year, to decorate and prepare their shops for the traffic and the pomp of the West-end season.

MAD AUSTIN.

A SKETCH.

BY J. AUGUSTINE WADE.



From infancy a melancholy ooy—
Sorrow was always mingled with his joy!
Sullen he was not, though for ever, he
Would talk of mirth and light things heavily!—
I ween he has been love-lorn—for he'd come
And gaze whole ev'nings on a new made-tomb,
Under the yew-tree in the churchyard's nook,
With for his company, a tiny book;
Which, deeply he would scan awhile, then turn
And weep his cheek pale on the marble urn!—
And yet, 'till now distraught, he never told
He loved the maiden, but was distant—cold—
And passed her by with heedless strange neglect,
Thinking his fair hope nought 'till it was wreck'd!
For now he raves like ship-lost mariner
And from his shattered fancy calls on her.

* * * * *

I DON'T know how it is, but churchyards have never appeared to my thinking the gloomy and almost disgusting scenes that I have heard others assert them to be, though indeed not so much by positive, expressed opinion, as a tacit confession of the same belief through the means of sundry shrugs, cold creepings, and shudderings, which I have frequently observed at the bare mention of such places. To me they have always been amusing and instructive;—totally devoid of gloom and of disgust, and full of food for heavenly contemplation as for earthly worms.

In a late ramble through a romantic part of the country I perceived from the summit of a hill I had just ascended one of these receptacles for the dead in a woody corner of the valley that lay between me and the opposite mountain. Its situation was solemn and secluded. The dark foliage of some ancient yew trees lent it a melancholy grandeur; and many a mouldering heap proclaimed it the dreamless bed of sleepers from life's toil. A crumbling ruin too, whose base an inlet of the sea, the unquiet sea, was hourly lessening with its foamy battery, heightened the picture, and gave the abode of Death a characteristic beauty in the tourist's eye, while, to the moralist, its time-worn towers seemed skeleton symbols of the mortality of all sublunary things!

I directed my steps downwards to the grave-yard, determined to pass the remainder of the daylight, which might be an hour or so, in poring over the inscriptions on the tomb-stones. I was ever fond of this short and simple species of biography; whether it was couched in uncouth rhymes spelt by th' unletter'd muse, or stuffed with epithets borrowed from Greece and Rome:—whether writ mournfully by friend—mistress—widow—child—or graven in droll quaint terms by clownish ignorance in serious sorrow!

I soon reached the churchyard. As I had not approached it by the road or path-way I was forced to clamber up the side of a dilapidated wall to obtain an entrance. It was a

curious and solemn scene. At the further side of the ruin there was what appeared to be from where I stood a marble altar. I leaped inwards from the wall with the intention of regarding it minutely. As I alighted in the long grass that grew between the tombs a voice eagerly exclaimed in a wild and querulous tone: "Who are you?—I know you not"—and then in a most melancholy kind of chant murmured the following rhapsody. I stood still and listened:

"Hush! hush! let none but the robin be near her,
Twas he that sang her to sleep;
And even to me no music is dearer
Than his—though it makes me weep!
Come here, little robin, come here and see,
From her 'cold, cold' grave she is smiling at me!
Sing for her, robin, and I will strew
Many a little crumb for you,
Or give me thy music, bird, and I
Will flee on your wings through the deep blue sky
And sing my sweet love in her early tomb,
Gone like a flower in its break of bloom!"

'Tis a Maniac, said I within myself;—alas! and for love too! one that

Fell from the happy quietness of mind,
About a maiden that he lov'd, who died;
He followed her to church, being full of tears,
And, as her body went into the ground
He fell stark mad.

I will see him; and I walked towards the corner whence the voice had issued.

He was an extremely interesting figure. Something unearthly was about his beautiful though somewhat haggard countenance. He could not have been more than twenty. His auburn hair curled low upon his shoulders, and in his hands were a little book and pencil, which he most sedulously employed. His whole appearance impressed me with that mingled pity and veneration which a disordered intellect always inspires. I approached nearer, but he heeded me not, with the exception of a slight raising of his eyes, which were immediately replaced alternately on his book and a grave-stone that lay in a horizontal position at his feet. I stood for some moments contemplating him, when the interesting object of my thoughts again broke forth in a tone of melancholy sweetness:

"Wither, ye pleasant gardens, where she trod!
White lilies droop, and blasted daisies wink,
And weep in pearly dew! blind vesper, mourn;
Hang thy cold tears on ev'ry grassy blade!
Groan loud, ye woods, and tear your leafy hair!
Let wind and hoary frost kill ev'ry flow'r,
For She is gone, who made continual May."

As his voice faltered the last words, I gently leaned upon a tomb-stone to consider him more attentively, and same time to give his sorrow assurance that it should not be disturbed by my nearer approach, when he suddenly sprang up, and like a vision disappeared through an aperture in the ivied wall! I was vainly regretting my intrusion upon his grief and its sanctuary, as the ruin seemed, when he again appeared at a broken window near the top of a moss-grown tower, that in other days had probably been the belfry, and gently calling unto me, said (whilst he threw me down his little book) "Read it as I chant it—it is my song to the moon—my prayer for my love that lies sleeping there—that is it you are looking at," as he saw me fix my eyes on a particular page. I looked up. He was hid again, within the ivy. I turned to his little volume, and the voice of his melancholy from out the tower uttered as I perused the characters that follow:

SONG TO THE MOON.

Moon! pale moon!
All day my watch I've been keeping—
Moon! slow moon!
'Tis thy turn now where she's sleeping,
To pour down the dews of thy weeping!

Moon! sweet moon!
Oh! let thy sorrow be tender—
Moon! kind moon!
Noise at her bed would offend her;—
Let gentlest fairies attend her!

Moon! dear moon!
Guide nothing here to her pillow,
Moon! true moon!
Save the tear-drops of the willow,
Or the low sigh of the billow!

Moon! bright moon!
Let not a poison-leaf strew her—
Moon! meek moon!
If she awake as thou'lt view her,
Whisper that I will come to her!

Moon! loved moon!
Long ere thy mid-lamp is burning,
Moon! fair moon!
Here to my sorrow returning
I'll free thy face from its mourning!

Moon! new moon!
Then as the star-lights salute ye—
Moon! hushed moon!
Let thy loved silence be duty;
Tell not the tale of her beauty!

Moon! fond moon!
To thy broad glance I'll reveal her—
Moon! May-moon!
So thou wilt truly conceal her,
From ev'ry eye that would steal her!

Moon! pale moon!
All day my watch I've been keeping—
Moon! slow moon!
'Tis thy turn now where she's sleeping
To pour down the dews of thy weeping!

He was again beside me with the quickness of a spirit; and taking his little volume out of my hand said gently: "I must away now—the dews that I prayed for are falling—come, I will lead you by a sweet path-way to the village." Then drawing back a dark mass of ivy that concealed a door-way in the wall, he darted forwards with such rapidity that I found it impossible to follow him closely even with my eyes; for in a moment or two I lost sight of him altogether! But as I had predetermined to persevere, I scrambled on; though with considerable interruption from the broken fragments of the ruin and the long grass, that rendered the footing difficult and uncertain!—The passage at length terminated on the shore of an inlet of the sea, where, seated on a rock at a little distance, I perceived my singular guide waiting for my coming. He rose as I approached; and, familiarly taking my arm, for awhile, silently, led me by a winding track along the beach.

It was now grey evening time.—The mellowing dews of twilight were softening away the ruggedness of the distant crags; the sea was tranquillising its rippling surface into a mirror

for the moon—the billows were asleep within their sandy beds; while over a woody island about two or three miles out in the bay, that floated like a cloud upon the peaceful water, pale Cynthia's self, "like a bark of pearl, came on through the still blue ocean of heaven"!*

"It is a sweet hour," said my wildered companion in a tone of ecstatic abandonment, and then continued, sometimes murmuring to himself in a voice scarcely audible—at others addressing me:

"I love those beetles, and these evening flies that buzz their droning songs about my pathway—they seem to be happy—they ought to to be happy—why is their voice so sorrowful? isn't it sorrowful? See that bat—that fellow, I think, makes a mockery of woe; he haunts old ruins it is true, and comes never abroad but in the melancholy of the day—yet there is none of the beauty of grief about the levity of his fickle sailings up and down through the air; I like him not; if he comes near me, I will doff my hat to strike him. But hush! look! see there; *She* is coming—*She* heard my prayer:—

> Moon! pale moon!
> All day my watch I've been keeping—
> Moon! slow moon!
> 'Tis thy turn now, where she's sleeping,
> To pour down the dews of thy weeping!"

I had never before seen so much of a mind astray as even the little this scene afforded me. I was particularly struck with my new acquaintance, and had already conceived a lively interest in him and a curiosity that was neither impertinent nor common-place. The object of it was too noble, though a ruin, to inspire low-minded inquisitiveness or vulgar every-day commiseration, for,

> As the stern grandeur of a gothic tow'r
> Awes not so deeply in its morning hour,
> As when the shades of time serenely fall
> On every broken arch and ivied wall,

so did the gloom and decay of his intellect and reason impress my mind with more reverence and awe than I often feel for the perfection of sanity. Madmen are never fools. We sauntered slowly along until we reached a little dwelling by the way side, luxuriantly clad with jessamine, honey-suckle, and climbing roses. It was inclosed by a hedge of sweet briar; but a little swing-gate, left kindly ajar, seemed to welcome a deviation from the traveller's path. There was a simplicity and neatness about the rural spot that charmed me, and I was just stopping to exclaim something in its praise when my companion, with an air of greater composure than I had yet discovered, said, with an altered tone of voice too,

"It is my mother's cottage—let us go in; she will receive you kindly; the grass never grows on the pathway to her dwelling—the happy and the sorrowful, the old and the young, tread it down daily."

And then walking forward left me to follow him, while the little swing-gate closed with a contentedness that made me think it was happy to receive us; for its latch immediately locked its spring and seemed as if it would prevent further intrusion.

A short path-way led us to a rustic porch, where, seated upon a low chair, was old Dame Wensley, Austin's mother, engaged in her customary evening occupation, as I afterwards knew, of reading her prayer-book. She was a venerable figure, clad in black weeds, and a neatly starched muslin cap, that also indicated widowhood.

She appeared to be about sixty. Pale and worn by misfortune even more than by years. Sorrow was the character of her face and form. She must have been handsome in her younger and happier days, nay—even beautiful.

Psha! to find even the remains of loveliness in the decrepit anility of sixty!—yet it was so; and when she raised her head, on perceiving us approach, her large black eye convinced me it had shot soul-beams of beauty and joy to many a heart in the fire of its early youth, though at present it was so mild and soft and melancholy.

A slight confusion coloured her pale cheek as she perceived a stranger enter with Austin; but it passed away soon and left her face again blanch with its sorrow and its age.

She rose to meet us, and whilst she was curtsying a welcome in a more humble way than I thought even misfortune should have bowed her to, Austin said:

"I have brought a guest to our cottage, Mother, pray receive him kindly for my sake."

"My child," said she in a low sweet voice, "where hast thou stayed so late?—But thy friend is welcome—walk in, I pray, Sir, and rest you in our cottage—though it is poor and homely, it is hospitable."

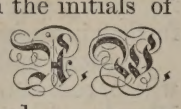
"And its tenants, my good lady," said I compassionately, "methinks have seen better days,—but I beg pardon"

Dame Wensley's eyes filled with tears—I stopped short—I had disturbed her slumbering sorrow; but it was too late and would have been also too artificial to apologise, so I followed her silently into the cottage.

We entered a neat little apartment, where a few articles of somewhat superior furniture showed that they had once decorated a less humble mansion. They were the remains of Parson Wensley's vicarage finery; and though distress subsequent to his death rendered parting with them almost necessary, still they were looked upon as so many kind mementos and perpetuations of the good man by his widow and her son, that they would have as soon thought

* Maturin; who, if Theocritus be right in calling Poets *ορνιθας μουσων (aves musarum)* was a nightingale—"I knew him well" &c.

of disposing of his portrait that hung suspended from her neck in a locket set with his own hair, as his stuffed morocco-leather arm chair, his backgammon tables or chess board, his gold headed cane (which had a formal place assigned to it as a part of the furniture), or his grandfather's old-fashioned clock with the initials of his name thus in old fashioned letters: ("Austin Wensley,") inlaid on the door panel. Whether it was that time passed away more lightly and quickly at the period of its construction, the golden days of our forefathers, or that it had acquired the natural garrulity and anachronism incidental to old age, I know not; but its noisy click, click, click, attracting my attention, I looked towards it, and perceived that the hour-hand pointed to twelve! For a moment thinking it right, I exclaimed:



"I beg a thousand pardons, my good lady, I did not know it was so late, or I had not made this intrusion."

The old lady iterated the last word silently, with her expressive eye; and, then turning towards the clock, said, "Bless me, Austin, how that clock runs on—why, it cannot be yet ten."

"No," replied he, "the midnight fairies have better than a two hours' ride on the breeze yet."

Dame Wensley looked mournfully upon her wildered son, but soon recovering herself, she said to me, with a world of good nature in her smile:

"Rest you, Sir, it is not yet ten—stay, and if you will, partake of our simple supper fare. Pray take this stuffed-bottom chair. Austin, my child, perhaps we could have a fresh egg or two to add to our cheese and glass of ale?"

"I'll see," replied he, and left the cottage.

"Homely fare, Sir," continued Dame Wensley, "but we are now poor cottagers. Once it was otherwise," and then sighing deeply, she proceeded to prepare her frugal meal.

"My dear lady," said I, in the hope of consoling her, "though we compassionate the lot of those who fall from affluence into poverty, yet, methinks, in the privation of their former superfluities of life, they find themselves more happy in a cottage than in the castle they may have quitted. Peace is a hermit, and loves simplicity and retirement."

"Yes," rejoined my hostess, rather energetically; "when our change of life is our choice, not our necessity. There are those who either never had delicate hearts, or whose sensitiveness has been blunted by the constant and gradually increasing fall of affliction's tear-drops:—they become hardened and benumbed in their lowly state—miscall their senseless indifference—peace! But to be suddenly snatched from comfort and content—our best feelings wounded in the pride of their enjoyment—to have our present happiness and dreams of future (at least on this earth) plucked by misfortune from our minds, and a painful Memory turn Hope from out our breast, to make a dungeon of it for herself—can there be peace in that?—Can we gain peace by losing it?—Is happiness the privation of all we had imagined *was* happiness?—No, no! Resignation you may call it, but mock it not with the name of peace."

I did not attempt to reply, for I perceived it would have been useless to reason with one so agonized by the consideration of her lost happiness, and whose mind had not yet settled into the real calm of resignation, although she had named it—with one who, as I discovered, was by temperament so warm and sensitive, that even a stroke from the invisible hand of Providence itself fell not upon her heart without exciting, in some degree, a murmuring response, if not of discontent, at least of impatience.

I was luckily relieved from my awkward silence by the return of Austin, who, entering rather hurriedly, and throwing down his hat, said, or rather sang,—

> "This is no night for the fly or the flower,
> If they chance to be forth they will meet it,
> For the clouds have agreed, in one terrible shower,
> To hail, rain, and snow, and to sleet it!

Mercy on us! what a storm!"

"Why, we heard nothing of it, Austin!"

"No, mother, I suppose not; but look at my coat—are not those pearls of a fine water? Were it as near noon as it is midnight I should be for all the world like an ice-plant—dew-drops upon a green ground!"

Poor Dame Wensley smiled forlornly.

Our frugal repast was soon over, but the wind and rain continuing, I was induced, at the kind request of my venerable hostess, to trespass still further on her hospitality, and consent to stop the night with Austin.

"Poor accommodation, Sir," said the old widow; "but, as my dear deceased husband used to say, a hearty welcome excuses the deficiencies of homeliness."

My heart echoed to the sentiment, and I said, "It is truly kind of you to afford shelter to a stranger whom you have never seen before;—it is a dreadful night, certainly, but our good nature is not always commensurate with the wants of our fellow-creatures."

"Would that it were!" rejoined the old lady cordially; and then turning to Austin, who was very sweetly playing some melancholy air upon a guitar, in an abstracted manner, totally regardless of his mother and me, she whispered softly to him: "No more of that sorrowful strain, my child! It makes my heart weep!"

"How strange!" said Austin, "that the melody which was once your favourite, mother, should now be your aversion!"

"Not at all," replied the old lady—"there is nothing which produces more painful emotions

than music at times. When I first listened to that old air, the world was all a scene of gaiety and joy—of light and loveliness: moreover, it was sung to me by a beloved voice, now silent in the grave!—I could as soon dress myself once more in my wedding garments, and attempt to feel the happiness of the first day I put them on, as hear that strain with any thing like pleasure! But, my poor boy, if it afford you any, continue it!" added she affectionately.

"No, mother, not now," said Austin; "I will go and prepare our night's lodging—this gentleman shall have my bed, and I will lie on the sofa."

So saying, he quitted the room, without waiting to know if his arrangement were approved of.

"Has the poor youth been long in his present condition?" inquired I of Dame Wensley.

"Upwards of a twelvemonth," said she, wiping away a tear with the corner of her white apron, "since when he has never failed to visit daily the neighhouring old church-yard.

"It was there I found him," said I, "chanting wild rhapsodies over a grave all covered with growing flowers."

"Yes," replied the old widow, "over the object of his early and most romantic attachment; she was a lovely girl, but although almost inseparable, they were more like playmates than anything else. She was the daughter of an eccentric gentleman in the neighbourhood, who would not have her buried elsewhere than in the churchyard by the ruined Abbey. Poor Austin leaped into her grave with her coffin, and buried his senses with sweet Mary Mortland. Oh! mercy on me, what lightning! it is a most fearful night. Hark! Austin is singing or chanting wild verses, which he has a wonderful facility in composing. Oh! mercy on me again, what a dreadful roll of thunder! I never heard anything so truly awful."

"Do not be alarmed, my good lady," said I, "when the thunder is heard, the danger is past."

"Yes!" said she, "but there may be a repetition of it. Hark! listen to my poor boy."

ADDRESS TO THE STORM.

Come not near her, angry Storm;
Thou canst do no worldly harm
To one whose soul's in heaven;
'Tis vain to rave,
And tear her grave,
Unless its bonds be riven,
That I may lie there too, and be
With Her in Death's sad company!

He had scarcely concluded his wild strain, when the most vivid flash of lightning I ever beheld played round the room with a blue brilliancy that quite took my sight away for a moment. This was followed by a violent crash and a heavy fall in the apartment over our heads. Poor Dame Wensley hurried up stairs, followed by myself intuitively with a light.

It was too plain—the electric fluid had entered the room, and poor Austin lay upon the floor—a corpse!

* * * * *

SONG OF A FLOWER SPIRIT.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

When first the sunbeams linger,
To chase dark winter's gloom,
My Queen commands, I bring her
A wreath of perfect bloom.
Beneath the earth I hide me,
The tender seedlings shoot.
But if cold winds are blowing,
My ready wings I spread,
To shield the stems from knowing
The danger they would dread.

Oh, joy when Zephyr's breathing,
Bids every leaf unfurl,
My tiny form enwreathing
Within some palest curl!
And there I whisper boldly,
"Obey the sweet decree,
Take not the kisses coldly,
The warm sun showers on thee!"

And so to all I wander,
A message take to each.
Do mortals pause and ponder
The Truths that Flowers teach?

My Queen instructs the fairies,
With the wreath upon her brow;
And she sighs to think how rare is
The bliss that earth should know.
But I've heard her tell them often
That the God who made the Flowers
Meant human hearts to soften
Through many joyous hours.
That o'er valley, plain, and mountain
The Type of Joy upsprings,
That 'tis only Error's fountain
Which can soil their spirit's wings!

THE ADVENTURES OF A SCAMP;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY; CONTAINING MY BIRTH, PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND FORTUNES AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS WE SEE EVERY DAY, AND MY TRAVELS AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS HAVE NOT HITHERTO BEEN SEEN BY MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN; DIGESTED FROM MY DIARY, AND OTHER MEMORANDA, BY ME,

GEORGE AUGUSTUS DELABOUE BAGGES.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SWINESTEAD POLL.

After the excitement of the first two or three days, I began to be very weary of Swinestead. The town itself was small and shabby, the neighbourhood flat and unpicturesque; the stir of the election did not amount to energy; the contest, on the contrary, merely reduced the inhabitants to the most entire idleness, varied only with many specimens of the nastiest and most continued intoxication. The poll went on very slowly; about thirty votes of the five hundred were taken during the first day, and after that ten or twelve a day; as the electors began to believe that they should get nothing more than my father's two guineas a piece head-money, and their fellow-townsmen to whom they were indebted, bullied them into taking it. Upon such voting, of course, my father's majority was large: on the eighth morning there were just 113 votes polled, 77 of which were for Bagges, 22 for Montfort, the representative of Whig family interest, and 14 for the Tory. Moreover, the two opponent parties had not polled above three between them for the last two days. My father's spirits, which had been rather lowered by the alacrity with which his friends appeared to be spending his money in the onset, began to revive. It was evident the others had no chance; and it seemed as if he should be spared even the head-money in the case of a great number of the electors. His habits were business-like, and, as he roused himself from his first despair of all economy, he began to stir in the regulation of the expenses, discounted his own accounts with the poorer publicans, as he naturally thought that he might get something nearer an honest charge for the beer and brandy consumed, if it were paid for at once, than if it were left to the wonderful accumulation of election arithmetic. They thanked him, seemed very much obliged, talked of voting for him, as a matter of course, when the proper time came, but he did not want them yet, and it was always prudent to have a reserve. In the innocence of his heart, and the knowingness of the little election lore he had picked up, my father actually proposed on the ninth morning, when the poll stood, Bagges 81, Montfort still 22, and Quickset 15, to keep his own voters back for a few hours, and let the poll die a natural death. Jawbone said nothing, but he shook his head. My father was awed at his professional solemnity, and held his tongue.

I had taken a great liking to Jawbone: he was the only resource in Swinestead against utter *ennui*. He was also a great favourite of my father's; they agreed in what each considered the first proof of a refined taste; and where opinions are alike on such a point, a mutual esteem is sure to follow. Their judgment on port wine was identical. The sympathy arose in swallowing the first glass of Wallop's, which, with one voice and expression of countenance, they voted execrable. They were not men to remain under such an infliction. A servant was instantly dispatched to London for specimens of three sorts from my father's cellar, with some drinkable sherry, by way of accompaniment, and it arrived in time for the second dinner meeting, carefully decanted and recorked for instant use. What an "Ah!" did Jawbone give on swallowing the first glass of the third bottle; for my father, with a craft half hospitable, and half designed to try the real qualities of his legal adviser, had produced his specimens in due degrees of comparison—good, better, best. "Ah!" exclaimed Jawbone, drawing the long breath of extreme satisfaction, "This is wine, Sir; this is wine! rich, fruity, full-flavoured—not a particle of its virtue gone, for I hate your milksops that descend to the tawney, and swear they are enjoying the finest wine, when they are only sipping coloured water, the effete degeneracy of the liquor. And yet it is clear as a ruby, not a suspicion of fiery taste in it—nothing acid or pungent, but full, generous, luscious, without being mawkish, or treacly, or doctored. Mr. Bagges, this is wine!"

"Mr. Jawbone, that is, as sure," replied my father, "as that you are a man of the most profound judgment." Wallop saw that they would trouble him for no more; what of that? he could remember the insult in his bill.

Then in politics, Jawbone perfectly agreed with my father. What else did he take his fee for? Not but that he would have agreed as entirely and cordially with either of his opponents, had he been retained to do so.

Now some may call this inconsistent: it was not; on the contrary, it was only a part of a system of the most perfect consistency; ay, and an avowed and proclaimed consistency, too.

"Life," declared Jawbone, in the philosophic content of a third bottle, "life is all one great humbug; not but that there are real things in life, such as eating and drinking; clothes, for those who care about them, horses, carriages, and fine women. I don't deny the existence of these. But what are they but the results, each and every of them, of successful humbug? If anybody will show me any of these realities, won by a man who says exactly what he means, or who knows exactly what it is he does mean, unless to achieve these palpable results, I give up my theory. The great art is to keep your humbug from being found out; as long as it is a secret it is respectable, when it is found out it is a disgrace. The Spartan boy and the wolf, Mr. George Bagges!" appealing to me. I was flattered by the classical allusion. "Now there's that fellow, with his purity of election, Mr. Quickset; what is that but a humbug? He thought he should get in for nothing, upon a cry. It won't do—that's a disreputable humbug. If he had only persuaded them to be fools enough to vote gratis, then it would have been a highly respectable—indeed, a creditable humbug. There's the Whig man, with the family interest; a very good humbug, indeed, where there is an interest in the case; you can talk then to the shopkeepers of the natural influence of their benefactors, meaning that you'll take away every shilling of their custom if they don't vote as you please. As long as you can do that the humbug's superb; but what does it amount to when you can't? They'll end by pelting him out of the town as soon as they don't want him to make you spend money, Mr. Bagges. They'll let him see that they consider him an utterly contemptible humbug. Now we do 'em a great deal better. 'Where's your vote? here's your cash.' Money's always respectable."

How could my father disagree? it was the principle of his life, and if Jawbone's theory arrived at that conclusion, how could it be otherwise than sound? Therefore, though a little mystified now and then by his companion's license of logic, and the daringness of his conclusions, he rather encouraged my listening to him, declaring that "Mr. Jawbone said a great many very excellent things if you only knew how to take him;" and leaving the way to take him to my own excellent and mature discernment.

On the tenth day, at about half-past eleven, we were listlessly watching the hustings from the window of Wallop's inn: the morning was drizzly, and if an odd voter should come up we could see him, and repair to the scene of action, if it should chance to be an unpurchased vote for which the giver must be thanked. Suddenly the acute and experienced eye of Jawbone was fixed immoveably on the Goose and Gridiron, the Quickset head-quarters, on the opposite side of the market-place.

"They're up to something there," said he to my father, with deep meaning; "their mob never consisted of more than eleven before, and now I count twenty-nine, notwithstanding the rain, and at least seven unpolled electors among 'em."

"What's the state of the poll now?" said my father, rather agitated, and ringing the bell.

"Oh, it is all right enough as yet," replied Jawbone, with the self-possession of a general preparing for action and rejoicing on the occasion. "We are 89 to their 22 and 15, but the work is coming on now."

"Coming on!" exclaimed my father (rather like Hamlet looking first at the Ghost, whenever Hamlet is acted naturally). "Coming on! I thought it was going off."

"Ah—h!" replied Jawbone, with a very intelligible inflection of voice, which, for want of any elegant interpretation sufficiently forcible, I am obliged to declare meant, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

Yet Jawbone's spirits were ardently rising to the crisis—he extemporized a verse:—

"Oh, ho!
Now shall we know;
For see, through the drizzle
Comes Swizzle!"

My father looked ghastly at this unnatural merriment. He evidently did not like it. For my own part I was interested. I had no idea that anything could cost too much which would relieve our tedium. Swizzle opened the door, poked in his head, dropped his umbrella, picked it up and folded it, and in a frightful whisper announced, "They're shelling out at the Goose and Gridiron."

"I knew they would!" shouted Jawbone, "there's your purity of election!"

"And—and—what of the Montfort party?" asked my father in visible alarm.

"Oh, never trouble your head about them," said the masterly and collected Jawbone; "there isn't tin enough in all that connection to do any mischief. They'll pelt him out of the town yet, as I said they would, now it is come to a real fight."

"Montfort has already mizzled," observed Swizzle.

"Doth he mizzle,
Worthy Swizzle?"

replied Jawbone, in the most intolerable spirits; "ah, that comes to the same thing. If he hath bolted in the past he hath not to bolt in the infinitive (mind! not the infinite) future. I knew it would come, and it is come; the fact outruns the prophecy. Well, now it is Bagges

and Quickset—Greek to Greek—Cash and Purity! the same thing under two different names. By — this will be a contest!"

"82 and 15! We are 74 a head," said my father.

"I don't doubt your subtraction," said Jawbone, "my dear Sir, but they'll have a try at the same rule in arithmetic. Look."

As he spoke the word, five voters, three of them escorted by a friend on each side to assist their failing steps, proceeded from the Goose and Gridiron to the hustings.

"'Up, boys, and at 'em!'" shouted Jawbone.

"You seem to enjoy it, Mr. Jawbone," said my father, emphatically and reproachfully.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Bagges," said Jawbone, "professional enthusiasm! I may say, professional honesty. Now, Sir, I can earn my fee; now, Mr. Bagges, you will see what our election is, and the kind of talent that it requires. Now I am in my element—the cause is worthy of me. '*Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus:*' correct me in my Latin if I am wrong, Mr. George Bagges. Mr. Bagges, it is a question of purse and pluck—of gold, I may say, and brass; you find the one, and rely upon me for the other."

My father half caught the enthusiasm, yet timorously, too—the bashfulness of a virgin passion for election profligacy. "What—what do you think they will be up to?" said he.

"They'll spend every farthing they can rap and rend, and trust to the privilege of Parliament against pecuniary inconvenience, depend on it," said Jawbone.

"It is shameful," said my father, with deep indignation. "Fellows trading upon a mock capital to the harm of those who speculate on their own money. It is the great principle of bankruptcy everywhere."

"Right, right!" said Jawbone, striking in upon the right key to rouse my father; "for the honour of fair commerce and capital I should like to see the scoundrels thrown over and pitched into the King's Bench for their villany."

"We'll do it, we'll do it," said my father, "that is if it doesn't cost more than"——

"Stay," interposed Jawbone, almost solemnly, "no rash determinations! Resolutions that go to limit expense in such matters as these, are the most absurd things in the world; nobody can keep them; but many shilly-shally about the recollection of them, and spend their money and lose the seat into the bargain. Sir, in these cases, there is but one motto—'Go it!'"

"But, but," said my father, turning upon Swizzle, "you and the Mayor and your other friends sold me the seat—sold it for a certain sum. There's the School, and the Independent Club, the Charities, the Head-money, and an unbearable list besides, all paid and settled for. I shall look to the Mayor and to you, Mr. Swizzle; reimburse me what I'm out of pocket, and then go and make your bargain with Mr. Quickset."

Swizzle could not blush, though he tried very hard. He was posed. My father had fed him ever since we had been in Swinestead, as he never had been fed there before. The hopes, too, of future dinners, and many of them in London, tenderly affected his conscience; from past experience there was a glimpse of paradise. What could he do? He knew all; should he betray his fellow-townsmen? The virtues of gratitude and patriotism were never put to so awful a struggle. It was quite what dramatists call a situation. He could not make up his mind what to say, so he was profoundly, pathetically silent.

"I considered you my personal friend, Mr. Swizzle," said my father—"my personal friend. I had hoped to see you a guest at my table often—often, Sir. It was my hope to show you, Sir, what our Company in the City can do in the way of feeds; none of your cold Guildhall scrambles, Sir; no—something truly Christian on hot plates. There was even a particular little batch of my own Madeira which I had said to myself, 'Swizzle would enjoy; I don't care for Madeira; it is plain that he likes it; a few bottles in Swinestead would please him. He has a small annuity; I think I could put the capital to better interest for him.' My heart was, I may say, open, Mr. Swizzle, and this is my return. It is a lesson for me, though I am not a young man."

Swizzle was moved, not to tears, but sometimes to water at the mouth, and anon to a deep craving about the breeches pocket. Gratitude triumphed. "It is all Sucker's doing," he cried. No sooner had he spoken than his conscience smote him. "That is"— he would have added had not Jawbone seized on him. Enough had been admitted to furnish a cross-examination.

"Ah, you're an honest man," said the astute barrister; "you're quite right to cast yourself loose of such a rascal as that Sucker. Let us know our friends, that's all. And, indeed," he continued, with deep, sentimental gravity, winking on the other side at my father, "it is for the interest of our friends to let us know them, for whatever scoundrels forfeit on the one hand we have so much the more to give to our firm adherents. Mr. Bagges' interest with the Ministry, if he should come in for Swinestead, will have its weight; and an idle man living on a small annuity is just the sort of person to serve the public, and increase his own income."

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. Jawbone, I have put myself in your power, Sir," said Swizzle, in great agitation; "pray speak low, Sir. Everybody in Wallop's house is out-and-out Swinestead patriotic, Sir. I should never dare to

pass that pump, again, Sir, if anybody could suspect I was a traitor."

"Make a clean breast of it and all will be right," replied Jawbone; "we don't want to make an example of our friends: no, no; only give Sucker up to us, and we'll let you in for King's evidence, and pay you decently, too."

"It's my gratitude—my regard for Mr. Bagges," said Swizzle.

"We know that," said Jawbone, with the same gravity and the same wink; "go on."

"When the Mayor got into the coach as we left your door, Mr. Bagges," said Swizzle, "I knew there was something in the wind. One of our friends said that you had done us as to the head-money: Mr. Sucker made an observation that struck me at the time."

"What was that?" asked Jawbone.

"Hook-em-snivey," replied Swizzle.

"Important, indeed," said Jawbone; "that proves the *animus*."

"Ah, Mr. Bagges!" exclaimed Swizzle, with some tenderness of reproach, "if you had only given the four guineas instead of the two, I do think all would have been right, but to endeavour to do Sucker in a bargain is an awful thing, Sir, for any body to try on; it was that, Sir, it was that!"

Jawbone looked at my father, not approvingly—my father was humbled.

"The first cost is generally the least in these cases," said Jawbone, drily. "Never mind, we must make the best of it; you will pay more cheerfully for your own mistake, Mr. Bagges, then if it had been a fault of ours; go on, Mr. Swizzle."

"When Sucker saw how things were going on, neither of the others spending, nor likely to spend, and Mr. Bagges having it all his own way, he sets Butt to work, because Butt's sister married the Goose and Gridiron, and then he found out that Quickset was exceedingly vexed that he was not allowed to speak his speech, and, that he'd like uncommonly to get in, but that he had no money at command, and not much to raise it on but reversions."

"Humph!" said Jawbone.

"Our bankers are always liberal, they like to extend their circulation," continued Swizzle, so as Snaggs's brother is a clerk there, it was soon arranged."

"Snaggs!" exclaimed my father.

"His brother," replied Swizzle; "the parties are intermarried and related, which is for the good of the town; Snaggs's brother is Tory, but with a shade of difference."

"Yes," cried Jawbone, "that is clear enough."

"And so two Tories are to cut each other's throats to please these rascals, these leeches that fatten on their blood," said my father, with all the eloquence of passion—"I'll wait till they've polled up to the eighty-nine or ninety, and then I'll send my compliments to Mr. Quickset that he may have it all his own way, and they don't catch me in Swinestead again."

"No rash resolutions," repeated the imperturbable Jawbone. "Fancy yourself awaking on your pillow, at Grosvenor Square, Mr. Bagges, and just reckoning what you've already spent in Swinestead, only to seat that fellow Quickset, to pay off his fixtures, for he must have paid them if you hadn't. Just fancy how you'd like to see 'M.P.' put after his name, and to read the reports of his speeches, when he doesn't beat you upon any principle, but merely goes in on the same side to chouse you out of your expense. Now mind, I don't say this to egg you on, but I know it is what you will say to yourself, most likely before the election is over, and if you do you'll only have lost so much time. Make up your own mind and act upon it, Mr. Bagges; but, as a man of experience, and an honest adviser, I warn you; do what you do with your eyes open."

My father felt that he did not quite know his own mind, and he thought that Jawbone did; besides it was not difficult to make him hate Quickset.

"There go up three more," said Jawbone at the window.

"Perhaps some of them are ours," said my father, timidly.

"They are from the Goose and Gridiron," replied Jawbone. "Mr. Bagges, every minute you lose now costs you a five-pound note, if you mean to go on."

"D—— the place!" cried my father, almost furious, "I'll give up, I'll petition against Quickset's return, for bribery, and I'll get Swinestead disfranchised for corruption."

"Why such disappointments as yours do make a great many patriots," replied Jawbone, drily, "but seriously, Mr. Bagges, you'd not go into that cause with clean hands, and what is worse, every body would see it."

"I don't care," replied my father, sulkily, "what is it to me what they think? I shall have my revenge of all the scoundrels."

"That's not quite certain," said Jawbone, "and the revenge might cost you more money than the election."

"This is what they call purity!" said my father, with bitter contempt.

"That is what I said," cried Swizzle, joining in—"'this is what you call purity,' said I to Squills, one of the Quickset Committee. 'And isn't it purity?' says he, 'what does Mr. Quickset know about it? His brother chooses on his own account to borrow some money and to give it away, what is that to Mr. Quickset?'"

"But does this Squills mean to say then," said my father, "that Quickset won't pay it?"

"You speak my very words, Sir," replied

Swizzle, "just what I asked, 'Won't Quickset pay it?' 'What if he chooses to do so afterwards,' says Squills, 'considering it as a debt of honour?' He has nothing to do with it now, he keeps his principle, and knows nothing about it. He can't help it, he's quite unsuspicious of such a thing till afterwards, and when all's over he is surely at liberty to do as he pleases."

"Upon my life, they're no fools though," said Jawbone, "that's clear, that is; I never knew a principle better kept in my life. Not but what, Mr. Bagges, if you were to go to a petition, I think the member's brother giving away money would do pretty well for bribery, if we could prove it."

I remarked that Jawbone's tone was altered as to the petition. Subsequent experience has led me to think that, having got his fee secure for the election, he might think the petition the better speculation of the two.

"Why, Sir," said Swizzle "his brother didn't pay the money to anybody. It is all done upon understanding. I own that myself; it is our plan in Swinestead. We understand one another. The banker brings the money, so much in so many parcels; well, he lays it down on a table in a room in the inn. A friend of the party, Squills for instance, comes in, locks the door, and takes the key."

"And he distributes the cash, eh?" said Jawbone.

"Not quite that," replied Swizzle, "he walks into the passage and he hangs the key on a peg. There happen to be a few influentials of their party present, and he just points to the key. 'Mind,' says he, 'I did'nt say anything,' and then he walks off; what becomes of the money afterwards, it is no business of his to inquire, and, in fact, nobody troubles his head about it."

"Damme but you're up to a thing or two here," cried Jawbone; "I have seen some practice, but you are first-raters. That understanding is capital. One might go with you before a committee, and every soul on it might be sure that every vote in the town was sold, and yet there would be no legal proof; really one might go to school in Swinestead,"

"For rascality one might," observed my father, with extraordinary virtue; "There go four more!"

"Let me see, a dozen already off our majority," said Jawbone, "if they hold on at this rate for a few hours" ——

"I wonder what they are giving," said my father.

"Five guineas," said Swizzle, eagerly.

"I've got 89, and there are 22 thrown away upon Montfort, out of the 500," said my father.

Jawbone and Swizzle saw that he was beginning to calculate; both were instantly attentive, for they knew that as "the woman that deliberates is lost," so the candidate that calculates will pay.

"22 from 500," continued my father, "gives 478; half of 478, 239. 240 an absolute majority, besides accidents. 89 voted and paid for, leaves 151 to buy. I wonder whether six guineas a head would do. Now I have gone so far it would not be fair to my son's prospects to run away for a thousand."

"We might make a very good start with the six guineas for to day, and perhaps to-morrow," said Jawbone; "but when it comes to twos, and perhaps to ones, that won't be the market-price. Take my word for it, give seven at once, buy all you can before the others bid again, and if you can get your majority to bite at that price, then turn virtuous and snap your fingers."

"Well, well," said my father, ashamed of his own irresolution, "I dare say you're right, nothing like taking a friend's advice after all. But how are we to set about it?"

"Oh, we've our understandings as well as they have," said Jawbone. "Mr. Swizzle, you know Mr. Macer puts up at the Cat in Pattens, no connection with us whatever you know; but just you go to him and put your hand upon your blue favour. He'll see what you do; and then hold up seven fingers, he'll do the same; you wait then to see all's right, and—that's all you know about it."

"To be sure," said Swizzle, and off he went on his errand with great glee. He loved to be serviceable to his fellow-townsmen.

"Upon my life," said my father in some alarm, "here's a machinery going on about me that I had no idea of."

"That's just the thing, my dear Sir," said Jawbone, "it is the Providence that watches over the rich; you are not to have any idea till is all over; then you will have an idea of the amount, that's all."

"Yes," replied my father.

Still the rain was falling, and indeed rather thicker. We watched for half an hour: odd twos and threes still came, to the number of about twenty more, from the Goose and Gridiron, to the hustings, and then that process ceased altogether; a quarter of an hour more elapsed, and fourteen in a body, with our colours, came huzzaing from the Cat in Pattens.

"We've taken the wind out of their sails now," said Jawbone, "let us see how long we shall hold it."

Ten minutes more and another dozen. My father's face brightened. We sent over for the exact state of the poll, but Wallop was already getting it. He foresaw the future animation of the contest, and was preparing to issue bulletins.

"Bagges, 117. Quickset, 57. Montfort, resigned."

For three brisk hours our majority increased.

At three o'clock we were 183, and Quickset had only reached 64. The poll would close for the day at four; twenty minutes before that hour, another stir at the Goose and Gridiron. A mob, a countless mob, there might be forty, advanced from that post to the hustings, shouting tumultuously, but they were not all electors. We were breathless. Ten more followed them in five minutes. There would be no end.

"They've got second wind" said Jawbone.

"They're bidding eight!" cried Swizzle, rushing in, and dripping from head to foot.

"Never mind, never mind" said Jawbone, we are all right for to day, and we can take counsel after dinner. Let's wait the close for the day. There are a few more coming, and one or two on our side, that are not up to their eight guineas yet."

"Would the fellows turn round and sell themselves, because their opponents bid eight guineas?" said my father.

"My dear Sir, these electors look upon Quickset as your opponent, not theirs," said Jawbone, "perhaps some of them might not change sides for a guinea; but they would not vote at seven if they knew you must come up to nine."

"This is pretty work," said my father.

"Final close of the poll for the day, gentlemen," said Wallop, entering; "Wish you joy, Mr. Bagges, we're going on gloriously now."

"Yes, yes," said my father.

"Bagges, 188. Quickset, 103." cried Wallop.

"They've turned the three figures," observed my father.

"So much the better," replied Jawbone, "as long as you've a majority. The larger their minority, the more of the money will come out of their pocket."

My father evidently reverenced Jawbone from that moment.

"Your committee dine at full on this important occasion, Sir," said Wallop, "and request the honour of your company. They are now in the great room."

"Well, well, we must go through with it," said my father. "Of course, with pleasure." Wallop went out. "Put our own wine by Mr. Jawbone and me," said my father to his servant. "This day has been nearly enough for me already. I don't want to be poisoned. And as to these fellows, don't let a drop go down the table, Hopkins; if they get Wallop's port, it is almost punishment enough for 'em."

"Upon my word, you're quite brave and lively," said Jawbone; quite smart on your constituents." And so we went to dinner.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SWINESTEAD RETURN, AND OUR RETURN FROM SWINESTEAD.

As Jawbone had predicted, up went our price to nine guineas, but not till Quickset had gained considerably upon us at eight. Jawbone was not very urgent with my father to bid at once. He knew that length of purse would carry it at last, and he had not studied the weakness of human nature, to doubt that my father would bid again, whenever he must do it to make sure of the seat. But my father was not prompt enough for his adviser, the consequence of which was, that he paid not only for the rascality of the electors, but for his obstinacy in humouring his own spleen instead of their cupidity. As Jawbone said, he let Quickset creep too close. Macer was striving gallantly, he had his subordinates at work, but what could he do with seven guineas against eight? All he could, he effected; he had an exact list of every vote in Swinestead, with its market price at the hour, taking care to let us know, by the most unprovable communication, that when it came to the last struggle, he could not answer what the figure might be.

"Day the eleventh," says my journal, "my father would not bid for three hours. The enemy very active; the news of their eight guineas spread all through the town. Fine weather, we walked about—not well received; heard "Shabby," in more places than one; the little boys put their fingers to their noses. In the middle of the day, poll, Bagges, 191. Quickset, 165."

"Let us try what bidding equal will do," said my father, "and leave the electors to their own free sentiments. Surely the School, and the other fixtures ought to give me the preference."

"Just as you please," replied Jawbone, "but if you do that, depend on it the Mayor and the committees of the two parties, who care as much for you and Quickset as they do for the paper that holds the rouleaus of gold, will manage to bring you as nearly equal as possible for the sake of the final bidding."

"There's another expense," said my father, "guineas worth 25s. 6d., and yet must be used to prevent proof. How I should like to hang all my constituents!"

"A proper understanding to go into Parliament with," said Jawbone.

"Well, well, we'll try eight for a little while," said my father.

"As you please," replied Jawbone.

"They'll think we won't go any further, then," said my father.

"Try it, if you like," said Jawbone.

"Perhaps you don't fancy the plan?"

"Nothing like experience!"

"Well, well, for a few hours."

I was sent to find Swizzle, and to say that he might, if he were passing the Cat in Pattens, hold up eight fingers at Mr. Macer's window, if he chose.

It was soon done, for I enjoyed the errand, and so did Swizzle.

This made the polling pretty steady, but rather slower. We closed with 207, Quickset with 189."

"They're creeping on us," said Jawbone, "this is Sucker's doing. That fellow is leading the whole town."

Day the twelfth, we offered the nine guineas. In the afternoon so did they. "They are imitating our bad bidding," said Jawbone. Result of the twelfth day; Bagges, 220. Quickset, 201.

It was evident that the poll was becoming exhausted. We got the lists. Although we had our doubts of Swizzle and our committee, we were forced to rely on them for local intelligence. The rascals knew we were in their power, so they did not mind giving us that. Indeed the honour of each committee was such that it really wished its own side to win, provided only that its own side would pay.

"They may be relied on so far," said Jawbone, "because they look to your patronage, your interest with the Government."

"And what the devil do they think is left for myself then?" asked my father.

"That is the very last thing they care about," replied Jawbone.

The whole list of electors was exactly 498. Of these some were dead, but as each side had polled the representatives of the defunct, it was agreed that death could be made no disqualification. Indeed, all the dead had been polled tolerably early, for fear there should be two actors to one character, so it was but to leave them in peace. All that there was any chance of fetching in from a distance had been brought, and, as travelling expenses were perfectly legal charges, the travellers had not forgotten to live comfortably and travel in style; 498 then, dead or alive, appeared to be the active number; 443 had polled; there were 55 more to poll, of which we wanted exactly 19 to make all sure; the other party could not be safe without getting exactly double that number.

"Why there are seven of my own publicans," said my father, looking at the list, "we need only buy 12 more."

Jawbone looked at him with an air of compassion.

"Don't you think my own publicans safe?" he asked despondingly.

"We shall see," replied Jawbone; "at all events we must bid up now; "twelve guineas to-morrow morning, I should say."

"Don't talk about it, since it must be done," said my father, desperately.

The thirteenth day, and with our twelve guineas we could only bring up eight. The Quickset party were working with greater energy; they brought up twenty-two at any price, as soon as they found that we had advanced, so we closed —Bagges, 228, Quickset, 221.

"If I hadn't a friendly interest in this," said Jawbone, circling himself before my father, "I should say this is beautiful, like a game of cribbage, depending on the play of the last hand. You'll get it, Mr. Bagges, you'll get it, but it will be a rally."

"I want but eleven," said my father, "and my seven publicans yet unpolled; four to buy, and I'll have them if I give 'em twenty pounds a piece."

"No doubt," replied Jawbone, "but let us see what is to be done with the publicans."

We sent round one of Winder's clerks with Swizzle, not being willing entirely to trust that worthy. Four of the seven were out, might be in the next day perhaps, if any message were left requiring them: it was not exactly known where they were. One would vote at twenty-five pounds, and the other two "wanted to talk to their wives about it, and would let us know in time."

"Send for the twenty-five pounder" at once, said Jawbone, "or rather let Macer speak to him, and then let him come here. Come! come! my dear Sir," he continued to my father, who, like the character in the "Critic," was "in amazement lost," "I must act for you now. You're in for it, so make up your mind, and let your friends do their best for you. When it comes to eleven, and the other party fighting like madmen, it wants nerve."

"It does," said my father, "well, well." There was still some of the port left; that was a consolation.

The publican was treated with as Jawbone advised. He got his money and then he favoured us with a call.

"Why look'ye, Mr. Amber," said my father, "after all that has been spent in your house, and for ready money too."

"That's just it, Sir," replied Amber, "It is of no use disguising it, and as it may be the better for you, and I bear no malice now it is all over, and hope you don't, just the same, Sir, I'll tell you. You used us very ill, Sir, as we conceived, by looking into our bills, and paying them off, so that they hadn't proper time to be made up, Sir. If you hadn't dealt so illiberal, Sir, you'd have had our votes at the regular head-money, say eight or nine, or, at the most, the twelve guineas. It is all your own fault, Sir, I must say, but if you're sorry for it, why you've only to make up for it, and there's an

end. You'll get all the votes, Sir, by paying for them; we shall act honourable."

"Was there ever" —— said my father.

"Hush!" interposed Jawbone authoritatively, though mildly. "Mr. Amber you're a man of excellent sense. You know your way to the other people, and they know their's to the Cat in Pattens."

"Though I say it as should not say it," replied Amber, "I don't think you'll find them behaving as handsome as me. My wife said I was a fool to" ——

"To do what you did," replied Jawbone, "to *give* us your vote, in fact."

"Yes, yes," continued Amber, "the others won't do by you as I have done. I was always too generous for my own interests."

"Do you mean to say" ——— said my father.

"Hush," again interposed Jawbone, with greater mildness, and yet greater decision. "Your friends can call in at the Cat in Pattens if they happen to be passing, that's all; and if you can secure us five votes besides, why for your trouble as a committee man, we shall expect you to make out your own account, as to the time and labour expended."

"Well, I don't see no objection to doing my best, though it is stiffish work just now," replied Amber. "I shall be up all night, but, as you say, that can be put down in the account. So, Mr. Bagges, Sir, only wishing we had understood each other better at first, Sir, I wish you good evening, Sir."

The anxieties of the last day may be easily conceived. The sums that were passing we were content, for the time, to guess at. The Quicksets struggled, and so did we, and as the voters on the opposite sides kept up a perfect intelligence, we polled to the last man. We numbered 242, which we thought rather wasteful at the moment, but did not regret afterwards, for an unexpected elector came in from Newfoundland, at half-past three, and polled on the other side. We had still a clear two, and with that majority we closed the poll, and won the fight.

And now my father thoroughly understood that victory is far from being an unmixed pleasure, especially if it be dearly bought. Nothing could exceed the virtuous indignation with which he declaimed against the sale of votes, forgetting that but for that system there could never have been the remotest chance of his being a Member of Parliament.

Jawbone was near at hand as a consoler. He used the popular topics which have passed so deservedly into proverbs from the mouths of the deepest-thoughted men. "The system is anomalous, but it works well." "The people cannot have a free and pure representation, and this plan enables the really active and influential to serve them and govern them." "You have, at all events, a fair representation of the aggregate of the wealth and intelligence of the country by this means," &c., &c., &c. And when pressed by any home-thrust of common sense, with which the simplest are sometimes gifted when their interests are very deeply concerned, he fell back upon his main body of principle, "Everything is a humbug, and this humbug does just as well as any other." And then, with fine discernment or with great good fortune, he remarked, "A seat such as this, properly used, with a fortune to back it, may give a man a place in the Upper House, where he may sit without expense for the rest of his life, and quarter his family on the public into the bargain." Had he, by any inadvertence of my father, divined the object of his ambition? At all events, the remark restored his equanimity, though when Jawbone left the room he wound up his own cogitations by remarking to me, "It is not so out of the way, George, as some people think it, that peers should get their families provided for, for it costs as much to get made a peer as would do the business for them without all that trouble."

In this frame of mind, rather trembling for the result of his great speculation, but not in absolute despair about it, he consented to remain for the chairing, which he had at first, rather sulkily, resolved to run from. He calculated the items of his expense; it could not be much under six thousand pounds—it might be seven. However, the Parliament had five years to run, and he hoped the Minister would not shorten the lease. It would give him time to look about him for a better bargain.

The great day of triumph was ushered in with ringing of bells, conducted with the usual noise, and ended with the usual dissipation. I believed I should be very much amused before it begun, and I was heartily sick of it before it was half over. At three we sat down to dinner in the Town Hall, a final compliment to my father out of his own funds. Sucker presided.

That functionary was more complaisant and eloquent than ever. It was evident to me that my father had not forgiven or forgotten the Mayor's conduct; although, as matters stood, it was not his intention to quarrel. He had all that hesitation which arises from the expectation that the scoundrel you are speaking to must feel what he has done and be ashamed of it. There was no need of any such embarrassment with Sucker. He was perfectly collected, and on the best possible terms with his own conscience. He gently reproached my father, as if at once admonishing and forgiving him.

"You really should not, Mr. Bagges, Sir, have grudged us that little matter about the head-money. It is the only thing that at all disturbed the universal feeling of respect for

you. And then it gave the other party such an advantage. I must confess, however you may take it, Mr. Bagges, Sir, that for the sake of the town I was hardly sorry when I found that, without deviating from principle, they managed to take up new ground; and you must say we've behaved as honourable as men could. You had bought the fixtures, and so we were quite determined you should win. That's the correct thing, and that we always stick to. You are in, Sir, and I'm heartily glad of it; and I'm quite sure this little occurrence will be a useful lesson against the next election, Mr. Bagges, Sir."

"The next election," said my father, doubtfully.

"Oh well, time enough to think of that when it comes," said Sucker.

All possible toasts had been drunk, all possible speeches made. I and Jawbone had been among the most applauded orators; the carriage had waited with its four horses at the Town Hall for two hours beyond the calculated time; the mob, which had bawled itself hoarse, had sunk into the quiet of utter incapacity, mental and bodily. It was time to part.

"I do think," said Butt to Sucker, as he retired with the Mayor from seeing us to the door, "that we have pitched it a little too strong. He's a good milch-cow, and I should be sorry to fancy he was dry, but I'm afraid he'll not stand again."

"Hook-em-snivey," replied the Mayor.

THE DWELLINGS OF THE POOR.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN M.D.

Some few years ago, a distinguished philosopher amused himself by rearing tadpoles, and succeeded, by keeping them in narrow, confined apartments, and excluding them from light, in making them grow into huge hideous-looking things, without undergoing that metamorphosis which was their birth-right, and by which alone they could rise in the scale of being, and become decent, respectable, well-coloured, land-loving, air-breathing animals. The experiment was deemed novel and ingenious; and the fact extraordinary, that by a mere physical condition, and this, the simple exclusion of light, these said tadpoles should continue to be tadpoles, given up to low pursuits, becoming daily more disgusting, more black, and more tadpolish, with mere fins and a tail, and without that sleek, yellow, gold-coloured body, destitute of those legs and lungs which go to form a respectable frog. Now this philosopher was a plagiarist: the tadpole experiment has been going on for centuries, and it has remained unnoticed, simply because the victims of the principle have been men, and not tadpoles. Turn with us for a single moment from the glare and splendour of Regent-street into some of the streets running from it, and the young, sallow, blighted, begrimed victims of this cruel experiment will stare you in the face. You may call them "the lower orders," and be eloquent on the sins of the gin-palace and the results of dissipation, but there they are, crawling, breathing, living evidences of our philosophy. Go on to Newgate, wend your way to the Union-houses, to the Hospitals, and we shall see the human tadpoles still—we shall have before us the victims of our Christian experiments; the creatures whom a "mere physical condition," inflicted by ourselves, has prohibited from undergoing that metamorphosis which should have raised them from the "lower orders" of squalid wretchedness, of poverty and crime, into the dignity, the worth, the usefulness of healthy men. Reared in comparative darkness, in crowded allies, amid effluvium and dirt, and imbibing from the parent a weak, impure nutriment, the poor child of the City struggles for existence; his cheeks are blanched and sallow, his bones soft and yielding, his muscles thin, flabby and feeble; and he falls a ready prey to fever, or grows up weak and tottering, seeking from without that stimulus which should have been supplied by healthy action within, and which Nature would have gladly lavished upon him, had not her genial influences been interfered with by the graspings of avarice; had not the vivifying influences of the atmosphere been shut out by brick and stone, and contaminated by all the filth which crowded apartments must necessarily engender. The mind, sympathising with the body, becomes emasculated too. Full many a man has shrunk from work, and resorted to other pursuits for a livelihood, requiring cunning and tact rather than steadiness and strength, because the physical influences under which he was reared had been such as to unfit his body for labour. The poor fellow has been hung for doing so. Society made him drink poison as he lay on his mother's breast, fed him on garbage, and surrounded him by malaria and fever in his childhood, spurned, frowned upon, and neglected him in his boyhood, and then punished him as a shrivelled, cunning, purloining wretch, when he should have been a man.

Such is our ignorance! Such our Pharisaic sanctity! We cause men to be feeble, and then wonder that weak things should be sly, quick, and cunning in their revenge, and moralise with the tongue of an angel on the vices of the "lower orders," who dislike labour and who love gin. Love gin!—and well they may. It is the liquid fire that burns out for a time the traces of misery, and lights up a wild forgetfulness, which, for a season, is ecstacy, although ultimately it cankers and festers in the little heart that remains to them, and brings hours of future agony, as a kind of compound interest for a few moments of delirious pleasure. The gin-shop is, indeed, to such

a one a palace. He comes from dulness and darkness into the full glare of gas-light, plate-glass, and burnished mahogany. He comes from a room reeking with the combined stench of boiled vegetables, smoke, filth, and crowded apartments, into a lofty place, redolent of spices and warmth. He comes into the presence of a well-dressed female, who deigns to smile upon him for his money; and this is no small thing to one who is seldom recognised as belonging to the human family, but is treated as an unclean creature, or shunned as a pest. He comes languid, weak, and sinking—drinks of Circe's cup, and feels for awhile exhilarated, strong, and happy. Let no man throw the stone of condemnation on such a one until he has lived a month in Field-lane, or spent his summer in the delightful purlieus of Vincent-street, Bethnal-green.

Worse, worse by far, in all their physical bearings, ten thousand times worse in all their moral influences, are the miserable homes of our City poor than the wild huts of the Indians, or the wigwam of the African. These so-called savages are not shut out from the exhilarating influences of light; to them the flowing river, the shining sun, the open prairie, the deep woods, the healthy hills, are open; the day is spent beneath a pure uncontaminated sky, and hunting and exercise bring them abundance and peace. Their physical energies are wearied, *not poisoned*. They feel nothing of that sickening faintness, that aching exhaustion, that heart tremor, that gnawing at the very vital principle itself which a polluted atmosphere engenders, and which hurry the sufferer in an agony of fear to seize on some quick, glowing, burning stimulant to rescue him from death. Not so our City poor. They are hemmed in by brick and stone, surrounded by all the exhausting influences of malaria, and perpetually exposed to scenes of which the refined and elegant members of the "upper classes" would blush even to admit the existence. We shall not readily forget a stroll, we had in company with a friend one Sunday morning, in July last. We had left the country to visit some of the scenes made classic by the writings of Dickens. It was a glorious morning. People were hurrying down the river by hundreds. All the out-door creation seemed happy; the very waves as they rippled to the shore were like dancing sun-beams; not a cloud floated under the blue heavens, save those which the steamers left behind as they glided, loaded with smiling faces, away from the contaminations of town. On reaching London Bridge, we journeyed towards Holborn, and having taken a view of Field-lane and Saffron-hill, we made our way through some of the purlieus adjoining them into streets so narrow that you may shake hands from the opposite bed-rooms. Houses had no back yards to them; all the débris of the apartments, or nearly so, was thrown from the windows into the streets, to ascend again as a pestilential vapour; scarce a window-frame had a whole piece of glass in it; the doorways were low and dirty; the sides of the walls were formed simply of lath and plaster, parts of which had fallen away in many places, and through these dilapidations men and women could be seen huddling together, some in a state of nudity, others smoking and drinking, and all regardless of the common decencies of life. We passed under a low continuous archway, and came into a kind of court, the houses of which were very lofty, but in a most dilapidated condition; the roofs of many of them had given way, and the rafters were sticking out into the summer sky like pieces of a stranded wreck. Shreds of grooved lead were hanging from the window-frames, and not a piece of glass was visible. On going into one of the rooms on the ground-floor nothing like boarding was discoverable; in some corners of the apartment were heaps of damp straw covered by remnants of brown sacking, and these, with a black three-legged pot near the fire-place, constituted the whole of the furniture. Five or six men were leaning against the blackened walls, and smoking short pipes, while a large, white, half-starved, big-headed dog, was sitting before them. The upper rooms were occupied, although the boards were in so perilous a condition, that daylight and rain could fall without interruption from roof to floor. Few persons were on the premises, but at night they were crowded. It being Sunday morning, previous to church-hour, the inhabitants were regaling themselves in some of the neighbouring gin-shops. An old woman, clad in a thread-bare vest, which had faded away to the most delectable of all colours, a yellowish-green, was sitting alone on the muddy ground in the centre of the court, with her knees bent, her elbows resting on them, and her hands covering her face. A small blackened pipe was in her lap. She was swaying her body backwards and forwards, and murmuring in a dirge-like manner—

> "Lancashire witches, Lancashire witches,
> Jumping the ditches,
> Hurt poor Poll."

We asked her what she meant; she gave an unmeaning grin, stretched out her tawny, shrivelled arm, and laying hold of my waistcoat, said, "Pretty—Very pretty—Too pretty for Poll." Her gown, her only covering, was full of holes. Her face was begrimed with smoke and dirt; her eyes had a lack-lustre appearance: she was almost a skeleton—a maniac, and only capable of uttering such broken sentences as those enumerated. Within two yards of her, a muddy shallow ditch was struggling to effect its course through the court into an archway at one corner. The vapour thereform was sickening, for floating in the stream were the entrails of cats and horses, and other putrifying animal matter. We passed out of this court, and two policemen told us that if we went a few paces further we "should see a sight." We did so, and found the place to be a kind of *cul de sac* to the alleys we had traversed. The stench therefrom was insufferable; it crept like poison through every sense. My companion felt sick, giddy, and incapable of proceeding. In one small corner of a large yard stood three horses up to their fetlocks in mud saturated with gore, excrement, and grease. Their hip-bones stood up like the humps of dromedaries; the skin clung tightly to their ribs, which protruded like iron hoops, leaving deep grooves between them; their necks were almost destitute of mane; in short, their hair was dropping from them like feathers from a putrifying bird; one was gnawing at a post, making feeble, though evidently anxious, efforts to devour the wood; another was leaning against a shed, in which were hanging whole quarters of his predecessors; and the third was mumbling between his teeth the hairs that had fallen, or been plucked, from the mane or tail of his companion. The carcase of a horse, with the bowels trampled in

the mud, lay before them, and the whole yard was strewed with semi-skeletons, wheelbarrows, and mattocks, upon which hair, blood, and brains seemed drying in the air.

These are hideous details, and the fastidious sense may wish to shroud them in everlasting secresy, but it cannot be. Nature will not be so dealt with. The effects will speak if the cause lie hid. Within a few yards of those scenes of madness, putrefaction, and death, five hundred individuals ate, drank, and slept! Can we wonder that hearts should grow hard, and bodies become weak under such circumstances? Does it not seem as if these were hot-beds in which we were rearing "Fagins," and "Quilps," to exercise our ingenuity upon, in carrying out the practice of criminal law? Are we not fostering around our homes a pestilence, and encouraging the incubation of fever, until it come like a simoon around our hearths, converting the laugh of boyhood into the shriek of delirium, laying childhood low, and displacing the prattle of infancy by the silence of death?

Into some such neighbourhood, I was called professionally. In the room where my fever-patient lay sixteen individuals found their cook-shop, their dining-room, dormitory, and hospital, all in one. Smoke, and steam from a pot containing potatoes, filled the room. I could not speak for several minutes from coughing. The beds were nearly all on the floor—married and single, male and female, healthy and sick huddled together. One bed alone was on a bedstead, and on it was a girl fifteen years of age, tossing with fever, a boy of twelve years in a state of stupor, and their mother, whose fixed eyes, dilated nostrils, gurgling throat, and cold feet, told, but too plainly, that she was fast hurrying to her final resting-place. I was looking on this scene of dirt, disease, and death, with silent, yet agonized feelings, when something suddenly seized my foot. I sprang back in a state of alarm, when a rough voice cried out to me, "Don't be frightened, Doctor, it is only the pigs;" and, true enough, a great sow lying under the bed, with seven or eight little ones, had taken a fancy to my boot, and had proceeded to appropriate it to herself accordingly. This is no matter for a smile. Thirteen individuals, and nine pigs, preparing to satiate hunger by a coarse meal in the chamber of death. A poor mother dying, and two of her little ones on the eve of death, and no pastor's voice had been there to cheer her in that dark hour, no gentle hand to point to a happier home beyond the skies! Rude and clamorous voices, hissing, stench-reeking vapours, the grunt of pigs, and the heavy slip-shod tread of careless strangers, alone sounded the requiem of that passing soul. I left this melancholy scene, thinking on the force and truth of the following words spoken by the Bishop of London, in the House of Lords: "I pass the magnificent church which crowns the metropolis, aud is consecrated to the noblest of objects—the glory of God—and I ask myself in what degree it answers that object. I see there a Dean and three Residentiaries, with incomes, amounting in the aggregate to between ten thousand and twelve thousand pounds a year; I see, too, connected with the Cathedral, twenty-nine clergymen, whose offices are all but sinecures, with an annual income of twelve thousand pounds, and likely to be very much larger after the lapse of a few years; I proceed a mile or two to the east, or north-east, and I find myself in the midst of an immense population, in the most wretched destitution and neglect. Artisans, mechanics, labourers, beggars, thieves, to the amount of three hundred thousand."—"Wretched destitution, and neglect!"

Ay, it is pitiful to know in what dreary holes, full many a being is left alone to die. Some time since I was conversing with a relieving-officer of —— union. He told me that a week before "he had taken the case" of a very interesting young woman, who appeared in a wretched condition; that she gave her address, No. —— Hog-lane; that temporary relief had been ministered, and that she had not been heard of since. He described her as looking ghastly ill, and I felt it my duty to find her out. A few, miserable, dirty avenues running off from a magnificent street, brought me into the miserable lane. The number named appeared a "lodging-house;" I knocked at the door: it was opened by a short, stout, small-eyed woman. She asked me what I wanted; I told her my errand, and she ushered me into the room where about twenty Irishmen were regaling themselves by smoking and drinking. A long thin candle was placed in a greasy candlestick, and the old woman pioneered the way up three flights of ricketty stairs, when we arrived at a small door in the wall, not more than three feet high, and about two feet broad. The old woman told me, that that was the room in which "the creature lay;" I took the candle, and, creeping on my knees, entered it. It was a long, narrow, low place, so close to the roof that no one could stand erect in it: not a bed, a table, or a chair was there, but on the bare boards in the centre of the room, lay this poor young woman. She was rolling to and fro; her long hair streaming over her face, and on the floor. I crept towards her, and she then beat her head against the boards, and screamed out in a wild, delirious, half-inarticulate manner, "Father, Father!" Her eyes rolled vacantly. Her face was deadly pale, and cold perspiration stood like tears upon her brow. In the fierce ravings of her disease she had bitten her tongue; it was now swollen, and protruded from her mouth, and blood was trickling from it down her cheeks aud neck, to the cold floor. Scarcely a rag covered her. "Father, Father, Fa—a—ther," she again croaked, and beat her head fearfully on the boards. The old woman had descended, and we were alone. Oh! it was a ghastly sight to look on. The tiny candle gave but a faint halo of light, but within its pale circumference lay a human being in the extreme of agony, without a bed, without water, with little else than madness and pain within, and in the intervals of returning sense, nothing to greet her from without, but darkness and desolation. The cold, heartless, indifference which the old crone displayed, the dark and empty room, and the totalwant of necessaries compelled me to hasten, and obtain admission for the poor creature in a neighbouring workhouse. It was done. After a while, the fever subsided and reason returned. She could unfold her history.

She was the daughter of —— near Blackheath. She had loved "not wisely, but too well," and was turned an outcast from her father's door. Thus, had she been, naked, friendless, delirious, and desolate on the bare floor of a tottering house, at a moment when splendour and plenty, music and song,

were in her father's home. The being who gave her life, kicked her from his threshold; and on the self-same night, could kneel before the Father of Spirits, and say "Forgive me my trespasses, as I forgive them that trespass against me!" With such a prayer, high heaven is daily mocked, and many a domestic tyrant passes as a saint, whose deeds would all but make a demon weep.

I fear we are sometimes apt to punish, where we ought to pity; and that Society frequently "reaps the whirlwind," because she had previously "sown the wind," although her self-love, and Pharisaic pride may have induced her to forget or deny the circumstance; and it appears a question, worthy of the consideration of the most pious amongst us, how far will an improvement in the habitations of the poor, contribute to the furtherance of good morals, and the spread of Christianity?

If the refined and educated mind may sometimes need the rich swell of the organ, the "religious light," and the solemn beauty which crowd the long-drawn aisles and lofty arches of our magnificent cathedrals, to awaken it to a sense of holier things, may not the dark and dreary alleys, the comfortless, cheerless homes, the squalor and filth which poverty and crowded apartments engender, have a downward influence upon our poorer brethren, and go far to rust, to canker, and efface that "image" which was imprinted on the soul of man when it first came fresh and pure from the hands of his Maker? Sure am I, from long familiarity with the homes of the poor, that there is a great sympathy between the outer and the inner man—between the mind and the body—and that so long as the present crowding continues, so long as different families have to perform their varied and necessary duties in one room; so long as the sexes are compelled to mingle promiscuously together, as they now are;—so long will all sense of decency be lost; so long will virtue be unrespected, because unknown.

An incident occurred to me about four years ago, which confirms this. I was called to No. —, —— street. It was a large, gloomy, old fashioned house, with a wide oak staircase, the bannisters of which were still bulky and firm, although the steps which they once supported had many of them disappeared; others had deep foot-holes in them, and some creaked in a very ominous manner as you journeyed over them. I stopped at each successive story, and inquired in the rooms for the patient to whom I had been summoned. Each inmate asked the other who she was, but her name was unknown; this did not surprise me, for each room appeared a little town, and in some of the antiquated apartments of the rude old palace, six or seven groups might be seen partaking of their meals which had been cooked at the republican fire-place: the primitive plan of calling individuals by a simple name, and that a short and pithy one, without any Christian prefix, seemed very general among them. I wended my way from room to room, causing many an idle stare; never experiencing any incivility, yet frequently hearing them say in a low whisper, "It is a doctor," few other persons who employ a tailor ever venturing, I presume, among them. The upper story was at length reached, and the chambers found to be destitute of doors. I looked into the one on my left-hand side and found it empty. Some parts of the roof had fallen in, the window-frames were gone, and the floor, judging from the soundness of the rafters, and the jagged, broken appearance of the boards contiguous to the wall, had been forcibly removed to serve the purpose of fire-wood. I went into the opposite chamber, and it appeared that my footsteps had been unheard, for in the centre of the room were four young females in the costume of their primitive mother, busily engaged around a washing tub, in which was all their wardrobe. On seeing me they set up a wild laugh, spread out their arms, ran towards each other, and formed a group which might have served the purpose of an Etty, an Eastlake, or a Chantrey, but which contributed more to my confusion than to the discovery of my patient. I was about to retreat, but, on turning round, saw a poor creature lying in one corner of the apartment on a heap of straw which was slightly covered with a coarse horse-rug. She was the object of my search, and being invited to remain by the living tableaux, who retained their graceful position in the centre of the room, I advanced towards her. She had once been beautiful, but now her dark eyes looked wan and watery; her cheeks haggard, pale, and sunken; her fine hair tangled, wiry, and dishevelled; her fingers long, lank, and bony; and as she raised her skeleton arm, you could almost see the light, like a blue haze, through her worn and withered hand. Her voice was low, tremulous, and croaking; her breathing short, quick, and irregular, while black hideous ulcers were eating deeply into her system, and spreading their fœtor, their poison, and their pain, through her once handsome form. She was tossing with anguish; but, after taking an anodyne, and being addressed in the terms of ordinary kindness, she became calm and composed.

"How came you," said I, "into this awful state of disease? What charms can so reprobate a life possess?"

"None, none," she said "nothing but misery; drunkenness one day, pain the next, and death in the end. We must all come to this—to die alone in a corner—in a worse way than a dog on a dunghill; and it all comes from those horrid places where poor people have to live. I was born in a cellar in Liverpool, and from my childhood have never known what it was to be a decent woman. Men and women, boys and girls, were for ever huddled together; and even when grown up, and with my mother, my two sisters, my parent, and myself had to sleep on a bed of chaff in one corner of the apartment, while three or four sailors slept in another, and men and women were cooped pell-mell together in other parts, like the cattle in Smithfield. I was thought pretty, and brought to town; had plenty to eat for a time, learned to dress well and be fine; but one thing led on to another, and now—here I am."

There, indeed, she was, a miserable victim! Never can the spectacle she presented fade from my mind; the echoes of her struggling voice will ever whisper, and Truth, Religion, and Justice must sanction the assertion, that her vice, her disease, her desolation, all came "from those horrid places, where poor people have to live." The evil is a mighty one, and all but universal. That it exists in our rural districts, with many of its vicious influences, no one can deny. We well remember an appeal made by Dr. Gilly, the Canon of Durham, on behalf of the border peasantry, in which he states,

"It shocks every feeling of propriety, to think that in a room, and within such a space as I have been describing, civilized beings should be herding together without a decent separation of age and sex. So long as the agricultural system in this district requires the hind to find room for a fellow servant of the other sex in his cabin, the least that morality and decency can demand is that he should have a second apartment where the unmarried female, and those of a tender age, should sleep apart from him and his wife Last Whitsuntide, when the annual lettings were taking place, a hind, who had lived one year in the hovel he was about to quit, called to say "farewell," and to thank me for some trifling kindness I had been able to show him. He was a fine, tall man, of about 45; a fair specimen of the frank, sensible, well-spoken, and well-informed Northumbrian peasantry—of that peasantry of which a militia-regiment was composed, which so amazed the Londoners (when it was garrisoned in the capital many years ago) by the size, the noble deportment, the soldier-like bearing and the good conduct of the men. I thought this a good opportunity of asking some questions. Where was he going? and how would he dispose of his large family, (eleven in number)? He told me they were to inhabit one of these hind's cottages, whose narrow dimensions were less than twenty-four feet by fifteen, and that the eleven would have only three beds to sleep on; that he himself, his wife, a daughter of six, and a boy of four years old, would sleep in one bed; that a daughter of eighteen, a son of twelve, a son of ten, and a daughter of eight, would have a second bed; and a third would receive his three sons of the age of twenty, sixteen, and fourteen. "Pray" said I, "do you not think that this is a very improper way of disposing of your family?" "Yes, certainly," was the answer, "it is very improper in a Christian point of view; but what can we do until they build us better houses?"

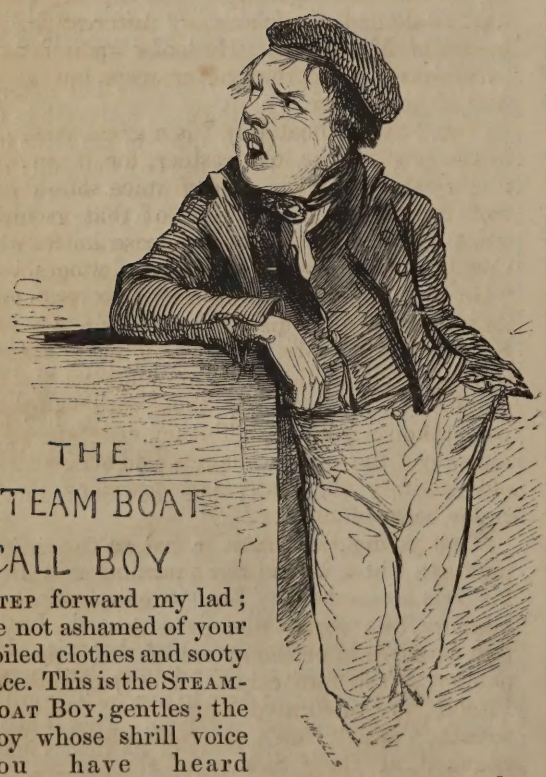
Let stern-faced morality look to these things. Let the "Justices Shallow" of the bench pause for a single moment, ere they pass punishment on an erring fellow-creature, to reflect, how far themselves, how far society, or how far the individual, may be responsible for the crime. Let Mercy hold the scales of Justice, and—

> At the balance let's be mute,
> We never can adjust it;
> What's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what's resisted.

J. H.

THE BOYS OF LONDON.

BY MARK LEMON.



STEP forward my lad; be not ashamed of your soiled clothes and sooty face. This is the STEAM-BOAT BOY, gentles; the boy whose shrill voice you have heard mingling with the fizzing steam of the "*Bachelor*" or the "*Daisy*," calling to some amphibious-looking man to "let go the head-rup;" and then, bounding like a cat o'mountain on the grating above the engine room, just in time to put the captain's pantomime into words, "take a tur—n a—st—arn; heasy a—heead; go o—on." There was nothing peculiar in the words themselves; it was the shrill *sostenuto* tone that made them memorable. Then he has dived, as it were, among the crowd of passengers for'ard, and disappeared by some extraordinary movement down the companion-ladder of the fore-cabin. This is the BOY whose abrupt "by y'r leave" has awakened you to a consciousness of your near proximity to a sooty tea-kettle or a steaming saucepan of potatoes, which he was conveying to some undiscoverable kitchen in one of the paddle-boxes. Don't hold down your head nor fumble with your black lambswool cap, as though you were nobody. You can boast a prouder pedigree than the Heralds' College can show for the noblest youngster in broad England. Yes, you are the offspring of giants, although the summer holidays of your childhood were spent amid the black mud and dingy waters of old Thames, though your winter leisure was passed in dancing indescribable Polkas on the cellar flaps of riverside ale-houses, or in playing at buttons in gloomy entrances to old alleys, and under gateways. Nay, gentles, don't believe him, though

he says his father's name is old Tom Tough, and that his mother was called pretty Peg of Battersea-hard, and is now "charing" at the Red House. We say he is offspring of giants—and thus we prove it.

Long, long before the deluge, there existed upon the earth two Mighty Things, that, by their servitude, blessed and benefited mankind. Although thus united in advantaging the human race, they were ever at war with each other; both struggling for the mastery, with alternate success and discomfiture. Their names were Fire and Water. After many years Water gained a great victory; and, in the fulness of his triumph, overspread the universe. He looked around, and saw nothing but his legions of waves, careering here and there, and revelling in their conquest; nothing existed but themselves (save one household that had put their trust in the Greatest, who had given water the mastery over all). After forty days the waves grew weary; the winds came forth and told them of the desolation they had wrought. Then the pride which had swollen up the Water was changed to sorrow, and moaningly it sunk and sunk and hid itself in caves and deep ravines, and behind lofty cliffs and mountains, that it might not see the wreck which it had made of all earthly things; and as it hurried from the earth it drew mighty hills upon the dead to cover them, and dragged to its own hiding-places the Mastadon and the Leviathan.

Fire, though vanquished, was not destroyed, for he had retreated to the strong fastnesses of his volcanoes, and fed upon the bowels of the earth. Again, he was bidden forth, and, at the Word he rushed out, amid the roar of fiery stones, and the rushing of boiling lava. And Fire and Water were again the servants of man, and the enemies of each other. Ages rolled away and still they warred. Then Mind, another giant, but mightier than Fire or Water, grew into maturity, and fashioned an iron prison, of curious workmanship, in which he thrust the adverse elements, and said "Your angry passions shall work together for the good of man." And then Fire beat against the iron wall which separated him from his enemy, until Water grew conscious of the presence of its foe, and chafed against the sides of its prison, and, by its angry workings, became—vapour. Then Mind declared its mastery, and curbing, or exciting at will, his giant slaves worked out the wonders he had conceived for the benefit of man. Steam! wondrous Regeneration! Time and space tremble for their supremacy; the serfdom of mankind is drawing to an end; the blessings of universal brotherhood are at hand. Man will better know his fellow, be he the denizen of the forest of the city. He will discover the same sympathies, the same emotions, the same dependencies, and then War—unholy, fiendish War—is fettered to the end of time. For a little while the gory demon may walk forth again to slay and to destroy, but all his *chivalry* is gone; that magic sound, which changed the groans of men and the cries of women into cadences of the song of triumph, is gone for ever.

"Now Chelsea, Battersea, Vauxhall, and Lambeth!" What a varied crowd answers that noisy summons. That prim gentleman is Dibbs, chief cashier at L——s. His black coat bears no evidence of friction in any particular part. It has faded gently and universally. You see where he has taken his seat; six days out of seven, in summer, you will find him in the same place at the same moment of time; his eyes, as now, busied (for the thousandth time, at least) in examining the architecture of the bridge. He used formerly to return to his snug little cottage at Chelsea, in the "Regulator bus" but now he prefers a "mouthful of fresh air" on the river. As he inhales the breeze upon the river, the buz and clamour of the past day fade in his ear, and a feeling of repose steals over his jaded mind. How anxiously he watches every movement of the gallant crew of the "Bachelor." He has seen the same manœuvres performed evening after evening, and yet they seem to possess all the charms of novelty. The engine, indeed, has awakened a melancholy interest in the bosom of Mr. Dibbs. He looks upon it as an overworked clerk, that never rests but at the will of his master.

The "Steam-boat Boy" is a great personage in the eyes of the old cashier, for it seems a mighty thing that his childish voice should control the destiny, as it were, of that groaning giant.—"Ease her!" the pistons rise and fall more slowly—"Stop her!" they cease altogether—"Go on!" and lo! the iron monster puts forth its strength: and this at the bidding of a boy. Simple-hearted Mr. Dibbs, you have strange stories to tell in the Elysian fields to the old cronies of your boyhood—those with whom you have taken a pull up to Putney ere "the silent highway," the silvery Thames, had become what old Godfrey the waterman describes it—"a riglar beast of burden."

That young gentleman seated on the taffrail, puffing a Cuba, is "a bright particular star" in his own hemisphere. The "Steam-boat Boy" honours him with a nod or a grin each time that he dives in or shoots out of the little companion of the fore cabin. The smoker is Mr. Pitchit, the celebrated singer of "She wore a wreath," and "Don't you remember." He is engaged at the "Saloon of the Harmonious Muses," to which he procures free admission for the "Boy." Mr. Pitchit is a worthy fellow

in spite of his "Cuba." An old labour-worn man and woman, the proud progenitors of Mr. Pitchit would, but for his professional exertions, have long since *suffered* existence in the workhouse. The "celebrated concert singer" declares that his upper G would have long ago deserted him, but for the "four pen'orth of fresh he imbibes on the river,"—hence his friendship for the "Boy," on whom he has bestowed the *soubriquet* of "The cold water Abernethy."

Those three laughing women—pranked out in all the colours of Holborn haberdashery—are servants of all work. This is their "day out." Since twelve o'clock they have had "the world before them where to choose." What miles have been traversed since mid-day. What a multitude of calls have been made in the short space of five hours, and now they are off by the fourpenny boat for Battersea Fields. There are green hedges, and wild flowers, and birds, in those fields, such as they used to see when they were "girls at home;" before they came, tempted by five pounds a year, or driven by hard poverty, to London, as servants of all work. They little knew of what they had to encounter. What a pity it is that some of the good people of Exeter Hall, whose elastic charity stretches from the Strand to the Antipodes, never contract their holy sympathies, and visit the white slaves of the kitchens of London. They should creep down the areas early—ay, at cock-crow, if they would know how much suffering there was to alleviate: weariness that is never relieved by sufficiency of sleep—slavery that has fewer respites from labour than the punishment of the convicted criminal, for "Sunday brings no holiday" to the servant of all work. In lodging-houses the demands upon the servant of all work must be incessant. It is wonderful how the body sustains the incessant wear, and the mind the solitude and the sameness of occupation. Surely something might be done to mitigate this worse than slavery. Our countrywomen are ever the foremost in the work of charity, devoting day after day to the collection of pence for Dorcas meetings, begging from door to door for well-intentioned missions. Think ye they will not remain at home as often, and by their exertions within doors, free the servant of all work from some portion of her labour, and bid her forth into the fresh air, or to the welcome couch? O yes, they need but a prompter to the act.

"Ease her! Stop her!" Here we are alongside of Hungerford. "Now, Sir;" "Now, Mem;" "Take my arm, Miss;" and much does that pallid creature need the assistance of the "Boy," and the fresh air of the river. A few years, a very few years ago, that sickly girl had red lips and bright eyes, and a step as elastic as a fairy. What has worn her to this?—Toil; the miseries of the needle; for days and weeks, nay months, she has breathed nothing but the fetid air of her work room, until her young heart grew sickly with its hopes, and her bright blood changed into colourless lymph. Women of England, you have a mighty wrong to answer for! It is no fiction to say that more human victims are offered on the altar of your idol-vanity than are required for the sacrificial rites of savage superstition. Your thoughtlessness robs hundreds of the solace of sleep; your bargain-driving to load your beauteous bodies—wonderfully beauteous as God has formed them—with one gew-gaw more, lessens the scanty meal of many of your toiling sisters. The lust and avarice of man have broken many a loving heart, and worn out many a gentle life; but woman has been, and is now, the busier destroyer of her own sex, by her heartless carelessness of those who minister to her vanity—by the unchristian scorn of those her exertions have too often driven to seek relief in the promises of the betrayer. O woman! to man thou art a solace for all sorrow—a blessing beyond all price—an influence that almost claims our adoration. Be to your suffering sister what you alone can be—her liberator from the thraldom of murderous necessity; a little forethought, or a little self-denial, and the victory is achieved. Stand thou between her and hopeless perdition—remember her temptations—unite and provide an asylum for the sufferer from broken health, and a refuge for the penitent of broken character.

The "Steam Boat Boy" has marked the pallid cheek of that sickly girl, and asked, in a voice of gentleness, "A glass of water, Miss?" What a smile to be thanked with!

Poor sufferer, how her heart heaves and heaves as the fresh air steals into her nostrils. She feels that it is life that she inhales, and old dreams of happy times, and hopes that she had thought were dead, come back again, and a voice, as musical and sweet as a seraph, ministering, whispers in her ear, "Hope on!"

We have written a sad rambling paper, gentle reader, but hope to be excused on the score of good intention. Would you know more of the "Steam-boat Boy"? Those steps lead to the water-side—that small blue ticket will be your passport on board the Bachelor. Accept the invitation offered you by that urchin in the gangway, "Now, then, Wauxhall—Batter-sea—Chel-sea." He is the "Steam-boat Boy."

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS, BY RUBENS.

FINE ARTS.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

Detur Pulchriori.

The shepherd PARIS, nobly born,
Was right the common gifts to scorn
Which Juno and Minerva laid
So temptingly before him—
A kingdom one—the other fame
In deeds of war, till Venus came,
And in the prettiest manner said,
"I'll make the sweetest, fairest dame
Of all the Earth adore him!"

"Then take the apple," Paris cried,
"Your gift outweighs all foolish pride
"Of empire and of wasteful war
"By which poor man's tormented—
"With Beauty's wealth I'll never roam
"A dreary pilgrimage from home,
"To seek in climes that distant are
"For other riches—they may come
"Or not—I'll be contented!"

Apelles' dream of Beauty blush'd—
And as her rivals' hopes were crush'd,
It was a pretty thing to see
Sweet Venus' glad confusion—
Proud Juno with a haughty stride,
Indignant Pallas by her side,
Retir'd, and left the shepherd free
In softer wording to decide
The truth of his conclusion!

WHATEVER judgment Paris may have had, we are quite sure that there are not such discriminating critics in our days. We have a temple consecrated to the preservation of the works of great men in the pictorial art, it is true: but who are the arbiters of their posthumous distinction? Money, and Influence, and Circumstance—"that unspiritual god"—hold all the sway, and the consequence is, that "reputed ancients at price oft undeserv'd" exclude from market, men of better worth, who now live, struggle, and achieve great things, but alas! ingloriously. A man must *die* before his fame is born. The history of a hundred artists can prove this.

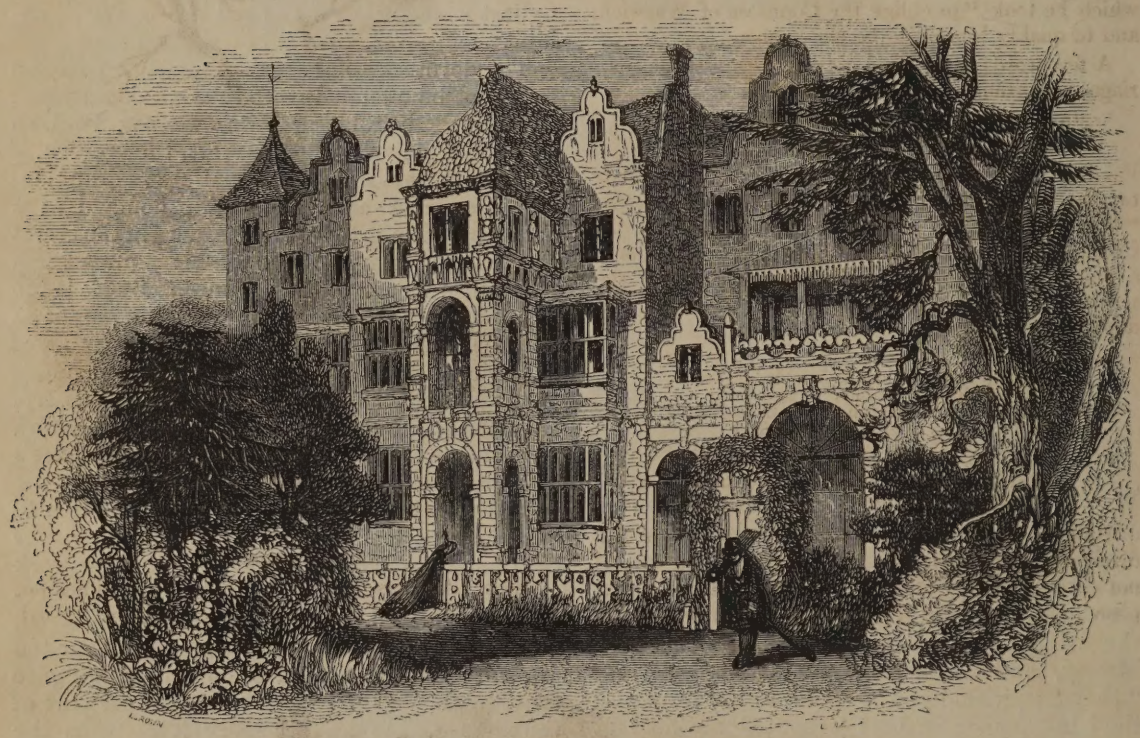
The composition of this picture is not much distinguished by fine drawing; but Rubens was always excused on that score: his colouring, like the infallible sanctity of some Roman Pontiffs, covers a multitude of sins as well as a great quantity of canvass. He, though a classical scholar, could not have had an elegant mind; all his figures (particularly female) are coarse and ill-drawn; his models seem to have been (for the latter) Dutch frows; and in the picture before us, although there are three goddesses contending for the prize of Beauty, it is quite clear that there is not one of the Graces present. When will that abominable convention be done away with which makes men's eyes idolators of false images? There is no art in the world so desecrated or misrepresented as that of painting. The present picture is an instance; and yet it is full of abstract poetry and feeling, if we can contrive to forget that in a contest for the prize of Beauty, three of the ugliest women that ever lived are made to exhibit themselves.

The devotees to the great artist of Cologne must not be offended if we thus speak our mind so freely. By robbing Peter we pay Paul, so that to invert, or rather pervert, the proverb, if we detract from him (occasionally) as a draughtsman, we must always do him homage as a colourist. No artist was ever more in the secret of fore-shortening: some of his figures seem ready to walk out of their frames. But it is too late to be critical on such a versatile genius as Rubens—his illustrations at the Luxembourg Galleries, the ceilings of Whitehall, the noble paintings that adorn the churches at Antwerp, and a thousand other splendid productions, have made him a man "mark'd for Fame's eternity."

The present picture is a great acquisition to our National Gallery, of which we shall *de tems en tems* give a notice, whenever any new work of art is added to its valuable collection. Everything by Rubens is, of course, held to be sacred, and yet we cannot help regretting that our too faithful artist did not omit the unsightly figure that appears in the centre of the upper part of the picture. As an accessory it disturbs the general harmony, and, individually considered, it is anything but an object of interest or beauty. The drapery of Juno seems to be a little too huddled on, and the Goddess of Cyprus seems to have forgotten the motto "*semi reducta Venus*," and rather wantonly luxuriates in the anticipated obtainment of the prize. But, as we have already said, it is vain to find fault with such a genius as that of Rubens, for even in its coarsest aberrations from grace and beauty, ample atonement for their absence is made by the presence of truth and strength; and as to colouring, he is nature itself. By the way, now that we come to this part of our notice, we cannot but deplore the neglected state of the pictures in our National Gallery. The Claudes, particularly, are in a decaying state, and some most clumsy attempts have been made to, not restore, but patch them. This is shameful, and ought to be noticed as a public wrong. The architectural (?) lumber of Mr. Wilkins is not fit even to be the cemetery of the works it contains, and every effort, therefore, should be made to counteract the baneful influence of such a direful sarcophagus.

ADDISON AND HOLLAND HOUSE.

BY JOHN TIMBS.



Addison and Holland House! How popular is the association, and how linked in men's minds, is the polished Essayist with the picturesque architectural pile at Kensington; although its name carries us back a century earlier than Addison, and although he possessed the property scarcely three years, yet, his genius invests the place with its paramount interest.

The mansion was designed by John Thorpe, *par excellence*, "the architect" of his time, who built no fewer than five palaces for Elizabeth's Ministers; he completed Holland House in 1607, for Sir Walter Cope, through whose daughter, Isabel, it descended to her husband, Henry Rich, Earl of Holland, in the reign of Charles I. The Earl was a political waverer, and was twice made prisoner in his own house; after his death, it was desecrated as the headquarters of the Parliamentary army, but was soon restored to his widow. Addison became possessed of the estate by his marriage, in 1716, with Charlotte Countess Dowager of Warwick, and mother of the young lord whose education he is stated to have superintended. Addison's "improved circumstances" appear to have excited the jealousy of his contemporaries, and there are, accordingly, many versions of his courtship and marriage. He is said to have purchased Bilton, in Warwickshire, as a lure for the Countess; but his partiality for this picturesque retreat to the hour of his death, throws discredit on this insinuation. Tonson meanly intimates that Addison had formed the design of getting the Countess for his wife from the time of his first being "recommended into the family;" but this shabby innuendo is contradicted by dates. Johnson gives a very careless but splenetic account of the event, which is, therefore, to be suspected; indeed, it rests upon "uncontradicted report." Miss Aikin, however, in her *Life of Addison* (lately published), comes to the rescue with reasoning, which derives additional value as female authority. The assertion that the Countess "always remembered her own rank, and thought herself entitled to treat with very little ceremony the tutor of her son," is met by the sensible inference, that had the above been the case, on his experience, the tutor would never "have sought a nearer connexion with a woman he must have found so thoroughly unamiable;" especially as her youth and bloom must, by this time, have fled. How far the addresses of a man so celebrated, so welcomed in the first society, occupying a seat in Parliament, and standing fair for still higher offices in the State, than he had yet filled, deserved the epithet "ambitious," with respect to a dowager countess, herself of no very distinguished race, may

admit of a question. Of the terms of pecuniary equality, at least, on which they came together, we have proof in a passage of a contemporary letter:—"Tell lady Henrietta," says Dr. Cheyne, writing to Lord Harley, at Wimpole: "that Lady Warwick's marriage with Mr. Addison was upon terms, he settling (or giving) £4,000 in lieu of an estate which she gave up for his sake." Pope's ill-nature on the occasion, however, must not be omitted. He regards Addison's acceptance of the Secretary's place as "a sinking in his character," and his "worst step," which he took "to oblige the Countess of Warwick, and to qualify himself to be her husband."

A few words more, and we will dismiss the marriage, important as the point may be:—

"The sum of all that makes a just man happy,
Consists in the well choosing of his wife."

Possibly, Miss Aikin inclines to the extreme opposite to that which she condemns, when she writes that "Welstead, a poet of some merit, addressed the Countess on her nuptials in lines which give not only a more pleasing, but probably, a juster view of the sentiments which had influenced her mind and directed her choice:—

* * * * * *

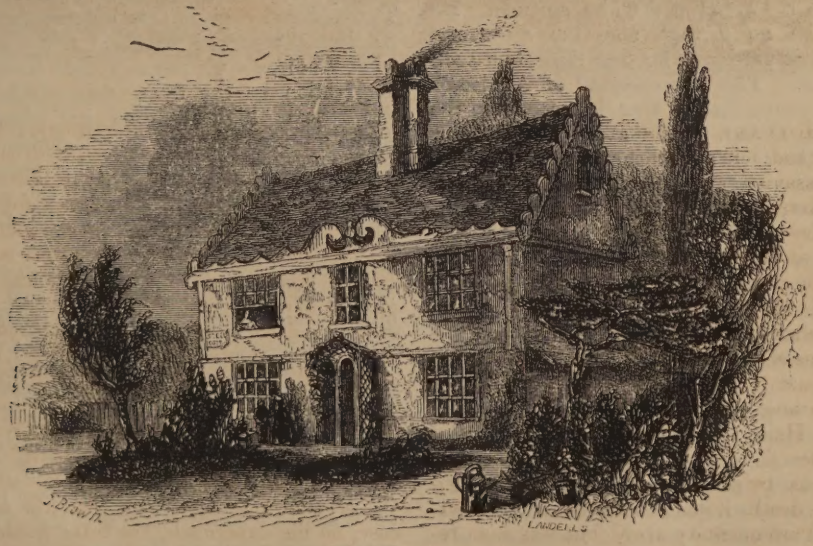
"A pomp you covet not to heralds known,
And sigh for virtues equal to your own;
Part in a man immortal greatly claim,
And frown on titles to ally with fame.
Not Edward's star embossed with silver rays
Can vie in glory with thy consort's lays;
His country's pride does homage to thy charms,
And every merit crowds into thy arms."

Holland House was the principal residence of Addison, from the period of his marriage; but he did not entirely forsake his own favourite Bilton. Either place must have been a delightful retreat from "the Secretaryship;" for Addison was a true lover of nature, and might have sung in his garden:

"Fair quiet! have I found you here?
And innocence your sister dear!
Mistaken long I sought you then,
In busy companies of men—
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude."

THE WHITE HORSE INN.

Miss Aikin has found in the State Paper-office but little in Addison's official correspondence worth



STEELE'S COTTAGE.

transcribing: probably, the most singular document in it is a letter from Addison to the Comptroller of the Customs, directing him to take such measures as may effectually prevent the introduction into England of the Aqua Tofana, by which hundreds of persons had been poisoned on the Continent. After his retirement from office, in 1718, Addison, probably, anticipated, from the influence of tranquillity and leisure, the permanent restoration of the health which he had lost amid the solicitudes of life, and the toils of office. He soon found his mistake; but we recognize strong emotions of joy and thankfulness, (perhaps, for having got rid of both his office and his asthma), in a letter to Swift, written at this time,

wherein he honours the Dean for his good-nature, "which is a very odd quality to celebrate in a man who has talents so much more shining in the eyes of the world." He thus concludes: "Shall we ever again talk in laconic? Whenever you see England, your company will be the most acceptable in the world at Holland House, where you are highly esteemed by Lord Warwick and the young lord; though, by none any where more than by, Sir, your most obedient and faithful servant," &c. Addison was not, at this period, unprovided with literary projects, one of which was the writing of another tragedy, —the story, *The Death of Socrates*. Still, his latest efforts were exerted in the composition of political pieces, in a paper called *The Old Whig*, in reply to Steele's opposition paper, *The Plebeian*. These pieces never having been reprinted, are now of extreme rarity: Johnson had never seen them. In the latter, Steel implies his antagonist to be "so old a Whig that he is afraid he has quite forgotten his principles."

"And this was the closing scene of the long connexion,—this the final leave-taking of Addison and Steele, — the loving school-fellows, — the college friends,—the joyous, witty companions,—the literary partners and mutual advisers, — the associates in public business,—the fellow-members of the House of Commons,—the brothers in political opinion. Alas for frail and erring human nature!"

Addison expired at Holland House, on June 17, 1719, at the age of forty-seven. A short time before his death, he sent Lord Warwick to request that Gay, who had not lately cultivated his acquaintance, would give him a visit. Gay complied: on his arrival, he found himself received with much kindness; after which Addison made him the acknowledgment, that he had injured him, but assured him, that if he lived, he would make him amends. He explained himself no further, and Gay could not conjecture in what particular he had done him such serious mischief. The circumstance of Addison's sending for the young Earl of Warwick stands on the authority of Dr. Young. "He came, but life now glimmering in the socket, Addison was silent: after a decent and proper pause, the youth said, 'Dear sir, you sent for me; I believe and I hope you have some commands—I shall hold them most sacred.' May distant ages not only hear but feel the reply! Forcibly grasping the Earl's hand, he softly said, 'See in what peace a Christian can die!'"

One of the chambers of Holland House was the scene of this touching event.

* * * * *

And, now let us glance at this fine example of picturesque architecture, with its park-like domain and pleasaunce, its "windpipes of hospitality" (as an old writer has quaintly termed chimneys), its lofty gables, and embayed windows,—all characteristic of the proper mansion of the period. Its general plan is that of half the letter H; a public footway passes the south front, shown in the engraving; the eastern or garden front had on the lower story an arcade of wooden trellis-work, and had the interior stuccoed or painted in imitation of trellis-work to match. On this side, was an approach to the chapel, through gilt iron gates from the arcade.

The only original apartments remaining on the ground-floor, are the entrance-hall, and the two staircases. The one-pair contains the gilt-room, the library, and the sitting-room in the opposite wing; the rest of the interior is in the style of Inigo Jones, and supposed to be by him. The library occupies the whole extent of the western wing, about 110 feet in length; and in the space between the book-cases and the ceiling, are portraits of eminent persons. The antique character of the mansion has been generally preserved. The late Lord Holland caused to be erected, at the carriage entrance from the road at Kensington, a lodge and a pair of metal gates, the latter gilt, and emblazoned, in appropriate Elizabethan taste.

In Mr. Tyers's *Historical Essay on Mr. Addison*, printed but not published, we find a few facts concerning him, with which we were not before acquainted. These are, that he was laid out for dead as soon as he was born; that when he addressed his verses on the English poets to Henry Sacheverel, he courted that gentleman's sister; that whenever Jacob Tonson came to him for the *Spectator*, *Bayle's* French *Historical and Critical Dictionary* lay always open before him; that, upon his return to England, after his travels, he discharged some old debts he had contracted at Oxford, with the generosity of good interest; that he was put into plentiful circumstances by the death of a brother in the East Indies; that having received encouragement from a married lady, of whom he had been formerly enamoured, he had the integrity to resist the temptation; that he refused the gratification of a £300 bank note, and afterwards of a diamond ring of the same value, from a Major Dunbar, whom he had endeavoured to serve in Ireland by his interest with Lord Sunderland; and that his daughter, by Lady Warwick, died unmarried at Bilton, and possessing an income of more than £1200 a year.* Tyers, likewise, gives this epigrammatic evidence of Addison's convivial habits: "When heated with wine, Addison's wit ran over, and he exemplified the observation on the flying fish, which, in the poet's line, 'soars highest when its wings are wet.'" Again:—"No man was more beholden to the bottle than Addison. It was when his pulse was made to beat quicker, that he shone with the wit of Terence, when in company with Scipio and Lælius." But, frequent excess of wine, and a habit of toping, are attributed to him when he sought to escape from his termagant Countess: it is related that he would then quit the luxurious splendour of Holland-house, and betake himself to the White Horse Inn,† just on the verge of the pleasure-grounds, and there enjoy his favourite dish of a fillet of veal, his bottle, and, perhaps, a friend. Hogarth has left us a print of the Essayist in one of Button's coffee-room boxes, with a soup basin, and the "votes of the Commons" before him. Button had been servant in the Countess of Warwick's family; and it is stated that when Ad-

* A few years since, the furniture used by Addison remained at Bilton; and the pictures selected by his judgment, or procured as a tribute to his feelings, ornamented the walls, and occupied the same stations as when Addison was wont to pause and admire them. A long walk in the grounds is still termed Addison's Walk; just as is the delightful academic retirement at Magdalen College, Oxford. Tyers, in his *Rhapsody on Hope*, says: "there is no passing through the cloisters of Magdalen College, without casting up an eye to the study-window of Mr. Addison, from whence his genius first displayed itself."

† This road-side inn stood on the site of "The Holland Arms, Kensington."

dison had suffered any vexation from the Countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house.* Moreover, Addison is accused of having taught Dryden to drink, so as to hasten his end: how doubly "glorious" old John must have been in his cups. Pope also states that Addison kept such late hours that he was compelled to quit his company. But, both these anecdotes are from Spence's medley volume, and are doubted; and they have done most injury to Addison's character. Miss Aikin endeavours to invalidate these imputations, by reference to the sobriety of Addison's early life. He had a remarkably sound constitution, and could, probably, sit out his companions, and stop short of actual intoxication; indeed, it is said that he was only warmed into the utmost brilliancy of table conversation, by the time that Steele had rendered himself nearly unfit for it. Miss Aikin refers to the tone and temper, the correctness of taste and judgment, of Addison's writings, in proof of his sobriety; and doubts whether a man, himself stained with the vice of intoxication, would have dared to stigmatize it as in his 569th *Spectator*. The idea that domestic unhappiness led him to contract this dreadful habit, is then repudiated; and the opposite conclusion supported by the bequest of his whole property to his lady. "Is it conceivable," asks Miss Aikin, "that any man would thus 'give and hazard all he had,' even to his precious only child, in compliment to a woman who should have rendered his last years miserable by her pride and petulance, and have driven him out from his home, to pass his comfortless evenings in the gross indulgence of a tavern."* Our amiable biographer, therefore, equally discredits the stories of Addison's unhappy marriage, and of his intemperate habits.

Sir Richard Steele has been more than once mentioned in these discursive reminiscences. For some years, he lived in a small cottage on Haverstock-hill, to the left of the road, about midway between Camden Town and Hampstead; this village was much resorted to by the wits of Steele's day; and a tavern, no longer in existence, is often mentioned in the writings of the period. An apartment in the cottage was called "the Philosopher's Room;" probably, the same in which Steele used to write. Previous to Steele's time, this was the retreat of Sir Charles Sedley. Opposite to it, the famous Mother or Moll King built three substantial houses; and in a small villa behind them, resided her favourite pupil, Nancy Dawson. In Hogarth's *March to Finchley*, this cottage and Mother King's house are seen in the distance; and about 20 years since, an aged milkman, resident on the spot, well remembered this famous march by his cottage, the men being mostly drunk, in great disorder, and accompanied by hundreds of trulls. Coeval with the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, Steele's cottage must have been a delightful retreat; as, at that time there were not more than a score or two of buildings between it and Oxford-road, and Montague and Bloomsbury-squares. Now, continuous rows or streets extend from London even to this spot. The cottage remains, but has been converted into two dwellings, and ornamented as shown in the illustration.

* "Button's coffee-house, over against Tom's, in Covent Garden," was the receiving house, or office of the *Guardian*, for which purpose Addison had put up a lion-headed letter-box; and this lion's head is now in the possession of the Duke of Bedford. Tom's coffee-house was No. 17, Great Russell-street, Covent Garden, till lately occupied by Mr. Till, the medalist. Button's was frequented by Addison, Pope, Steele, Swift, Arbuthnot, Count Viviana, Savage, Martin Folkes, Colonel Brett, &c.; yet, a few years after this blaze of patronage, Button's name appears in the parish-books, as receiving relief.

* A story has sometimes appeared in print, as reported by some traveller, on his return from Ferney, to the effect that Voltaire gave an account of his having, when in England, dined in a company where he saw Addison in a state of disgusting intoxication. It is just worth while to remark, wherever this counterfeit tale was minted, that the French wit did not visit England till the year 1726; and, consequently, could never have been in the company of Addison.—*Miss Aikin.*

MUSINGS OF A WANDERER.

No. II.

Soft music's sweet, in either hall or bower
When lady-minstrels or the birds attune
Their voices in commingled harmony—
But there's a wild enchantment in the roar
Of mighty cataracts that shake the woods,
And make them tremble with a living fear,
Which thrills the heart with feelings more intense!
The tumbling of the heavy waters down
Deep precipices, and the dull reply
That lazy echo in the distance gives,
Heedless almost from long accustomed call!
The night-bird's fitful scream, so dissonant
That e'en the diapason of the flood
Can't drown it in its eddying murmurs deep
These well y-blent sing music to mine ear,
Worth all the rest mortality can hear!

* * * * W.

No. III.

Weary of noise and midnight revelry,
At early day-break 'tis a freshening thing
To see the ushering dawn precede the sun,
And with announcement of his coming wake
The birds and flow'rs and dew-drops sleeping still!
This is calm luxury in quiet vales:—
But high upon the mountain tops of Alp
Or Appenine, to view the crimson'd snows
Upon their giant peaks, and then look down
Into the dark ravine and see the stream
Rolling in depth of distance, silently
Ev'n as the course of Time,—or sometimes rush
In anger through th' opposing crags and rocks
All furious and wild:—this fills the heart
With thoughts of Nature's vast magnificence,
And wraps the soul in melancholy joy.

W.

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(*Concluded from page* 296.)

It was first the Prince's duty to keep watch, but the period of his guard passed without any alarm, and then Etienne succeeded him in his duty. It was a beautiful night in autumn, and although the thickness of the forest branches had intercepted the moon's rays, yet, in the open space before the hut all was as bright and clear as mid-day. Etienne's eye was cast in every direction; the movement of a leaf in the night air was sufficient to alarm him; but all was still and quiet, when the discharge of a musket or fowling-piece close at hand roused him to instant activity, and the party in the hut were a-foot in a minute. The Prince called in the other sentinel, and dispatched him with Dubois and his fellow into the cave to get the horses saddled for instant flight. At this moment a wounded fox ran from the forest, and made straight for the door of the hut, which he had no sooner reached, than, with a struggle, he fell dead at their feet.

Etienne exchanged looks with the Prince, and, cocking a pistol, stole out noiselessly in the direction from whence the report had been heard. He soon saw the shadow of a man lying across the path; and, stealing behind the tree so as to come on him unawares, he sprang forward upon a peasant who was re-loading his fowling-piece, and, seizing him by the collar, exclaimed,

"If you stir, comrade, you are a dead man."

"Mercy, mercy!" said the peasant, falling on his knees, "I am the father of three children: oh! Sir, do me no harm."

Etienne, still retaining his hold on him, said, "Give me up your gun."

"What would you do with it, Sir?"

"Give it up, I tell you."

The peasant gave it up with a sigh.

"Now follow me."

"But whither? where are you going to take me?"

"You will soon know."

"Oh! Heaven have mercy upon me!"

"Silence."

Etienne and his prisoner soon reached the Prince.

"Monsieur Henri," said the old sailor, "here is the vile assassin."

"Assassin!" said the peasant, "I have never injured any one."

"Silence, knave," said the sailor, "is not there the bleeding corpse of your victim?"

"Come, come, my friend," said the Prince, "we intend you no harm. Are you an inhabitant of this forest? Here is a piece of gold to drink to my good health, and to encourage you to answer frankly the questions which I shall put to you."

"Speak on, Monseigneur. Ah! I see you are not a robber, as I had at first supposed, from the conduct of this good gentleman."

"You take me, I suppose, for some great personage. You are deceived. I and my friends wish to reach a place of safety, but there are so many parties about, and we are so ignorant of the route to be observed, that we have need of a guide. Are the Blues about?"

"Yes, Monseigneur, in every direction."

"Can you guide us to a place of safety?"

"I will do my best; but you must not make me answerable for the presence of your enemies. I know every inch of the country, but I cannot keep you clear of the Blues."

"Now listen to me," said the Prince; "you know the country, that is sufficient, and these are not times to stand upon ceremony; if you guide us to the place I shall name, you shall receive ten louis d'ors—If you fail, or if we are led by you into the hands of the Blues, my comrade, who arrested you, will ride by you, and I can tell you that you will never live to tell the tale. Is it a bargain?"

"Why, Monseigneur, the conditions are hard; I will not accept."

"Then, Etienne, take him apart, you know your duty."

"Oh, yes, Monseigneur, I accept."

"It is well, bring out the horses and mount."

The peasant looked with surprise at the party which issued from the hut, and while they were in the confusion of getting to saddle, would fain have made his escape, but Etienne's quick eye was upon him.

"It will not do, friend; for awhile you and I are inseparable; walk you by my side, and see here;" he touched one of his pistols as he spoke, and the peasant addressed himself at once to his task.

He was ordered to guide them to Suvenay, where they hoped to fall in with Monsieur de la Roche Jacquelin, or, failing this, with some of the outposts of the Royalist forces.

The party set forward in silence, and advanced through the forest for the space of a couple of hours, but the country became still more wild, the forest still more deep as they passed down path after path—at length Etienne said,

"Ha! you are deceiving us; if it is so, remember!"

"Am I likely to forget?" returned the other. "You have told it me often enough."

"Ah! I see what it is; you hope to meet a party of the Blues and to get rid of us."

"You are partly right; I do wish most earnestly to get rid of you, but I do not wish to betray you. As for the Blues, I am only surprised that we have not met either them or the Vendéans before, for to my certain knowledge their parties are out in this direction; and I hope that once when you join a party of your own people you will not refuse to let me go. Your manners are not so agreeable that I wish to stay longer with you."

At this moment a discharge of fire-arms fell upon their ears; they at once plunged into the thicket, so as to make themselves aware of the condition of affairs ere they showed themselves.

Suddenly they heard the noise of advancing horsemen.

"Hide yourselves," said the peasant, "these are the Hussars of Frossiquet."

At this moment a crowd of fugitives of both sexes, hurried rapidly on, pursued by horsemen in the Republican uniform.

When the main body had passed them, some of the men made a halt just before the hiding-place where the Prince and his companions were concealed, and seemed determined to make a stand, in order that the others might have time to escape. The horsemen, however, who had been reinforced by additional numbers, seemed on the point of driving them in, when a discharge of fire-arms from the thicket emptied four or five saddles; this checked their advance, and a second discharge threw them into confusion, when the Prince rushed forward, and was instantly recognised by his partisans, who, encouraged by his presence, fought on, as though each of them had twenty lives. But why dwell upon such a scene? The Republicans were soon joined by their comrades, in such numbers, that, from sheer weariness the Vendéans must have dropped at last. They were at length overpowered, and Leonie and the old man dragged from their place of concealment, and they were, together with others of the fugitives, bound two and two, and, amidst the brutal insults and triumphant shouts of their conquerors, driven forward to Nantes.

CARRIER, AND THE REVOLUTIONARY PRISON.

The Pro-consul Carrier, delegate of the Convention, had now arrived at Nantes. This was the hero of the famous *Noyades*. Although a revolutionary tribunal had been organized before his arrival, the members of it did their work too slowly for him. One morning he ordered the drum to beat to arms, the gates of the town were closed, and guarded by soldiers, whilst others were divided into patrols, and despatched about the town. That day three thousand citizens were arrested, and before nightfall many of them had expired on the guillotine. It was to his mercies that the prisoners, of whose arrest we have spoken in the last chapter, were to be handed over. It required two days to reach Nantes; sometimes they were driven along on foot, sometimes placed in carts. The silence of their escort seemed to give a sad presage of the fate that was awaiting them. Happily for the Prince, after the first burst of enthusiasm, he had not been recognised by his comrades, or, doubtless, he would have been shot down on the spot; and the Prince and Etienne contrived, by snatches of conversation, to convey to their escort that their party were not of higher condition than the others of the insurgent peasantry, who had been arrested at the same time with themselves; so that when the party arrived at Nantes, they were reported with the main body of prisoners, without any distinction being made. It was night when they entered the town, and the populace surrounded them with flambeaux in their hands, shouting,

"To the river, to the river, the brigands of La Vendée—to the guillotine, or the river!"

The whole body were conducted to a large store-house, where, in other days, the colonial produce had been stored up, which was called the *entrepôt*. It was a large hall, without furniture of any kind. When the Prince and his fellow prisoners arrived, their hands were untied, and they were thrust in amongst upwards of three hundred Vendéans, who were all placed there to await their death. Men, women, children, were all heaped, without distinction, upon the litters of filthy damp straw which had served for so many before them, and here they were penned up until the order came to lead them out to death, in divisions. The wounded, the dead, the dying, all together. The very stench which pervaded the hall was in itself sufficient to breed infection amongst the unfortunate prisoners. And in the midst of this charnel house, the beautiful Leonie lay at the feet of her father, who seemed about to die, one of her hands in her husband's grasp; her large eyes filled with tears, when she looked now at one and now at the other of those beings who were so unutterably dear to her. While these things were passing, one of the Republican soldiers had advanced to the spot where Etienne was lying, who, looking up at him, recognised the son of Jacqueline, and was unable to suppress the curse which rose to his lips, as he saw him whom he deemed the author of all their calamities before him. The soldier addressed him in a brutal tone, as, at the moment, some of his companions were passing; but as soon as they were out of ear-shot, he whispered hurriedly—"You are mistaken in me, I may yet find the means of escape for you all, and for Mademoiselle Leonie. Hush!"

At this moment a loud noise was heard outside, and a magistrate entered, surrounded by a group of soldiers, each of whom held a flambeau of some resinous wood in his hand. This awful judge, upon whose fiat the fate of so many of his fellow creatures depended, made his rounds, while a deep silence pervaded the hall, and the prisoners gave their attention to the slightest word that fell from his lips. All conversation was stopped for awhile, as they listened to him, whose every word gave life or death to some of their number. The place where Monsieur de Boispreau and his family were lying, was in a remote and dark corner of the hall, and the group of soldiers had already advanced in their round at some distance from them, when Etienne felt some one touch him on the shoulder; he looked up, it was Jacqueline's son.

"Now, my friend," said he, "I am about to prove to you, that I have only associated with these murderous villains in order to save the family of my benefactors; now the time is come for you to display your courage."

"Well, what must I do?"

"Speak low, these walls have ears. At midnight,"—

"Well, at midnight?" "They will come to fetch you."

"Good, all of us?"

"All! They will conduct you to the banks of the Loire."

"Oh! heavens."

"Listen! When you have arrived at the great boat, one of the soldiers of the company, Marat, whom I have bribed, will untie your hands."

"What! then they are about to drown us?"

"The boat will sink, but your hands will be free, you can swim; you will go down towards the sea, my father will be there with his boat. I can say no more, they are already looking for me."

The soldier hurried away, the Prince had listened to every word, but their attention was soon called off. A group of gendarmes were approaching, with the magistrate at their head. He had on a blue coat buttoned over his chest, and around his neck was suspended, by a tricolour ribbon, a medal which bore the arms of the Republic. On his head he wore a hat in the Henry IV. fashion, with a large bunch of tricolour feathers. This was the president of the military tribunal, who came to count his victims. Some gendarmes walked before with some soldiers of the company; Marat and others walked on each side, and a company of infantry were stationed at the door, inside the hall, while he was making his round. As he stopped before each of the prisoners, he put to them this simple question,

"Did you cross the Loire?"

The unfortunate prisoners, who did not comprehend the meaning of the question, answered "Yes!" without hesitation, whereupon, they were immediately separated from their comrades, and passed into an adjoining hall, where they found the familiars of the prison *en carmignon* awaiting them, who were charged with what they called, in their hideous mockery, the toilette of the prisoners. Some of them thought that this separation from their comrades was merely a preliminary to being summoned before the judges, others that it was but the portal to the scaffold; so that the uncertainty of their fate, partly hope, partly despair, produced a dreadful contrast in their countenances. Leonie, resigned to her destiny, prayed in silence, by the side of her father and husband, but she did not permit any murmur of complaint to escape her. In a few minutes the magistrate entered from the adjoining hall, and rapidly counted his victims, to see that the full tale of one hundred was complete. Having satisfied himself of the fact, he cried out in a jesting tone, "Patience, friends, patience! all of you who are a-thirst shall soon have drink enough." And saying something more in an undertone to one of the soldiers, he quitted the apartment.

Leonie, with her head reposing on the Prince's breast, seemed as though she had become insensible to all that was passing around her, and made up her mind to the blow, whenever it might come.

Etienne at first tried some phrases of consolation, but soon finding the fruitlessness of the task, he gave up the effort, and all four remained silent. In this reserved body, as it was called, there were a hundred persons, old men, women, and children, as well as those, who, in full vigour of manhood and strength, appeared to be such as an enemy might wreak his vengeance against. Evening advanced, and the patrols under Carrier's orders passed slowly through the streets, and when they saw any symptoms of open windows, or of any of the inhabitants being a-foot, he in command called out, in a loud voice—

"To bed, to bed, citizens! it is time to repose."

Not a word more was necessary to make them obey, so great a horror had the ruffian Carrier inspired in the city. Liberty was on his mouth, and yet so fearful a persecution did he carry on against the miserable citizens of Nantes, that even the determined partisans of the Republic, in their own houses, and in their own chambers, trembled before the orders of any of his agents.

THE NOYADE ON THE LOIRE—THE REPUBLICAN MARRIAGE, AND THE ESCAPE.

Midnight had struck, and the executioners, with their red caps on their heads, appeared and advanced at first to the women of the party collected in the hall, in order (as they said), to

fit them with their "*toilette-de-nuit.*" They took their victims and bound them together, two and two, after having first tied their hands. A soldier of the company Marat, came forward and seemed officiously to aid the executioners in the discharge of their duty, at the same time peering in the victims' faces. It occurred to Etienne that this might be the person charged with their safety, so he said to him as he came near them—

"Here we are, tie us all four together."

The soldier seemed to comprehend him, for he placed them in the line, two and two, close to each other, and tying their hands loosely, so that they could have no difficulty in freeing themselves, whispered to Etienne, "Now my part is done—look you to the rest."

When all was ready the chief gave the signal of departure. The executioners, the soldiers, the gendarmes, all mixed up with the prisoners, went out together from the *entrepôt*. Those who, through age, infirmity, or wounds, were unable to keep up with their companions, were hurried on at the point of the bayonet, or struck by the soldiers with the butt-end of their firelocks.

Slowly they walked along the quays, by the side of the Loire, which was soon to be the tomb of so many of them, and when they were outside the ramparts, in the open country, the chief halted and exclaimed—

"Here is the *gabare.*"

Immediately they forced the prisoners to enter; those who hesitated were thrust on, or hurled in by force. Cries, tears, prayers, were of no avail. There they lay, tied two and two, without any chance of escape, in the boat, which was slowly moved into the middle of the stream, drifting down seaward at the same time. The dead silence of the night was only broken by the sobbing of the victims, and by the soft lapping of the flood against the prow of the *gabare*, as it passed through the water.

At this moment the heavens themselves seemed to give tokens of their indignation at the scene which the cruelty of men was executing upon earth; for, up to this time, the moon had illumined the water, but now it was covered by a thick mass of cloud. Alas! before that cloud shall have drifted past it, the wretched beings in the bark, now so full of life, will be no more.

At a little distance from this bark, you might have heard others whose crews were, doubtless, engaged in the same butchery; as, in the silence of the night, every now and then a hoarse voice called out, "All who are a-thirst shall drink"—a jest which seemed specially reserved for this horrible tragedy. But now the soldiers and the executioners on board the bark which bore Leonie and those so dear to her, conversed together for a second or two, in an under tone, and then some little boats approached it, into which they all leaped; the Maratiste was nearly the last to quit the bark, and as he disappeared he cut the cords which bound Etienne's hands, and gave him the knife, saying in a whisper, "If you can swim, save yourself."

The sailor instantly set the Prince, Leonie, and Monsieur de Boispreau at liberty, and caught the last round the waist, while the Prince seized Leonie firmly in his left arm, preparing to strike out with the right.

"The moment is arrived, my Prince; save Madame, I will answer for my master."

Leonie sunk insensible on De Talmont's breast, just saying, faintly, "My father, Henry, save him."

But now there were none aboard, save those destined for death. The executioners and the soldiers rowed round in the little boats. The signal was given; a great shock was felt; the bottom of the bark gave way beneath the feet of the victims, whose cries of agony and despair might have been heard far away. The water which poured in soon sank the boat, and the soldiers, rowing up, struck with their pikes and sabres and boat-hooks, at those who rose to the surface, in their frantic struggles to get free.

The horrible shouting of this butchery was repeated by the echoes of the banks of the Loire, and of the little islands with which the river is covered below Nantes; but during the confusion which ensued, and ere the boats had rowed up to complete the murder, the Prince with Leonie, and Etienne with his master, had already freed themselves from the scene of slaughter, and were swimming down the stream.

One of the soldiers, more humane than his fellows, who had seen him swim by, forbore to strike him with his pike, saying, "Save yourself if you can, breathe if you dare."

The Prince swam on bravely with Leonie on his arm, and, aided by the stream, was soon at a distance from the scene of slaughter, and made for an island to which he might convey Leonie, for whom he feared the effect of continued immersion in the stream. He came to shore at a spot which was thickly grown with reeds and rushes, and every step that he took he sank up to the knee; the darkness was so complete that he knew not on which side to advance, while poor Leonie was lying cold and insensible on his breast; he clasped her to his bosom, he tried to warm her frozen limbs, but all in vain. "Oh God," he said, "is she fated to die just when we had reached a port of safety?"

Heaven seemed to answer his prayer, for the moon shone out again in full splendour; and he discovered but at a few steps' distance from him a bank of green turf, to which he bore

Leonie, and busied himself with seeking to restore consciousness to her. Oh! had it been possible, he would have restored life to her even at the expense of his own. At length, to his unutterable joy, her eyes opened again, although her poor pale cheeks still wore the livery of death.

"Henry, Henry," she said, "where are we? Is it a dream? Where is our father?"

"Courage, Leonie, darling! we shall shortly meet him again; Etienne was swimming bravely with him, when I last caught sight of him. Doubt it not, he is safe."

It appeared, indeed, as if his presentiment were true; for soon a boat rowed towards the island, in which the Prince's quick eye detected Monsieur de Boispreau and Etienne. The boat was rowed by Jacqueline's husband, and soon reached the shore, when the family were again united.

"Monseigneur, we must be hence at once; the break of day must not find you here, for the Republican patrols are about in every direction," said the sailor. "A mile farther down there is a place of refuge for you, and guides are ready to conduct you to the outposts of the Royalist army, which are pushed forward nearly to the banks of the river. Let us away at once, and do not forget that it is to the courage and fidelity of my poor boy that you all owe your lives."

* * * *

Three days after these events Leonie and her father were sufficiently restored to be able to mount horses, which were provided for them; and, under the guidance and escort of some Royalist cavaliers, they arrived in safety at one of Henry de Talmont's estates at Vitré, where there were many vassals of his, who flocked around him to congratulate him on his escape, so beloved was he by all. Still the time appeared long to him till he could rejoin his companions in arms. He collected his vassals together, and joined La Roche Jacquelin at Penboison. This chief advanced to meet him and Leonie, accompanied hy the officers, amongst whom were Fleuriot, Beauvoltier, Stoffiet, Rostainy, and others, whose names are recorded in history. The whole army rejoiced at the Prince's escape, for he was known to all as one of their bravest leaders. The Prince, with Leonie at his side, rode along the lines, and were presented to them by La Roche Jacquelin; while one shout of congratulation issued from every lip, and *vivats* rent the air in honour of Leonie and her heroic husband.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE EDITOR.

With this number closes the Third Volume of "The Illuminated Magazine," *and with it close the duties of the present Editor. In the progress of his task he has received so much pleasure and encouragement from the sympathies and best wishes of many, that he cannot lay down his pen without thus formally acknowledging them.*

Trusting that the brevity with which this is done, will not impugn its sincerity,—the Editor—as Editor—bids his readers a respectful farewell, though not without the hope of again meeting them in these pages.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

West Lodge, Putney Common.

September 27.

NEW BOOKS.

High Life in New York. By Jonathan Slick, Esq. Two Vols. *How.*

Jonathan Slick is assuredly not so profound a philosopher or so acute a politician as his illustrious cousin Sam, but we much question if he has not better animal spirits, and a really finer relish of the broadly humorous. Like Sam, too, he is intensely national. His pages abound with American character: one of his chapters gives us a better idea of high life in New York, than we obtain from *all* of Mrs. Trollope. His humour is infectious, and carries the reader along with him chuckling, laughing; and now and then exciting thoughts that "do lie too deep" for smiles at the varied phases of human life, as seen through the peculiar moral vision of the writer. We believe these letters originally appeared in the *New York Evening Express*. The English publisher, however, has done John Bull good service by reprinting and presenting them to him in two compact volumes.

Jonathan, arrived in New York, writes home to his father on the wonders of the American press. He gives a very correct account of the manner of conducting an "Evening paper:"—

Look a-here, Par, if you haint seen the New York Evening Express, jest stretch your puss-strings a leetle, and subscribe for it. It's a peeler of a paper, I can tell you. You needn't take my word for it, though, for I've made this letter so tarnal long, that it'd cost more than the price of a paper a hull year to pay the postage, so I've a notion to git the editors to print this for me in their primest evening paper, and so you'll git my letters and paper tu, all for five cents. I'll jest give you a little notion how they make the Express, for I read it eenamost through, afore cousin John come. The editors git all the papers in the country together, jest as we pick out our apples in cider time, and they go to work and git all that's worth reading out on 'em and put it all in one great paper, which they sell for two cents; so that a feller can know what's said by every editor north and south, on one side and t'other, with the trouble of reading but one paper;—jest as we can git the juice of a bushel of apples all in a pint of cider, after it's once been through the mill. I raly think it's one of the best plans I ever heard on, and I'm so sartin that everybody will take it by-and-by, that I've a notion that if you'd jest as livs let me throw up the onion trade, I'll try and git in to write for it; but we'll talk all that over by-am-by, arter I've seen the editors. Major Jack Downing is writing for them already, and perhaps—but I haint made up my mind about it yit, though I kept a thinking it over all the while I was a reading in the counting-room.

Jonathan encounters his cousin, John Beebe, and is invited to his house; the glories of which are thus described by Slick:—

By the living hokey! I never stepped my foot in such a room as that in all my born days. I raly thought my boot was a sinking inter the floor, the carpet was so thick and soft. It seemed jest like walking over the onion patches, when they've jest been raked and planted in the spring time. The winder curtains were all yaller silk, with a great heap of blue tossels hanging round the edges; and there was no eend to the little square benches, about as big as marm's milking stool, all kivered over with lambs and rabbits a sleeping among lots of flowers, as nat'ral as life. The backs of the chairs were solid mahogany or cherry-tree wood, or something like it, and they were kinder rounded off and curled in like a butter scoop turned handle downward. Then there were two chairs, all stuffed and kivered with shiney black cloth, with a great long rocker a poking out behind; and on the mantle shelf was something that I couldn't make out the use on,—it was a heap of stuff that looked like gold, with a woman, all kivered over with something that made her shine like a gilt button, lying on the top. I wanted to finger it awfully, but there was a glass thing put over it, and I couldn't; but I hadn't peeked about long afore I found out that it was one of those new fashioned clocks that we've heard about; but it's no more like them clocks that our Samuel peddles, than chalk is like cheese.

There were two other things, kinder like the clock, on both eends of the mantle shelf, but they warn't nigh so big, and they hadn't no pointers nor no woman on the top, and insted of the glass kiver there was long chunks o' glass hanging down all round them, like icicles round the nose of our pump in the winter time. I give one on 'em a little lift jest to find out what it was, but the glasses begun to jingle so that it scared me out of a year's growth, and I sot down agin mighty quick, I can tell you.

Wal, arter a while I begun to grow fidgety, so I sot down on a settee all kivered over with shiney cloth like the chairs, but I guess I hopped up agin spry enough. I never saw anything giv as the seat did. I thought at first that I was a sinking clear through to the floor, clothes and all. It makes me fidgety to be shut up in a room alone, so I begun to fix a little; but all I could du, them new cassimere pantaloons, that Judy White made for me, would keep a slipping up, eenamost to the top of my boots. I don't see how on arth the chaps in New York keep their trousers' legs down so slick; one would think they had been dipped into 'em as marm makes her taller candles, they fit so.

Wal, arter I'd worked long enough on the tarnal things, I went up to a whapper of a looking-glass, that reached eenamost from the top to the bottom o' the room, and jest took a peep at a chap about my size on t'other side. I tell you what it is, the feller there warn't to be sneezed at on a rainy day, if he did cum from the country; though, for a sixfooter, he looked mighty small in that big looking-glass. I guess you'd a larfed to a seen him trying to coax his dickey to curl over the edge of that plaguey stiff bombazine stock that marm made, and to a seen him a pulling down them narrer short risbands so as to make them stick out under his cuff, and a slicking down his hair on each side of his face with both hands; but it would'nt stay though. Nothing on arth but a hog is so contrary as a feller's hair, when it once gits to sticking up, I du think.

Cousin Beebe invites Jonathan to a *soirée*, for which he makes his toilette, though not exactly in the spirit of a Brummel:—

I swanny, if I had'nt been in such a hurry to git on my new things that I forgot to wash my hands and face till jest as I was a putting on my coat! I peeked into the little looking-glass that I've got hung up in my office, and my hair was standing out every which way; and somehow my teeth looked as yaller as if I'd been chawing tobacco a hull week. What to du I couldn't tell, but I picked up the Express, and looked into the advertisements to see if I could find out anything to make my grinders white—there warn't nothing there; but I happened to think that I'd seen Doctor Sherman's tooth-paste puffed up in some of the papers; and though I don't mean to patronise anybody that don't advertise in *our* paper, I thought, seeing as I was in a hurry, p'r'aps it would be as well to go out and git some of it. I slipped on my old coat, and down I went into Nassau-street, eenamost to the corner of Fulton-street, and I bought a little cheny box full of red stuff, about as thick as hasty pudding, and as sweet as honey, and back I went agin to the office like a streak of lightning.

I didn't know how to use the stuff, but think, sez I, they must rub it on their teeth somehow, so I spread some on the corner of my towel, and began to polish away like all natur. It warn't two minits afore my teeth was as white as a nigger's; so I jest washed them off in the hand basin, and went at my hair, tooth and nail.

How on arth these York chaps make their hair curl so, I can't guess—I tried to coax mine to twist up a little on each side of my face, but it warn't of no use. I combed it out with a fine tooth comb, and I put some hog's lard scented with some of the essence of peppermint that marm give me to use if I should git the stomach ache down here, and I twisted it round my fingers, but it wouldn't stay curled a minit; so at last I giv

it up for a bad job, and put on my new coat, as mad as could be.

I ruther guess you couldn't have found a better looking chap of my size anywhere about, than I was, when I put on my yaller gloves, and fixed my new red silk hankercher in my coat pocket, so as to let one eend hang out a leetle, arter I'd put a few of the peppermint drops on it; and the way I pulled foot up Pearl-street and toward Broadway, wasn't slow I can tell you. It takes a feller forever to fix here in York—I'd ruther slick up for twenty quiltings and apple-bees, than for one swarry, I can tell you. I was a'most scared to death, for fear I should be too late, for it was eenajest dark afore I left the office, so I didn't let the grass grow under my feet on the way to cousin Beebe's, you may be sartin.

Having arrived before any of the other visitors, he has ample time to meditate upon the preparations for the *soirée*, of the meaning of which word, by the way, he has a very confused notion :—

There were five or six cages full of little yaller birds a hanging among the bushes, and right back of the tree stuck over with oranges, stood a marble woman a holding up a bunch of grapes cut out of marble, with a lot of green leaves twisted round it as nateral as could be. It was awful harnsome; but I swan if it didn't make me feel streaked to look at her a standing there among the bushes, for she hadn't the least rag of kivering on, and it raly was enough to make a feller blush to see her a holding the grapes over her head, as if she wanted to make people look at her.

Think, sez I, is this the swarry that cousin Beebe has bought to show his company? I reckon he'd better have bought a calico frock or something of that sort to kiver over it. I couldn't bear to look at it, and so I jest turned about and stood still by the winder with my eyes wide open, for at the t'other eend of the room was another garden with a naked swarry and bushes in it, as much like the one I'd been a looking in as could be. I went toward it, but stopped short, and bust out a larfing all by myself, for it was nothing but the same garden a shining in the great big looking-glass, that I wrote to you about, that hung up right afore me.

Arter I'd stole another sly look at the orange tree and the swarry, I jest stuck my hands in my pockets as well as I could, considering they were so tight, and sticking out one foot, leaned back agin the winder frame and looked around the room. A hot sweltering sun in dog days could not have been brighter than everything was. There were two great things hung by chains from the middle of both rooms, with hundreds and hundreds of chunks of glass a hanging all over them; and they were stuck full of candles as white as curd, all a burning and blazing, till they looked like a heap of ice and snow hung up to melt in a fire. Both the mantle shelfs were kivered over with them things that I told you about that looked so much like gold; some on 'em were lamps, and some had great white candles stuck into them; and there were lots on lots of flowers set in among them that smelt as sweet as new hay, and such a shining and glistening I never did see. The best on it all was, that the whopping looking-glasses on both eends of the rooms made them seem twice as long, and as if they had a great many more things in them than they raly had. There were two round tables made out of some kind of cloudy stun, about as large as marm's cherry-wood tea-table, a standing at both eends of the rooms, all kivered over with leetle picters and all sorts of playthings, besides heaps of books with morocco backs and sprigged off with gold, all lying among them every which way, as if somebody had been in a hurry, and had pitched them on the tables without staying to pile them up.

Besides all that, they had brought in a whole heap more of them footstools that I told you about, and they had put square kind of back pillows all tossled off and kivered over with flowers at the eends of the two settees, besides a good many other things that I haint time to write about.

"Wal," sez I to myself, "if cousin Beebe don't take the shine off these New Yorkers, in his party I lose my guess; but I wonder where on arth he contrives to raise money to do it with these hard times, for all this must have cost him a few, I'm sartin."

Jonathan is much scandalized, that New York damsels should look with an eye of favour upon any one save "a ginuine American:"—

But one thing did raise my dander a leetle as I went along, that's a fact. Any body that had half an eye could see that all the young gals were possessed after them foreign chaps with the brustles and whiskers. Every once in a while, one of the indecent varmints would come along with his head twisted round under some purty woman's bonnet, talking as soft and as mealy-mouthed as could be, like an old grey cat mewing round a bird cage; and the gals seemed all in a twitter, they were so tickled, and screwed up their mouths, and smiled to show their teeth, and looked as proud as peacocks of the etarnal impudent critters. I'll be darned! if I don't believe every one of them chaps are barbers or chair-makers when they are to hum, and hearing what a chance the York gals give every kind of animals that come from foreign parts, and how they begin to turn up their noses at a rale true born American, whenever they can git a chance to make fools of themselves with them hairy lipp'd fellers, they've come over here to York to court the gals and git up a new crop of hair to begin bisness with when they git hum agin. Think, sez I, it wouldn't be a bad joke sometime about six months arter this, if some of them same gals that don't think nothing of chasing arter them fellers, should buy his whiskers and all the rest on 'em that they fall in love with, stuffed into a footstool, sich as I saw at Miss Beebe's. Stranger things than that has happened afore now, I reckon.

It raly made me feel bad to see tall, harnsome-looking fellers, ginuine Americans, with revolutionary blood in their hearts, a standing on the tavern steps, and a walking all alone up and down the streets as moloncholy as mice in an empty mill, while their own wimmin folks, that ought to feel ashamed of themselves, were a talking and smiling and giggling with that pack o f varmints. It made my blood bile to see it, I can tell you.

Jonathan falls in love with a Miss Miles. He visits the lady unawares, and to her horror, and to the final cure of his passion, discovers her *en dishabille* :—

With that the nigger went up stairs, and I arter him full chisel; he looked round as if he wanted to say something jest as he stopped by a door in the upper entry way; but I told him to go ahead and hold his yop, for I warn't a going to wait any longer. So he rapped at the door and somebody said, "Come in." My heart riz in my throat, for I knew whose voice it was, and I begun to feel as if I'd pitched head for'ard into a mill dam. The cuffy opened the door, and sez he, "Ma'am here's a gentleman that *would* come up."

I heard somebody give a leetle scream, and with that I jest pushed the nigger out of the way, and sez I, "Miss Miles, how du you du?"

I sniggers! if I didn't raly pity the poor gal, she looked so struck up in a heap; but what on arth made her act so I could'nt tell at fust, for I felt kinder streaked as if I'd done something that wasn't exactly right, though I couldn't think what, and was as much as a minit afore I looked right in her face. But jest as I lifted up my head, and drew up my foot, arter making one of my fust cut bows, she stood jest afore me. By the living hokey, I never was so struck up in my born days! You know what I've told you about Miss Miles, about her plump round form, her red lips, and her rosy cheeks. Well, I'll be darned if there was one of them left!—I shouldn't have known her no more than nothing, if it hadn't been for her eyes and the way she spoke. Her neck, and for'ard that always looked so white and harnsome, when I see her at Cousin Mary's, and in Broadway, was as yallar as a saffron bag. There warn't the least mite of red in her face, and her hair was all frizzley, and done up in a leetle bunch, about as big as a hen's egg behind! She had on a great loose awk'ard-looking gown, that made her seem twice as chunked as she used to, and that looked more like a man's shirt cut long and ruffled round than any thing else. It warn't any too close neither, and both her leetle shoes were down to the heel.

There I stood a looking at her with all the eyes in my head—my foot was drawed up tight, and my arms were a hanging straight down, jest as they swung back arter I'd made my bow. I kinder seemed tu feel that my mouth was open a leetle, and that I was a staring at her harder than was manners for me. But if you'd a given me the best farm in all Weathersfield, I couldn't have helped it, I was so struck up in a heap at seeing her in sich a fix. I guess it was as much as two minits afore either on us said a word; and, at last, Miss Miles turned to the nigger as savage as a meat-axe, and, sez she,

"Why didn't you show Mr. Slick into the drawing room?"

"Oh, don't seem to mind it," sez I, a walking into the room, and a setting down on a chair with my hat between my knees, I'd jest as livs set up here as any where."

She looked as if she'd bust right out a crying, but at last she sot down and tried to act as if she was glad to see me. She begun to make excuses about herself and the room, and said she wasn't very well that morning, and that she took a new book, and sot down jest as she was to read it.

"Oh," sez I, "don't make no excuses; it aint the fust time that I've ketched a gal in the suds. Marm used to say that she never looked worse than common that somebody wasn't sartin to drop in."

"Will you excuse me one instant, Mr. Slick?" sez she, a minit arter I'd said this, and a looking down on her awk'ard dress, as if she couldn't help but feel streaked yit.

"Sartinly," sez I; "don't make no stranger of me."

With that, she opened the door and went into room close by. I jest got a good peak into it as she went through the door, and an allfired harnsome room it was. There was a great mahogany bedstead a standing in the middle, with a high goose feather bed on it, kivered over with a white quilt and great square pillows all ruffled off, and the winder curtains were part white and part sort of indigo blue. I couldn't git a chance to see what else there was, she shut the door so quick.

"By gracious," sez I to myself, arter she went out, "who on arth would ever have thought that Miss Miles was so old! When I saw her yesterday, I'd a took my bible oath that she warn't more than eighteen, but now I'll be choked if she don't look as ancient as the hills. If ever she sees thirty agin, she'll

have to turn like a crab and walk backwards five or six years." What puzzled me most was, how in creation she contrived to look so young—but it warn't a great while afore I made it out as clear as one of Deacon Syke's exhortations. Arter she'd gone out, I jest got up and took a sort of survey of the room; everything was t'other eend up, helter skelter in it; there was no eend to the finery and harnsome furniture, but it don't make much odds how extravagant one is a laying out money if things aint kept neat and snug in their places. The more things cost, the more it seems to hurt a feller's feelings to see them flung about topsy-turvy, as they were in that room. I ruther think she didn't have her company up there very often—but a gal that's got a good bringing up will be jest as particular about the place she keeps for herself, and which company never sees, as if it was likely to be seen every day of her life.

I begun tu be allfired glad that I didn't ask her to have me yesterday, for if she'd been as young as she seemed tu be, and as harnsome as an angel, I wouldn't a had her arter seeing that leetle room of her'n. A pocket hankercher, worked and sprigged, and ruffled off with lace, was a lying on the settee, but it was all grimmed over with dirt, and looked as if it would a gin any thing for a sight of the wash tub. The carpet was as soft and thick as could be, and it was all kivered over with bunches of posies as nat'ral as life; but there was a great grease spot close by the fire, where somebody had upsot a lamp, and all around the edges and in the corners it looked as if it hadn't been swept for ever so long. A chest of drawers, solid, shiny mahogany—with a great looking-glass, swung between two pieces of mahogany on the top—stood on one side of the room, and there, a hanging over the edge on 'em, as true as I live, were the long, harnsome curls that I'd seen on Miss Miles when she was tu Cousin Mary's party! Wal, think, sez I, if this don't take the rag off the bush! What du you think I saw next? A glass tumbler about half full of water, with three nice, leetle, white teeth a lying in the bottom on it! I couldn't help but give a leetle whistle when I saw them. Think, sez I, it's jest as like as not that Miss Miles wont pucker up her mouth and smile, quite so much this morning as she did yesterday, any how.

There were two leetle china cups with the kivers a lying down by them; one was filled with white stuff, kinder like flour, only ruther more gritty, and t'other was full of something that looked as much like rose leaves ground down to powder as anything. A leetle chunk of cotton wool was stuck into it, but what on arth it was for, I couldn't make out. There were two or three silk cushions chuck full of pins, on the drawers, and there was no eend tu the leetle glass bottles all sprigged off with gold, a lying round on the mantle shelf, as well as on the tables and the chest of drawers.

In one corner of the room, there stood a great looking-glass, a swinging between two leetle posts cut out of mahogany, and right over it two silk frocks were tumbled up together. I begun tu fnger them a leetle, for somehow I felt curious tu know how the tarnal cunning critter contrived tu make herself look so plump and round. It didn't want much cyphering tu find her out. The tops of her frocks, both on 'em, were all stuffed full of something soft that made them stand out as nat'ral as life. I hadn't but jest time tu drop the frock and set down agin—looking as innocent as if butter wouldn't melt in my mouth—when Miss Miles come back agin. She'd put on another frock, all ruffled off, and somehow or other, had fixed up her hair so as to look ruther more ship-shape; but she hadn't had time to put herself altogether, though her face did look a leetle whiter than it did when I fust went in. There warn't a bit of a hump on her back, and she was nat'ral all the way round!

But I can't stop to right you on all my dreams that night. I don't think dough-nuts or sugar candies set well on the stomach, and I don't think seeing so many gals sets well on my head. There is a terrible all over-ish sort of a feeling in a young feller when he's been a cruising among the gals all day, and comes hum and cuddles up in bed at night. When he gits one gal stuck fast in his head and his heart, as I had Judy White, he's as quiet as a kitten, and his head's a sort a settled; but arter he's been a roving over the world as I am a doing, his natur gits ruther rily, and there's nothing that sticks in it except the dregs, the pure essence sifting out all through.

Getting in love is somewhat like getting drunk, the more a feller loves, the more he wants tu,—and when the heart gits a going, *pitty pat, pitty pat*, there is such a swell, that it busts up all the strings, so that it can't hold the ginuine grit at all. When Judy White fust took hold a my arm, I give the coat sleeve a rale hearty smack, where her hand had lain, and that coat I raly did love better than any other I ever had on; but I never think the better of my yaller gloves for shaking the hands of all the gals in York. I've only got Miss Miles out of my head, to git a thousand new shinin faces in. Lord know's what'll become of me, Par, if I go on to be bedivilled arter the women, as I have been this new year's day! When a feller is made any thing on by 'em he must have been brought up under good preaching in Weathersfield to stand it here in York. I feel as if I shouldn't be good for much afore long, myself, the way I am going on, but to scoot up and down Broadway like that ere Count, and to hang round gals' winders, with fifes, and bassoons, and drums, and gitars at night.

I can't look full into a purty gal's face all a flashing so, without being kind a dazzled and scorched. It warms me up in this cold weather, and kindles such a touse in my heart, that the blood runs through it as hot as if it had scooted through a steamboat pipe. And then the allfired critters have so many sly ways of coming over a feller, that I don't think much of a man who can see their purty mouths tremble, and not feel his tremble tu. If they sidle up, I can't help sidling too, if I died; and when them black eyes fall flash on me, I wilt right down under 'em as cut grass in Weathersfield on a hot summer day. It is natur all this, and I can't help it no how.

Jonathan criticizes the wondrous feats of Madame Celeste:—

I was staring with all the eyes I had in my head, when the harnsomest critter I ever sot eyes on, cum flying into the middle of the room, and there she stood on one foot, with her arms held out and her face turned towards us, looking as bold, and smiling as soft as if she'd never done nothing else all her life. I was so scared when she fust sprung in, that I raly didn't know which eend my head was on. The darned critter was more than half naked—she was, by golly! To save my life I couldn't look at her right straight with that blue-eyed gal a setting close by me. At fust I was so struck up that I couldn't see nothing but an allfired harnsome face a smiling from under a wreath of flowers, and naked legs and arms and neck, a flying round like a live wind-mill. I thought I should go off the handle at fust—I felt sort of dizzy, and as if I was blushing all over. I don't think I ever was in such an etarnal twitter in my hull life. I partly got up tu go out, and then I sot down agin as streaked as lean pork, and kivered my face with my yeller gloves, but somehow I couldn't hold my hands still all I could du—the fingers would git apart, so that I couldn't help but look through them at that plaguey, darned harnsome, undecent critter, as she jumped and whirled and stretched her naked arms out toward us, and stood a smiling and coaxing and looking tu the fellers. It was enough tu make a feller cuss his mother because she was a woman; but I'll be darned if there ever was a feller on arth that could help looking at the critter!

I've seen a bird charmed by a black snake, but it was nothing tu this—not a priming. One minute she'd kinder flutter round the room softly and still, like a bird that's jest beginning tu fly, then she'd stand on one foot, and twinkle t'other out and in, against the ankle so swift, you couldn't but jest see it. Then she'd hop for'ard and twist her arms up on her bosom, and stick one leg out behind her, and stand on one toe for ever so long, till all on us had had a fair sight on her that way. Then she'd take another hop and pint her right toe forward, and lift it higher, till by-am-by round she'd go like a top, with her leg stuck out straight and whirling round and round like the spoke of a broken waggin with a fut tu it. It raly did beat all that ever I did see. When she stood up straight, her white frock was all sprigged off with silver, and it looked out like a cloud of snow, but it didn't reach half way down to her knees, and stuck out dreadfully behind. I hadn't dared to unkiver my face yet, and was sort of tremblin all over in a dreadful pucker, wondering what on arth she meant tu du next, when she give a whirl, kissed her hand, and hopped away as spry as a cricket, jest as she came in.

Jonathan is, however, doomed to suffer the fascinations of a higher *déesse de la dance*—Fanny Ellsler:—

She looked at me sort of funny, and her mouth begun to pucker itself up, but sez she, "How do you du?" a biting off the words as short as pie crust.

"Purty well, I'm obliged to you," sez I, "Miss Elssler aint to hum, is she?"

The critter looked at me as sober as a clam in high water, but yet she seemed to be kinder tickled inside of her, and turning her head round she let out a stream of stuff to somebody inside. It wasn't talking, nor singing, nor scolding, nor yet was it crying, but some sort of sounds kept a running off from her tongue as soft as a brook over a bed of white pebble stuns, and about as fast tu. She kept her hand a running up and down as if she'd half a notion to beat time to her own new fashioned singing, till all tu once, up come a critter from t'other eend of the room, all dressed in white, as if she'd jest cum out of a band-box, with allfired harnsome black hair slicked down each side of her face, with a hull swad of it twisted up behind, with a golden pin stuck through the heap, like one of marm's spindles spiked through a hunk of flax. The head of the pin was as big as a shag-bark walnut, and some sort of stun was sot in it that was like a gal's mind, no two minits alike—now it was red, now yaller, now green, and agin all these colors seemed jumbled together and a flashing inside of it till you couldn't tell which was which. I swanny, if it didn't glisten so that I eenamost forgot that it was stuck in a woman's head, aud that she was a looking into my face as mealy-mouthed and soft as conld be.

"Has the gentleman mistook the room," sez she

The words were sort of snipped of, but oh gracious warn't they sweet! 'lasses candy and maple sugar was in every syllable. It seemed as if the critter had been fed for ever on nothing but mellow peaches and slippery elm bark, she spoke so soft. She kinder smiled tu, but it was nat'ral as could be. Think, sez I, mebby the coot has led me into the wrong goose pen, but there aint no help for it now. So I jest walked a step for'ard, and sez I,

"How do you du marm?"

"I kinder guess there aint no mistake worth a mentioning. If Miss Elssler aint to hum I'll make tracks and cum agin, it aint no trouble. I'd jest as livs as not, but I guess I'll leave this ere letter for fear she may want it. Some etarnal coot brought it up to my room, but I suppose the critter didn't know no better —some of these York chaps are green as young potatoes, don't you think so, marm?"

I didn't wait for no answer, but handed over the new fangled letter, and was a going right off agin, but she looked at the letter sort of astonished, and then at me, till I didn't know what to make of it. Arter a minit, sez she,—

"Why dis is de card for Mr. Slick, one of de Editors of d'Express, who has just arrived; certainly he could not be so rude as to send it back again?"

Oh gracious! think, sez I, "Jonathan Slick, if you haint broke your onion string now!"

"Was the gentleman out?" sez she, looking at the paper and then at me agin.

Think, sez I, "You'd better ask his marm," for I'll be darn'd if he can tell that, or any thing else. I aint quite sartin if he knows jest this minit which eend his head's on. But there's nothing like keeping a stiff upper lip in sich places as York. In less than half a jiffy I reached out my hand, sort of easy, and took the paper out of her hand, and then I gin her a smile, as much as to say, aint I a careless shote? and, sez I,

"Now I swanny, did you ever! Well now who'd a thought it," and with that I began to feel in my vest, and dug my hands down into my trousers' pocket, as if I'd give the wrong paper, and had lost something else, and wouldn't give up till I'd found it. I didn't seem content till I'd pulled out my yaller hankercher and shook it, and then I stopped still, and sez I,

"Now if this don't beat all, aint I the beatermost feller for losing things? Howsomever, it's well it aint no worse. I can write another almost any time. Jest tell Miss Elssler that Mr. Slick has called in to thank her for her harnsome little keepsake, and that he's felt awfully wamblecropped when he found out she wasn't to hum."

The woman that come to the door fust, she looked at the other, and begun gabbling away; and then the black-haired one, sez she,—

"Oh, Mister Sleeke, pardon! pardon; I am so sorry to keep you so long standing. I did not know! walk in, walk in. I am most happy to see gentlemen of de press—most happy of any to see Mister Sleeke." With that she stepped back and made the purtyest leetle curchy that ever I see; it was like a speckled trout diving in a brook, jest enough to give a curve to the water and no more.

Jonathan visits the theatre, and is there quite enchanted by *la belle Fanny*:—

Gauly oppalus! but wasn't she a sneezer! The rest wasn't no more to compare with her than a dandalion to a cabbage rose. On she cum a teetering along as genteel as a bobalink in a wheat lot. She had on a straw hat, curled up at the sides, that made her harnsome face look so cunning; besides this she wore a sort of a new fashioned jacket with short sleeves, that showed a pair of the roundest fattest arms, all sort of tapering off to the hand —a purty leetle finefied hand as white as curd, and that looked eenamost as soft too. With the hat on and the jacket, you might have took her for an allfired harnsome boy, but there was no mistake about the rest. Mary Beebe couldn't raise a bigger bump than she had on. Arter all, the boy's and gal's clothing pulled about an even yoke on her. She had on a short petticoat that showed a purty considerable chunk of understandings, that tapered off into a pair of feet, that looked as if they couldn't be hired to keep still on no account. Take her for all, I can't but allow, that she was a smasher in the way of beauty, and her manners were sartinly very genteel.

The minit she come on, the folks in the theatre begun to stomp, and yell, and kick up a darned of a fuss; with that she dropped her wheel-barrow as if it had been a hot potater, and begun to curchy, and smile, and put that consarned hand agin her heart, till I begun to ketch breath like a pair of bellerses.

It took nigh upon three minits afore the consarned fellers would stop their yop; but when they did choke in a leetle, she ketched up the wheel-barrow and scooted up the mountain with it, a teetering and sidling along like a young colt when they are a breaking him to the bit.

The tin pedler chap, he poked on arter, and gin the wheel-barrow a boost once in a while as chipper as could be. It made my dander rise to see the chap a hankering arter her so. If she wanted to take a shine to a Yankee, why couldn't she a found a feller worth a looking at? But sometimes it does seem as if these gals couldn't tell bran when the bag's open—the brightest on 'em. I say nothing, but it seems to me that she might a gin one peak up to the Astor House box. I guess it would have made that chap sing small if she had.

Wal, arter all, the critters both came back agin. The gal had a red ribbon in her hand, and she'd lost her straw hat somewhere in the bushes. It raly did beat all how she tanteralized that he coot with the ribbon; fust she made as if she'd give it to him, and jest as he gripped it, away it slipped through his fingers and she flurished it now on one side of his head, and now on t'other, as if it had been a streak of lightning she was a playing with. It tickled me eenamost to death to see how darned sheepish the critter looked when she sort of hovered about him with the ribbon, now a sticking that tarnal sweet coaxing face into his'n so pert, and then darnsing off as easy as git out, with the red ribbon a streaming from her fingers so sarsy.

Jase Slick, Jonathan's cousin, is a republican-aristocrat, and a great worshipper of lords. He contrives to snare Lord Morpeth to one of his parties. His Lordship arrives, when Jase makes the following blunder:—

"Wal, sir, did you bring a note for me, or what?"

And then he strutted right in the door-way, as pussy and pompous as a prize pig jest afore killing time, and there stood the tall chap, jest afore him, a looking right into his red face, with a pair of eyes as black and keen as a weazle's, yit sort of easy and good-natured, as if he couldn't think what the matter was. He took off his hat sort of easy, and kinder bent his head a leetle, and sez he,—

"Is it Mr. Slick?"

He spoke so soft and humble that it seemed to mollify Jase; he stepped for'ard and waved his hand about as big as cuffy, and sez he, as condescending as could be, sez he,—

"Put on your hat, my good fellow; I've been a poor man myself. What word did his lordship send? don't be afeard to speak!"

The chap looked at Jase, and I could see his mouth pucker up the leastest mite in the world, and his eyes begun to twinkle as if he'd choked back a smile from his lips that was detarmined to break through somewhere. He bowed his head a little, and then he handed over a piece of square pasteboard jest like that Miss Elssler gave to me.

Didn't my pussy cousin look as if he'd fell through a thin place in the ice! He wilted right down, and looked as sneaking as a turkey gobbler ketch'd out in a rain storm; but when he see that Lord Morpeth didn't seem to know that he'd mistook him for a waiter, he walked into the room a spreading his hands and a sending out a storm of excuses, and welcomes, and friendships, like a junk bottle of cider letting off steam.

Lord Morpeth, he walked along into the room jest as if he'd been to hum, and then Jase he spread himself agin, and made him acquainted with his wife.

Lord Morpeth made a little slow bow, and Mrs. Jase Slick she gin her turban a toss, spread out the skirts of her velvet frock that was jest the colour of a wild cherry, and then arter sticking out her fat foot, she began to fold up her jints, till she threatened to settle down on the carpet all in a heap, before sh'd a let out all her kinks agin. Jemima she come up and begun to flourish out her foot, and show her curls, and her teeth, and twitter about, while Lord Morpeth was a bowing to her. I swow, it made me grit my teeth to see what tarnal coots the whole consarn were a making of themselves! Then cum my turn. I stood a leaning agin the mantle-shelf, detarmined to show this Lord that all the Slicks an arth warn't darned eternal chuckleheads, if some of them was. I'd a seen him in Guinea, and further yet, afore he'd a got one speck of a bow more than he give me.

Wal, Lord Morpeth he bowed his head ruther sparing of his neck, and I stood right straight up, and gin him as good as he sent, and no more on it, by hokey; yet there was something about this critter that took my notion amazingly; he didn't seem stuck up a bit, nor yet as if he wanted to poke fun at us, but sot down on one of the curlecued settees, and begun to talk about the weather, and things in general, jest like our folks. Miss Slick, she sot down by him, and purty soon let him into the state of things here in York. She went into a fit of the dreadful suz, to think Lord Morpeth didn't ride up in the carriage—it was a dreadful thing to walk in the streets among the common people —her daughter Jemima had once brushed the skirt of her tunic agin a mechanic, as she went down Broadway, and they felt it their bounden duty to keep her from walking ever since,—Jemima was so delicate, so very literary, so —. Here Jemima, who sot on a bench close by the settee, turned up them eyes of her'n and gin a sigh that made the pucker come to Lord Morpeth's mouth agin, and when Miss Slick got up and handed over some varses that she said Jemima had writ the minit she heard that Lord Morpeth had come to this country, the tickle bust into his eyes, and he went to the winder with the paper in his hand, jest as if he wanted to read it over agin. Miss Slick she stretched up and looked at Jase, and Jemima, and me, nodded her head, as much as to say—

"That's clenched the business. If Lord Morpeth don't take a shine to my darter arter reading that, I want to know, that's all!"

It will be seen that Jonathan, in his own way, is

not deficient in pathos. His encounter with Captain Doolittle, an old and early friend, is capitally described :—

"I'll settle your hash for you, you mean old shote!" sez I, a doublin up my fist, for I was gittin savage as a meat-axe.

"Du it," sez he, "du it, if you've got pluck enough; who's afeard?—I aint."

Par, you'll bust right out cryin here, I know you will; for as true as you live, I up and I hit the old critter a lick that sent him right back'ards agin the boom. I didn't mean to—I was so wrathy I didn't think what I was a doin, till he jumped up and ketched me by the neck hankercher with both hands, as if he meant to shake me. He gin the hankercher a twist with one hand, and I felt his breath a pourin into my face like the steam from a biling kittle—but all to once he let go, his hands dropped down, and his face turned as white as any curd. He kinder settled back a trifle and sot down on a cag of apple sarse, kivered his face with both his hands, and there he sot.

I never felt so in my born days. I could a crept through a knot hole, I felt so dreadful mean. I looked at the poor old feller a sittin on the cag of apple sarse, with his face kivered up, and a lookin as if his heart would burst. I could see it a heavin agin his red shirt, till by-am-by his hands got onsteady, and then the tears cum a pourin right from between his old wrinkled fingers, jest as you've seen the rain a beatin through the dry leaves that hang to the tree after winter comes on.

Oh, par, don't say nothing to me when I get hum. I felt bad enough for what I'd done, without bein twitted on it. At fust, it seemed to me as if that poor old critter had twisted my neck handkercher around my throat, I choked so. But when I put my hand to tear it off, it hung there all untied; and I couldn't think what it was a stranglin me so, till the tears took to streakin it one arter t'other down my cheeks, and I felt my legs sort or shakin in Captain Doolittle's trousers, as if somethin dreadful was the matter with me.

The leetle nigger stuck his head up through the gangway, and kept a turnin his great sarser eyes, fust at me and then agin at the Captain, as if he didn't know what tu make on it. I swow, Par, I was ashamed to look right straight at the black varmint. If you or marm had been by, I'm sartin I should a wilted right down. It seems to me as if every thing that Captain Doolittle had done for me in my hull life, cum to my mind when I was a lookin at him. I seemed to see him a bringin hum figs and raisins for me, when I was a leetle shaver in frock and trousers. I thought of the times when he made my sleds, and drew 'em up hill for me when I tired out; when he'd roped my onions arter his own day's work was done up, and ciphered out sums arter ten o'clock at night, to keep the master from lickin me the next day. Only tu think that he'd slept at the old humsted, and helped you along afore I was born; and then, that I should be left to lift a hand agin him! I tell you what, par, I felt like Judas Iscariot with the thirty pieces o'silver a burning into his hand, jest as he made up his mind to hang himself. But yit, I didn't want tu say so while the nigger stood there a gawkin at us. But the longer the old chap sot, the more oneasy I begun to feel, till I couldn't stand it no longer; but I went right up tu him, and sez I, as plain at I could git the words out, sez I—

"Captin, don't take on so like all natur; I wish tu goodness my mud-grappler had been cut off close up to the wrist, afore it hit you that way. Gracious knows, I'm sorry enough for it!"

The old chap clinched his fingers together, and dropped his hands atween his knees, then he kinder winked his eyes, and gin his head a shake till the tears flew, to make believe he hadn't been a cryin, and sez he—

"Jonathan," sez he, "du you raly feel sorry?"

"Captin," sez I,—and it was all I could du to keep from boohooin right out loud,—"Captain," sez I, "if you'd been my own par, I couldn't feel worse! You can't tell any thing about it how streaked and wamblecropped I'm a gittin every minit."

The old feller kinder shook his head and winked away the tears agin, harder than ever; then sez he—

"Never seem tu mind it, Jonathan. I was a consarned sight more to blame than you was. I hadn't no bisness to aggevate you so."

That made me feel worse agin than ever. "Not by a jug full," sez I. "A fellow of my size that can lift his fist agin an old friend like you, with gray hair a blowin about his forred, ought tu be kicked tu death by grasshoppers, and have his buryin hymn sung by tree-toads. Hangin is tu good for him."

"You hadn't ought to talk agin yourself in that way," says the captin. And when he looked up to me he kinder smiled, till his face looked jest like a frostbitten russet apple when its beginnin to thaw out. "I was a darned old chucklehead to stump you to strike me. I might a known you couldn't keep from bilin over. Your own par wouldn't a stood it, if he is a deacon."

Altogether we can safely recommend Jonathan Slick as a most amusing companion for a dull or leisure hour.

Poems by F. A. Butler (late Fanny Kemble).

H. Washbourne.

There is a vein of deep feeling, of touching and earnest pathos, pervading these poems, from which we are unwillingly, though almost unavoidably, led to infer that Mrs. Butler is one of the many who

> "Learn in suffering what they teach in song."

The Byronic mania, which at one time induced so many aspiring rhymers and would-be poets to proclaim their suppositious sorrows to the world in most lugubrious verse, has been so effectually laughed down by the salutary sarcasms of the critic, that we believe so gifted a lady as Mrs. Butler would scarcely venture to put forth a series of poems, breathing the gloomy language of a fictitious woe. We must, therefore, conclude that these poems are to be taken as the exponents of actual feelings, and our appreciation of their merits will consequently be heightened by our sympathy with the writer. The following passage may be cited as a fair specimen both of the tone and style of Mrs. Butler's poetry :—

> She is the daughter of a distant land;—
> Her kindred are far off;—her maiden hand,
> Sought for by many, was obtained by one
> Who owned a different birthland from her own.
> But what reck'd she of that? as low she knelt,
> Breathing her marriage vows, her fond heart felt,
> "For thee I give up country, home and friends;
> Thy love for each, for all, shall make amends;"
> And was she loved?—perishing by her side,
> The children of her bosom drooped and died;
> The bitter life they drew from her cold breast
> Flickered and failed; she laid them down to rest,
> Two pale young blossoms in their early sleep,
> And weeping said, "They have not lived to weep."
> And weeps she yet? no, to her weary eyes
> The bliss of tears, her frozen heart denies;
> Complaint, or sigh, breathes not upon her lips,
> Her life is one dark, fatal, deep eclipse.
> Lead her to the green grave where ye have laid
> The creature that ye mourn: let it be said,
> "Here love, and youth, and beauty are at rest!"
> She only sadly murmurs, "Blest!—most blest!"
> And turns from gazing, lest her misery
> Should make her sin, and pray to Heaven to die.

The sonnets and lyrical pieces are characterised by an energy of thought and melody of versification, which will render many of them permanent favourites, and entitle them to an honourable place in any future collection of the miscellaneous poetry of the day. It is but just to add that the edition is highly creditable to the publisher, printed with extreme care and correctness, and is altogether a very pleasing specimen of typography.

Sintram and his Companions. By the Baron De la Motte Fouque *Burns.*

Mr. Burns has in course of publication a complete edition—a very beautiful one by the way—of all Fouqué's romances. When complete, it will be a charming addition to our stock of wizard and fairy lore. Although Fouqué has never exceeded his *Undine*—that most perfect story—there is nevertheless in all his writings a certain charm, a tenderness of manner, and a liveliness of imagination that at once take possession of the sympathies of the reader and hold them to the end. We may particularly instance the singularly wild history of *Rosaura and her Kinsfolk*, as a proof of the author's power of grasping the attention of the reader. How beautiful, too, are many of his shorter stories—all containing as a kernel some simple, homely truth. Of these, are especially the *Oak of the Idols* and *The Field of Terror*.

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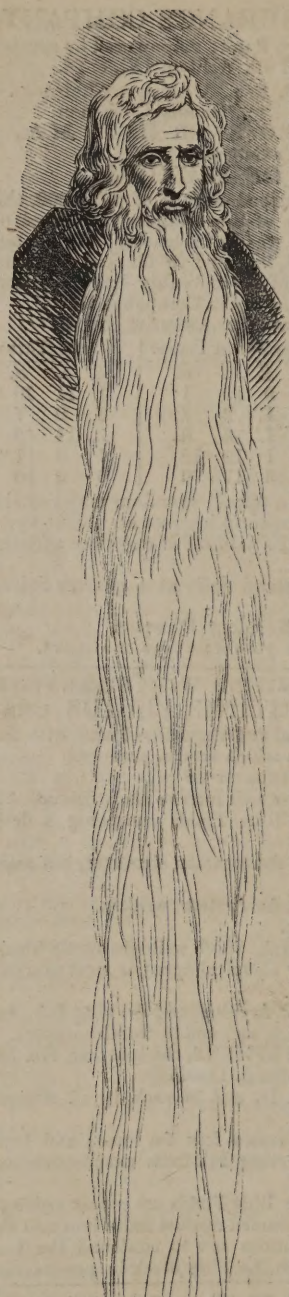

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